

# David McCooey

## GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

Yesterday's shirt draped over the back of my chair:  
Uncertain sonatas loiter in the next room but one.  
No Gods in the machine here, they are all in their  
Rightful place; and this, and this, and this  
Lie stupidly at my feet, a nostalgia-  
Like an odd Biblical phrase half-forgotten.

Photography is absurdity. Once  
Art drove toward it. Now we have it.  
A *memento mori* that means nothing until death —  
'And this was when, and this was when, and this'  
Scattered grievously on the floor, a relic —  
Of a knight; arms crossed in a half-forgotten piety.