

Sunny and Seventy-Eight

(the weather in Manhattan on September 11th, 2001)

The sunshine glints in furtively upon my bed
But I'm asleep deep on the cocoonish couch.
If not peaceful, then at least becalmed, at ease
As Dreams, such wasteful, trifling, useless things
Perpetrate their cruelty in my slumbered head.
Will it ever be so sunny and seventy-eight again?

I watch all day the sun cross the window pane.
It has fed my plants its green food for now
And baked gray flecks on the black mud surround.
Shadows never intend but ultimately provide clouds
From which so much watering without a drop of rain.
Will it ever be so sunny and seventy-eight again?

Now a North breeze, slight and slim, has reached me here
To rustle cold the blinds shielding my tomb-mind.
Carrying faintness and depth and dark intent
To where I strain to place what synaptic fires compel.
I exhale, and exhale, and wish be gone, be wrong.
Will it ever be so sunny and seventy-eight again?

Empty space, there's too much empty space.
Blot out the sky, it shines too unimpeded, too complete.
Holles wholly, holly holle
Noticing unnoticed things like a constant friend's farewell
Contain a new weight, burdens aspiring to be promises.
I don't think it will ever be so sunny and seventy-eight again.

Is it okay that now my sole wish, my lone claim
Is to go back to that sleep, that dumb unsuspecting sleep?
Before—before my others slept,
Before we woke to their long, needless rest
And arose once more to never lie down the same.
Will it ever be sunny and seventy-eight again?

I miss them, I miss them all
I miss me, I miss us, I miss US
I miss the dream I dreamed and the hope I had
I miss my child's dream, the dream he'll never have
I miss it all, I miss the all of it all
For I know it will never, in just the same way,
Be so sunny and seventy-eight again.