**After the Fall a Bruise (Remains)**

John Muro

Watching the calamity of colors at dusk

converge then hastily expand as if the

universe has gone garish and finally

ruptured and dumbly divided itself,

while cloudbursts of plum pilfer the

green from the crowns of trees and

flooded fields and then steadily rise

in an ominous cloud of madras to

obliterate the last oasis of blue,

continuing to unfurl like a spiraling

trail of smoke from the spent head

of a matchstick. Ailing and love-

sick, I’m left to wondering if this

day’s demise, like my heart, will

ever heal before evening over-spreads

a pained sky like oil oozing from

the bottom of a rusted barrel, knowing

sometimes the world, despite our

best efforts, will only bequeath to us

blemishes and bruises and something

that’s so much closer to loss than healing.