

Fragments of Finality

BY ELLEN MOORE

I

So sensible, they chorused, yes indeed—
Your parting; plate-glass faces quite agreed
As sliding eyes perused quick, spangled hands
Judiciously. Dear God, who understands,
I mutinied, my mourners all dismissed:
Love is not prudence; lost, not merely missed.
Curse all their fashions ordering grief suppressed,
Twice curse false pride that keeps emotion dressed.

II

Is this finality—this incomplete
Exchange of roles; this sudden, swift retreat
From certainty to that bleak neighborhood
Where tenements of fear have stood
And stand though long condemned? So would it seem,
For hostile, sleeping miles stretch-out between
Us now. For even met by accident—
What then? Brief smiles that neither of us meant?

III

Void is time's synonym—eventually
We'll speak the other's loss quite casually,
Shrug off the tumbled years, their empty shell
To hang as locusts' do. The carousel
Again shall please; the dual masquerades
Go out of style. The foolish, futile trades
Called promises you'll stack on some high shelf,
And I will sing the seasons by myself.