

mono no aware

“together we share the fatal illness, time”— jim harrison

W.W. HARRIS, MFA PROGRAM AT EASTERN WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

a part of me is still
drowning beside
shelley just off the
coast or painting
skulls one day then
pears the next I had
been knitting sighs
in my lungs all
afternoon before
the comet struck
the comet of course
being life minutes
become machetes
hacking through
the bones of time i
like to stare at the
sun even though it
hurts or imagine
myself as a conch
shell pink & hard
yet surprisingly
easy to break &

thought by some to
be empty yet
echoing with a
constant ineffable
humming & aren't
we all humming
constantly furiously
beating ourselves
against unseen
currents thrashing
against the
inevitable hoping
to find some nearby
shore