The End Of Something

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THE END OF SOMETHING

"Nick looked on at the moon, coming up over the hills.
'It isn't fun any more.'"
—Hemingway

There now! It's done . . .
I've torn your torrid letters
to a finger-faltering plentitude of bits
and burned the fragments all
to finger-flaking dust,
rubbed the pieces all to shadows
on my finger tips
and washed the shadows
down the kitchen drain . . .
and your photo too
as well as trifling other memorabilia
sent the trash collector's route . . .

And so it's done! Utterly!

Soooooo?

But how commit to similar obsequies
and ultimate annihilation
that other thing that
fixes you in me,
this bastard offspring
our fleshless copulation summoned up
to make the former me
a Phoenix-flame
vanished in the wooing wind . . .
gone as ever was;
the ashes of that other self
will not be gathered back,
and so this bastard me
the truer child
long fatherless
will now be motherless as well
because you're gone . . .

Have you no sense of
matriarchal debt
at all?

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