

## One Continuous Substance · *Albert Goldbarth*

A small boy and a slant of morning light  
both exit the last dark trees of this forest, though  
the boy is gone in an instant. Not

the light: it travels its famous 186,000 miles per second  
to be this still gold bar  
on the floor of the darkness. I suppose

that from the universe's point of view  
we do the same: a small boy and an old man  
being one continuous substance.

We were making love when the phone rang  
saying my father was dead, and the sun  
kept touching you, there, and there, where I'd been.