

Jim Moore

from **INVISIBLE STRINGS**

1

Sitting quietly before dawn, I'll admit

my life goes like this:

 dark branches
scratching at an even darker window.

2

Put this on my tombstone:

He stole forsythia.

 He lived for love.

He never got caught.

3

No, I don't know

 the way to get there.

Two empty suitcases sit in the corner,
 if that's any kind of clue.

4

Carry the red purse, cute little boy,

for your mother. See

 where it gets you.

5

How we got used:

the lousy passport photos were a start,

 then that thing

with the coffee machine going whoosh whoosh.

 Then your mother died, then mine.

Afterwards I was sixty

 plus strangeness, plus

what we call love, really

 just attention to detail, plus touch.

6

Some days, it seems, I am capable

only of caring about my new chestnut-colored shoes
with red laces which in Italy
seem demure, but in Minnesota
give off the faint whiff
of a clown gone overboard.

7

Last night I dreamed about that man, the one

from the photos tied to the leash.
His slight moan
has nothing to do with sex, his fear
is not a thing I know
what to do with, and yet,
here we are in the same dream,
each of us ashamed
that the other must exist.