

## *Neal Dwyer*

### UN COMMENCEMENT

I left America. I left a black soda warm  
in the black sun. I left undone  
a chewed-up, spit-out morning  
under Philadelphia.

I crossed a wide sea. I bit fog  
and spoke beer there. Forecast called  
for brown cider and blue mist and cold meats.

I left before I burnt. I left  
singed. I left my pen. I left my  
hand, mouth. I left my tongue.

I inhaled dusk-red wine over  
the Mediterranean. I fished breakers  
for moonlight and rose to mastlines  
tapping troubadours loose from death.

I left miles of roadsigns their arrows  
knowing barely the word; tolerance.  
I left the fat opinion of lately.