Modern Love

Amy J. Bown

St. John Fisher College

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At the dredging hour, I pull myself from bed to drag the pond. Women at dawn seem failures; we love the way the streetlights dim, slowly unbuttoning in fog.

Some day I will know Kant’s noumena. I will hear the minute pass into the hour, the single note before it slides into glissando, the interval between consequence and desire.

When all things stand alone, uninfluenced, untranslatable, I will know how they come to fall, how always sorry for something, we are never sorry at all,

and smiling, we misread those things beyond our reach—

we turn them into semblances, and detach.

Amy J. Bown