

Uncoupling

Anyone can turn their back and create
a thin crooked curve of separation that
looks like a failed straightening of the
crescent moon. That still-bent space, like
that which fills with ring after
the metal clapper recoils from
a bell's curved side. You can crack
that hanging moon like bone
the same way you hear an
empty snap of air before that ringing bell.
It only takes once to accept the pull of
the rope and what it can do, and what it tips,
which is the bell itself:
that's what the tugged rope moves,
and then the space closes.
Anyone can look up in a bell
tower and guess at what it
will take to close that thin space
that lies between bell and toll,
but until you stand there and
trace the curve of his back or her arm
or the moon pulled straight, you will
never know of that quiet grey
space that lies between.
It's the bone crack and empty snap
of the filling universe, the thin
grey arc that separates us.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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