

## Postlude

*And then the lighting of the lamps*  
For the last time, before the circuitry  
Corrodes and no materials remain  
To mend it. Underneath, the rain

Monotonously dances, free  
Of form and free of gracefulness, and stamps  
The earth with empty symbols, empty tugs  
At heartstrings uselessly gone slack.

What tangled absence haunts  
Us? What despair?  
Something missing from the air.

The world is made of wants,  
And truth at lack is lack:  
No bugs.

## Low Tide

Its vacillations bulging  
shoreward, toward the turmoil of contact,  
the froth of boundary, the ocean groaned  
with elation or with rage.

And though its leavings teemed,  
they filled the kelp-lined pools with a substance  
unfathomably clear, calm, and untroubled.  
Still, the ocean foamed.

Only, the meaning got twisted,  
and no one could tell what it wanted to say.  
Try as they might, none could decipher the spray  
erupting where the rocks resisted.

We stayed there far too long—  
barnacles that guessed wrong.