



A Lock of Hair

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whose kindnesses are particular, cannot be
exhausted

who dares the audience along in every conversation

which then severs language into the familiar and
unwelcome.

i cannot tell you you are lost as though

it were the fault of the spring in coming so late-

overheated, willed by

dreams where thinking is flying

and there is always someone to get away from

not an escape but sadness so thick we could get (as threatened) on the freight which

was just beyond those january trees as seen from the rehabilitation center in 2016-

were you ever alone that year, you said you wanted to be alone that year?

you stayed through the sun's long silences, these that spilled through windows of
which there were so many in that prison of yourself which was profound

you imagined being taken out of your body, hoped for it every night

but to be on earth, it is to pretend, there are things to do here

as though this the city which has a fractured council and overlooks that river

wasn't the universe's thoughts all condensed

where time has its own station,

you might leave your feeling towards me

outside the door

where a stray animal recognizes
a few bloodied objects that could be
me, a squirrel, or you
expired as simple as the sun at this roadside
does that vulture still walk unbalanced in the wood in pursuit
i could, maybe, forget you,
in the coming years i might not be thinking
or taken up by others who live curiously
in the backgrounds of old films
anonymous and now passed on
like the grandson of a statesman who sank opiates
in a shamed solitude
we are dead, which is many things.
which is to walk from my empty dark house to your empty dark house
in the early hours before the light changes
and to sit in silence as we never do.
because living makes you so afraid
while i am reasoned sad and regardless
care for too many things as you do
putting all these syllables into boxes to be found again
in the evening, the insect orchestra will descend
you can put these summer berries on your plate and eat them
you can while away this night and tomorrow's too
you may be looking for me in these dreams
but i cannot be looking for you.
i am the ghost itself which is motionless
and can be felt only when it moves from one room to the next

in devotion to a love long since extinguished
or when i put a lock of hair in this envelope
and pitch it into the matanzas.
as the lights burn on, unfelt in some lonely corner of the world
in some starry corridor it leads nowhere but from one dream to another
i am not sure i'll ever be able to pass time very well
as my grandmother who is never bored
there is no lyricism in this spring, blossoming
all the sweet boys are so full of shame if you look them in the eyes,
not even when we walk the garden at sundown
where once he sobbed
with these doorways which open and open
to wide green lawns of short thick grasses,
and the marble pillars between which once we lay
open to the world which when it became ours was useless.
it is like taking a walk with you
though it has been so long and it would be so hard really to-
take a walk- with you-
whereupon
i dreamt that i was telling you of a dream i had
in which i was meant to give you a lock of my hair.