Sound Belies

The stuttering toward,
the frittering away.

The man beside me sleeping,
breathing gently, by all appearances
resting in peace, a phrase
I wish could be returned to the living.

There’s time to worry about the rest,
or else there isn’t.

The carrying on, the cutting away.
One way or another,
the soughing wind around a tent,
and miles astray, the sound of lint
not yet formed and husk
not yet hardened.

The dross from truth to beauty,
one way as a letter.

The sun somewhere,
in and out, after and before,
an overthought,
an underthought,

a body with its own
problems and pressures,

own fissures of rest
and restless motion.

One way as a letter at a time,
that is, the car doors

closing somewhere else,
the echo here unheard, except

in this winsome wind
somehow to form
the bearings of a storm,
say reports, rumors,
narrators about as reliable
as the several pack of boar
we startled across,
just past sunset.
And sure we shouted,
and sure they clod
their heavy hoofs away,
and sure the gibbous moon
was hours from rising,
and sure the air was
too still to be a comfort,
and sure the stars
looked, as ever,
in such a dark, implausible.