

YES, VIRGINIA . . .

When Virginia came calling and found a letter
in her hand upon a hallway table,
she saw how like a dove the mind was able,
taking flight, to rest elsewhere unfettered.

Because rebirth may be important
if no justice and no luck,
there is a curious rejoicing
when our health rebels, each mordant
sign observed by flown soul, voicing
freedom from the carnal muck.

At last, we find what sort of spell
had brought to life the lifeless golem,
learn at last if lean we must
wholly on the totem –
or, this last best part of us,
by making sense of body thus,
is sent upon another errand,
meant for a separate breath.