The Couple Moving Out

Robert Lietz

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The wax drips audibly.
The fruit shifts of its accord.
How the strict lines
of our closed rooms first gave way
neither of us can tell you.

Only something in the floorboards
completes its private turn
to stone. You listen to its plunder,
its fall, the atoms packed
on one another with their busy claims.

—We fit ourselves to habitation,
in reversal, in opposition
to one priest’s say, are this fiddletune,
*pas de deux*, eight years
sweeping and seeing clean,

are this bearing shared together,
its scale and expanse—
We have taken our hush and our high-tide,
our street’s sparse foliage
lit by the lamp and quarter-moon,

in one brimful instant,
our branches and our windows
intimately flagged.
— If only the powder keeps!
If only the tall moon

or that beyond the tall moon stands!
We are confirmed beyond
our ken. The light doubles
on that wood and on
the clouds behind.

—Robert Lietz