

*Archipelago*

This happens in Schubert  
And elsewhere,

Iowa, for example.  
There is something incomplete that lingers,

Trails off  
And a pause—

That lengthens  
And goes on—and on.

Strand by strand,  
The rope breaks.

The fingertips cannot remember  
The last thing they touched.

The boat pulls away from the dock—  
The old confusion

Between forgetting and loss.  
Then a series of notes played more slowly,

Softer,  
Echoing—remotely, precisely—

The previous phrase,  
Almost a melody,

On the edge—  
A very slow waterfall

Suggesting completeness,  
Gifts

Exchanged  
In the interstices of the stars.