**Grasses**

John Landretti

After dying

I say we are given

a little time, a lull

of farewell

that delays our forgetting

like a pool in the creek sweep

placed just so

for us who, just beginning,

have come so far

already

—to this stillness

into which trees

reflect once more

as we too

reflect in our familiar way

like travelers of open lands

who pause before

the strangeness of trees

and ponder the dappled light.

I say

the love we’ve known

will be there in the clothing

of our having lived

there in long grasses

before the shade of trees

where our words will start

to bend

like water over stone, as whatever

we were begins

to slide away

as if from the shoulders

of our dearest love—

and what then

startles is not a naked

ness so familiar we

shatter at our ever

having forgotten it,

but rather our release

from this longing

to say