

MICHAEL COLE

Death and After

Not a small, partial death
(grief or loneliness)
but a complete death —
the one thing that has been yours
from the beginning.

At land's end
you drop down with the sun in your arms;
warm euphoria of release.
Bloodrush is then boiled to nothing.

I am the anesthetic silence
of bone ash, snow, or clouds.
I am a lacuna the color of this page.
I am a dead man's words
levitating in your skull,

and I will never leave you.