Richard Lyons

The Story of a Lie You Told Him

This is the end of the friend's blistering night, again his wife has taken the sportscar to the sea.

This is the story of not letting him stay over though he is afraid to be alone, this is the story of telling him a lie he doesn't believe, that crackles back in your ear so that you're not sure if it is you or he

who is wandering the Lithuanian honeymoon cabins near the large body of water that has something to do with the floors of the cabins seeming to sink

right into the grounds they stand upon, kneel in (more accurate?)
grovel in, there,
then, you've said it. Even in the dark the spiderwort is a sapphire
blue.

You will gather these for the brides who sigh in the night air moist with dreams.

In plain gowns, they walk all around the place where you are standing,

the loneliness of place where a crabapple tree burnishes its fruit to ash with the dismal accompaniment of the moon.

The moon is female. Name anyone with self-respect who will dare to say different

The moon is patient across the damp night sky. You can tell her anything, that, the last time, the friend's face took on the glow of the late night television with the volume all the way down, that he left twisted tissues at the top of the toilet

where you let yourself pee in the pitch darkness of tomorrow's midnight.

You can tell her that the green garden-spider's silver filaments have something to do with a pain you have been unable to describe your whole adult life.

Is it pain if it's the memory of pain, a fist by accident thrust through an old window.

is it the memory of pain near midnight when all fathers are folded in sleep.

when each father snores like a train climbing a trestle in a dream that will not surrender itself to words spoken outside the dream?

Is it even a dull ache, a gentle welling up of blood?

With your hand wrapped in a shirt, you tell yourself that the blood will not flow like a sea. that the blood will not remember because it's the father who has never deserted vou.

The moon recedes a bit in the damp night sky. You can tell her anything.