

the loneliness of a situation

for steve dalachinsky on his sixty-fifth birthday

--Rami Shamir

The loneliness of a situation is that you're always in it.
A rose withers on the nightstand,
The mobile of familiar demons circling your bed,
A phone that isn't ringing,
And all the clichés that pin themselves to the beating of a wasting heart.
Fetal fingers shake the blinds
open:
and now everyone can see the brutal awkwardness of your
left knee peering out from disaccorded skin.
But the hushes of the other room—
the bare walls,
the curtains drawn,
the plates unmoved—
the hushes of this other room
refuse to shy away.
And there's a smell of rotting shuns,
as if the spoils having piled too high in the land beyond your door
herald on this night to force their entry
and disrupt the loneliness of your situation.

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