

1

The house still asleep.

On a pillow, her black hair

Tangled as seaweed.

How will you know when others

Arise to shadow the sidewalk?

2

Last flakes, pale shadows,
Streak past the kitchen window
Erasing the sky.

March has swept the streets, but for
This face mask: smudged, torn blossom.

3

On a U.S. map,

The pale pink smudges swell up.

The fever aches, spikes.

How to bear witness without

A cool palm on a forehead?

4

What's there to witness:

The sun's last rays burn a hole

In the ocean's swell.

Along the harbor, joggers—

Even as beads—lug their Labs.

5

Space-time swells, balloons.

Sun-bleached streets, their emptiness,

Sting the eyes: no one.

As in a 19th-century

Tintype, only transient ghosts.

6

We are ghosts, transients,
Overwhelmed by memories.
We are refugees.

In his drive, a dad unloads
12-packs from his Range Rover.

7

How can we unload

These echoes? Along the Charles,

The headlights' bright beads,

The orange flares of skyscrapers

Double in the dark current.

8

Our days have doubled:

Before/After, Then and Now.

Out on Plum Island,

A string of hikers heads off

Into sunny emptiness.

9

Here's the Great Empty:

Terminals, hotel lobbies,

Train stations, plazas.

Under ashen skies, this rain.

Down Boylston, a fierce wind whips.

10

A lifetime ago,

Scraps of paper, police tape—

Boylston's utter hush.

The whole city holds its breath.

Forsythias spark, explode.