

from Juked #7, Spring 2010

BEN MIROV

THE HOLE IN MY FRIENDS WHERE BEN MIROV
SHOULD BE

One boat after another boat after another.
One wave followed by another wave.
A you by a you by a you.
You get my drift. I was floating,
floating and thinking of chores for myself
to stave off the loneliness
I knew would return.
I washed the dishes in the sink.
I touched myself, early in the day.
I sat down with great intensity
to continue my work.
There were little animals that could light themselves
with ancient blue light.
And plenty of books
from which ideas had been torn
to satisfy my hunger.
But nothing made me feel better.
Nothing made me feel
like a grocery cart made of bones
wheeled down to the beach at night.
Nothing perched on the edge
and reached its ghostly hand into the void
inside me and pulled out a poem.
It was pretty good, not great. A little dust
carried in a ceremony
involving many human robots
and a thimble-full of blood.
Otherwise, it was another day.
A day in which terrible things would happen

to many people, possibly myself.
A day that would disappear
into the endless rows of days
and be forgotten like every beacon
that flashed before it.
Whatever you are doing,
hoisting a small dark star into the figment
or pausing for a moment to examine
a blue flame choking on its wick
you are alone, or alone with others
who are also alone.
Your vessel is sinking downward
towards an inexplicable abyss
packed with biomass and meaning.
If you are like me,
you wish you could slow your descent
or stop it all together. Yes.
And now, I am waking up.
Now, I am groping in the dark
for my shirt, my shoes, my wallet and ID.
Now, I am thinking of you
and you and you and of the others
who have noticed my absence
and await my return.