

Knight in Error

Someone called someone who called
David who called me with your new
address with the fraction in it.
Outside the rain corrodes through
the hesitancies of leaves, spots
with translucence the blue blouses of
the women waiting for the C bus,
rain that fidgets back and forth to mist
like some ruined, mythic prince who
tries to warn us, turn us back
before he turns to aerosol, the sky's
best rendition of a last kiss. So
you've left your wife, your house
with half-sanded woodwork, a lifetime
of records but who plays records now
that you won't? That's something else
that's been pried from us: those pops
and skips seemed integral to any version
of ourselves, those accidents that left us
so transformed like stumbling upon
a goddess bathing in the glade. Now
it seems our story's been handed over
to someone overly concerned with
accuracy and blame, too little taken up
with the gold leaf of illumination.
There was that transfiguring bouquet.
There was that day when you worked
at the museum and she convinced you
to put on the armor that had arrived
from England. You were short, strong,
the perfect lord, and she needed to
make its pose most lifelike, most

threatening. Once inside you felt
like a bug but you moved
as you always wanted to move: resolute,
thermodynamic, threnodistic, agent of shining
rescue and dismemberment and, as something
between joy and fear scrambled across
her eyes, you know you could have her
but first you must chug through the door,
take on the traffic at the boiling intersection,
hack deep into the valley of singing thorns.