

## For What It's Worth

So still  
the lake, & you,

kneeling near your remorse.  
Let me guess the way

in which you might describe it.  
Lucent? Absolved?

The lake.  
Not your remorse.

Am I right?  
About your face, I mean.

Its scruff, its scratch,  
the way it breaks

into pandemonium,  
like birds finding

flaws in the sky.  
I can only bear

for the wind to play  
two sad songs a day.

*You were always more  
than I deserved.*

Even the stones  
at your feet clench

their teeth.  
Can you see where

my sorrow is going  
with this?

Hurry, before  
my body embraces

one more violence,  
help me remember

how the water  
marries again

all the sun's  
scattered pieces.