Fuse

Richard Buckner

down she goes with a who-you-know; just a blur
and it's over her

when she fell holding an
undertow-looking-up, off
alone, with nights to lose
with some broken fuse,

(i hope you're good. is it understood?)

lying down would never
mover (something that
someone knew; almost in,
almost out). it wasn't just
a paper sun; the hollow
night was just as bright!

take it (now) where you don't know how
and keep it on until it's gone or give it
in as you hold it down or let it back
or even get around----

charging through cold and close,
finally free, safe at home.

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