

Mile

Richard Buckner

Where the way has clearly won
understand whether night
made us go or let us come
roughly gone a final mile

not to say just another
calling back,
but (nothing sees us as we drive out
where we shouldn't be.)

tinder torn, spread again,
can't compare or tell you who
(being here leaves it in:
what over-there wouldn't do,

sure and set-up, almost kneeling
in lost design,
always thought-of '') turns up holding
and looks behind

and sticks around: disappears.
Enough is taken and kept alive ---
just a let: a place to go
to put it off in rendered time

What's a followed sight to rumble,
left unwound
if it stays back?: I'll be broken
and passed around.