

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.