

MARCUS WICKER

Maybe the Saddest Thing

is a shovel sighing earth—
is what's stirring beneath a well,
where I always go: that suck and push
of air, swelling the chest—its starting
place. That I couldn't end there
is as sad and annoying
as watching a pet mouse collide and
collide with its mirrored glass quarters:
is any ordinary beast acknowledging himself
with a battering ram—dense stump
that slams through the wrong door
in a smoky hallway, reconstructing
the face of an elderly woman
as dumb gold teeth can do.
It's the slim probability of that and
the swinging arm of death falling
for the woman's granddaughter
at the funeral, who has stems as
if a comet's trail could begin at an ankle
and end in a dark, stockinged thigh.
And just like that, we're back:
in the chamber that regulates all.
If you're locked outside its door
or cannot find this room, I sing:
You are lucky as a virgin.
If you're unsure this place exists—
this saddest thing—
Fine. Don't believe in it
or me. But please believe in this
latched dirt-box of a house
speaker strapped to my back, blasting
everything blue—the same.