

Time Signatures

Your ex-husband's cello lies in a dust
marrowed attic; inaudible auburn's
gravity pulls, keeps you forgetting

arms are never long enough to reach
as far back as you'd like. Time to learn
something useful. Not ghosts

chanting in rafters, the bow of lips,
the craft of shoulder, the strips of light
you knew him by. Time fingers

its monogram in dust. Reminds you
that relics are for saints; leaves
instructions: how to forget the god.