

KEVIN DENSLEY

FOR SHANTELLE

We stood there,
regarding
skeletal
mist-enshrouded
trees
—what the fuck,
it was all so
poetic,
wasn't it?
You waxed lyrical,
misquoted Yeats.
I corrected
your mistake.
We bought some beers.
Funny,
when we threw
the empty cans
into the canyon,
we never heard them land.

