Keith Waldrop

EITHEIR LATE OR SENSITIVE

*for Susan Hankla*

I

As she came up into

memory, it seemed a hundred

years and this time

more deeply.

II

These, like filaments,

as ever,

sank into forgetfulness.

III

And the way she

walks – summoned

to self-possession.

IV

Under their breath, sirens

for everyone and

the crowd

rushed together.

V

Forgotten

reason. Nothing

can be perfect.