

CHASE BERGGRUN

To Heidegger at Todtnauberg, 1967

dampness,
much.

So deeply did
I want to believe. And yet I know

when you go back to
your guestbook,

beside my name you will see only
my yellow star. How

I loved you. And no word is coming.
We walk above

the bodies of the dead, and I hear
the coarseness, and no word is coming.

Now *eyebright*, and
now *arnica*,

sun's segmented mimic,
and after our walk

I leave space for allowance,
for disappointment. *Un-delayed.*

The fire-funeral
of language burns slow, our days

like apple cores hang low on
weakened trees, a wish

to leave you with the knowledge
that you too

wear the black coat
and the death's-head, you too

there in your hut,
hand-in-hand with the poet.