12-1-2018

on waking at 3 a.m. // First visit, during the county fair

Grace Gilbert
SUNY Geneseo

Follow this and additional works at: https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer
Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Gilbert, Grace (2018) "on waking at 3 a.m. // First visit, during the county fair," Gandy Dancer Archives: Vol. 7 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol7/iss1/9

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.
on waking at 3 a.m.

in this dreadful pattern of insomnia
  & wondering if i could love you,
each unflinching minute
  hums thick like a pulse—
a torrent of frantic wings beating
  against the soundless expanse
of an unremarkable bedroom; somewhere,
   where my mind houses our sleeping bodies
and little else. i envision our love
  as that small breath
i always draw at the start of a dream,
  sharp and secretive,
a tiresomely private mention
  of a world you’ll never visit.
there is a cruel diligence
  to keeping you here,
listless and expectant,
   when my love has eroded to nothing
but some unearthed relic
  of need.
First visit, during the county fair

after Anne Sexton

it is June.
    i am tired
of being strong.
    i place wet wild daisies
on stone, a weary offering.
    some petals obstruct your name.
of all the sad new facts here,
    i would much rather admit
the daisies.
    it is beginning to rain,
a slow one, tapping on the canopy above
    before it begins to dimple
this bleak neighborhood,
    & i lie in the dirt next to you
one last time,
    allowing it.
i know the injury
    of acknowledging death
in back of every i love you—
    accepting what falls before it does,
but goodbye
    is always hovering like this,
a red balloon tied
to a wrist.