Merrill Cole, "The Sequin Said It"

This other one the real boy or
Who he would
Hear a ghost story what
He said stains a subject
Wish telling mark of music
If it takes him who quotes
Would you hear this

The sequin said it all no said it

Tells the ghost the real
Move this other wish I
The subject to hear it would
Leave if he ghosts
It sustaining mark
Move you quote
Music all left

ZERO'S HOLD

But now, what I pursued
has lost itself in the causes of relief, flowers,
backgrounds, gilded furniture, drifting forward,
your incision's relinquishment. So silvered
is memory's eclipse — the numbers
hammer exposure for closing face,
body, and flinch — that
one wishes for hours struck like gold, edges
aglow like well-earned bruises. How might we
play this again, all unsmiling,
improvised? Unable to tailor audition
where yet another actor's violence
No more compelling than a clock's
tick, ventriloquist tocks, and
I've been coached for something else —
I don't say, "I love you," to myself.
You don't overhear the words, "I love you,"
and suppose they apply to you.
Remember, finger, and photograph, this
is spit-curled skyline, again. But snag
decorum, strum the moment out
of its dumb elegance, smile
for that nakedness missed in each spotted eye
and therefore perfect.