

## Morning After My Death · *Peter Cooley*

Before this dawn, as always, one sparrow, one note:  
a piccolo, now a flute, and now another  
centering the dark on the fence around my house.  
My hollow in the bed beside my wife  
cannot hear it. Nor my feet which do not strike the floor,  
my body no longer groping for robe, slippers,  
my curse which is not here against the cold: none  
of what she remembers greets the body of the woman I remember  
rising, wrapping herself in hesitation just a second.  
And why she pauses, suspended that next second  
I can only guess. Instead, I can be certain  
this is the instant my birds will begin  
together to orchestrate the lifting of the sky.  
Here is where imagination has to leave us,  
and you, wiser than I, reader, living still,  
may find such music in a morning of small things  
as permits you to see enormities today may come to.  
And give you visions only the dead possess  
when I try to come back and must rely upon darkness  
turning to dawn, that I not speak too loudly my disguises.