

Terry Jaensch

JOURNAL

myself for a moment alone with his blue
book of thoughts on an otherwise barren
bedside table reading the room its

spareness this winter the japanese fabric
the disparate lint the details between us
his haiku those seventeen syllables or less
between us the sullied sheets and semen

the taste and terseness of language pending
the defence of a flower a single stem
and the fecundity of clues in its decline

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