

SINS I MAY HAVE COMMITTED

This magnified meaning yields the world behind me,
the sky, behind; a lightly surreal truth winning
after the eighth mile—also none too soon.
But the blanket falls from the shoulders
and reveals an ungodly nakedness that has been
our nakedness these last few decades:
the sort where it's good to have the world behind,
not in front, and looking away.

I am turning ages. I know I'm old, because the kids
on bikes on sidewalks swerve unnecessarily far
to avoid me; moreover, I'm glad when they do it.
And yesterday I bid *au revoir*
to my past. I intend to ignore it.
I did things but I forget most of what I did.
I've started playing violin with a couple of friends
who are also musicians, in my nephew's kitchen,
Twelfth Trio in C; moreover, I'm glad when I do it.

Amen, amen—
God be merciful to us and bless us,
and cause a face to shine upon us.
And put the world behind, and stir the embers
and draw the blanket and the shroud,
and pour the rain to purge the sins
I may have committed but can't remember.