

Last Writing

Final Draft

the wrinkled manuscript throws
distorted shadows on the desk

the blunted pen discarded
when you ran out of ink

scratch, nothing
nothing else before you die

you listen through the walls
and wish the sounds you cannot hear

you live to sleep
and beg a sultry summons
from the sidewalk santa clause

think of a golden hour
which was not long ago
a mere possibility
but until now a thought
more capable of light

the enigma of the invisible publisher
always there to say maybe
maybe the revision

see the light throw shadows
undistorted
crimson projection of a fractured thumb
worn to bone from countless spacebars
twitching slowly and deliberately in sleep
snoring closer to the asymptote of heaven
drooping to a faultless haydes
so long the night will seem

the wrinkled paper ruffles
as a spirit billows by