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Poem for a Poet

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Poem for a Poet

Kirby M. Wright

Today the sky's immortal,
Forcing blue through outer space.
I've read your book of poems
Remembering the purple veins
Swirling in your temples

Stuffing your mind with oxygen.
I'm vanishing more and more
Each day, despite
Swimming a shore
Lined with piles of stones.

Some of the piles
Take human form
On foggy mornings.
A pelican squadron invades,
Gray and white wings

Turning silhouette
When they enter the sun
Above me.
Thinking in light
Keeps me from changing.

I cash in the usual fantasies
To imagine a kiss
That never happened.
Me? The melancholy boy
Across the aisle from you

In French class.
A woman in a white coat
With a white cap
Announces my test results.
My wife weeps—

I die before the year ends.
Write something eternal
About me and you
For your new book,
Even if you have to fake it.