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Morning after My Death

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Morning After My Death · *Peter Cooley*

Before this dawn, as always, one sparrow, one note:
a piccolo, now a flute, and now another
centering the dark on the fence around my house.
My hollow in the bed beside my wife
cannot hear it. Nor my feet which do not strike the floor,
my body no longer groping for robe, slippers,
my curse which is not here against the cold: none
of what she remembers greets the body of the woman I remember
rising, wrapping herself in hesitation just a second.
And why she pauses, suspended that next second
I can only guess. Instead, I can be certain
this is the instant my birds will begin
together to orchestrate the lifting of the sky.
Here is where imagination has to leave us,
and you, wiser than I, reader, living still,
may find such music in a morning of small things
as permits you to see enormities today may come to.
And give you visions only the dead possess
when I try to come back and must rely upon darkness
turning to dawn, that I not speak too loudly my disguises.