

MAUSOLEUM

The night behaved exactly as you
thought it would As you saw
it would As you saw it
unfold and unravel and pre-occur in
a previously—you now know—prescient
premonition The details are irrelevant You
saw the night tumble forth anxiously
with rare nerves as if swerving
away from a ghost train Perhaps
it was almost dusk There was
or maybe there could have been
a dreadful storm But there was
no storm You had the feeling
that it was later than it
really was Maybe it was a
different day or if the same
day than you saw this day
tilt and stretch and sway and
strain itself against the previously—aforementioned—
vision—as—to be honest—at
this point—you knew it would
The version of the night you

saw occurred as a sudden shot
 straight through the actual night that
 was just about to start occurring
 The night tried to hold itself
 upright—tried to be true to
 its given name—to remain faithful
 and patient—such a great trait—
 through sorrow and flawed stakes—through
 the terrible rest of dreamers each
 reading their own imperceptible story
 You were worried The precise details
 are irrelevant The events of the
 night occurred as observed Not set forth
 by you but seen into and
 through—planned perhaps by the unseen
 forces that occasionally reveal an intricate
 narrative briefly perceivable It was the
 next day Or that same day
 Or a different night that you
 found yourself taking a quick picture
 of the man as he stood
 patiently waiting beneath his own engraved

name in the blazing rays of
the graveyard That name—his same
name—was presently labeling a mausoleum
No strangers were present Or—if
they were you couldn't sense them
There was no proof That night
and then again that same day
you knew that when he looked
at you you would shift your
gaze away That when he looked
at you you would hide Perhaps
it was night Perhaps a different
day You knew you would veil
your startled stare so that he
could not grasp or catch your
very instant vision of his death
in the black and brittle—damp
and bewildered—echo of your loud
eyes Because as you found then—
and as you note now—there
is never any proof There is
never any sufficient evidence So—to

you—there is also no truer
tender kindness than disguise
one can always find that loving
feeling by returning to the mausoleum

But recognize—