

AMELIA KLEIN

Less

Lane edged
with trees at first, and

squares of light
that mean

this space is tended.
Mean there is intention

here, hands and tools
to keep intact.

Expect a tomorrow
much like today.

Expect the pact to hold,
the sea to stay

in place. Failure
to expect: what we

call madness. For example
to notice

those birds are not
where they are

supposed to be.
That disappearance

multiplies. Not only
the ordinary

betrayals: we thought
we were damned

to live
among traces.

We must live
without them now.