

Once

Richard Buckner

Once, I was dug up, I was sinking.
I was longing to be saved.
I lapped up to the bay bar & I saw her
bobbing like a wave
& I slowed down.

Just six months this summer since I've known her that
she's been away.
& sometimes I still answer to the gone-ghosts that only
suckers make.

"Slow down & hold on.
Hold on."

Even my heroes are almost gone.
almost folding from the flame,
but how low can your fuse glow & warm you
until your torch begins to fade?

I dreamed of a couple dancing close & drunk
in the spray of lights they made.
& once, I was dug up, I was sinking,
but now I'm longing to be saved.