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Your Friend Dead with the Distance

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YOUR FRIEND DEAD WITH THE DISTANCE

But he is walking away from you growing
steadily smaller down an endless hallway
of slamming doors—keeping only one step
ahead of the noises and over his shoulder
whispering to you about the journey,
telling you how it must be done,
all the intricacies of wandering after
the moon and her enormous flagella
until you know all the secrets
and sense someone being immensely pleased.

And so it's finally caught up with you
and you will now spend your life
as you always knew you would,
standing by black third-story windows
perhaps to catch sight of him through glass
floating by face down on the flood of the night
with the sky so low where you are
that it spills over into your eyes as into
two wide open overflows of a white
porcelain sink—filling you with enough
perfect fog to inform you that you
are the orphan now—standing full-length
in the funeral by the open mirror.