

Greg Wrenn

At Keats' Grave Again

Staring at the stone
can't bore a wormhole to you.
My right heel burns,
the other calf asleep,
from crossing my legs;
I shake off flies
and the idiom of sadness
practicing itself in my shoulders:
my father would clear his throat three times
before speaking to us at dinner,
like the last several spasms of a ladyfish.
O to enter his mouth
and not stop there,
to stake out the great stopping lung.