

Synchrony

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Your old friend is scattering
the ashes of her grandson
into the lake where he liked
to swim before fentanyl
and his furtive night life,

as you, speechless, consider
Brueghel and that boy's legs
engulfed by the sea, all
that's left of his bravado,
that precipitous fall.

You know how the sun sets
at different times, rises
too, without you; the tides
churn in and out, the rains
wash and the daylight

dries. The foot never
steps into the same river twice.
The book reads us a hundred
ways, and we, it. The painting
and its memorable response,
"Musée des Beaux Arts,"

both frame and provoke,
yet you find it comfortless,
grim, but true. You want to
offer consolation to your friend,
but this poem or that one, you know,
will, lamentably, never do.