

In a tavern by the wobbly splendor of the sea,  
 I move as in an aquarium, aware of disappearing,  
 For we are all so mortal that we hardly live.  
 I am pleased by this union, even if funereal,  
 Of sights, gestures, touches, now and in ages past.  
 I believed my entreaties would bring time to a standstill.  
 I learned compliance, as others did before me.  
 And I only examine what endures here:  
 The knives with horn handles, the tin basins,  
 Blue porcelain, strong though brittle,  
 And, like a rock embattled in the flow  
 And polished to a gloss, this table of heavy wood.

"My parents, my husband, my brother, my sister."  
 I am listening in a cafeteria at breakfast.  
 The women's voices rustle, fulfill themselves  
 In a ritual no doubt necessary.  
 I glance sidelong at their moving lips  
 And I delight in being here on earth  
 For one more moment, with them, here on earth,  
 To celebrate our tiny, tiny my-ness.