

## 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've.)

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 &#133;) 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.