

Two Premonitions

1

crossing the thames

God only knows

God makes his plan

the information's not available to the mortal man

PAUL SIMON

My friend the writer has not been well. In the face of it
blasé dismissals suggesting that we all
are slowly dying too seem patently trite.
We are crossing the Thames, staring at
the uncommon dignity of London's skyline,
and I imagine him gone. The sudden cavity
slows me to a death walk. I have no tools
to carry me through the moment. I am humbled
by the dignity of his wit; his faith in words.

2

embroidery

He has sewn with delicate care the clues
of his fading into the fine embroidery
of his immaculate lines. To find the trace of his despair
in the elegant élan of white lace, I must
pick at the knotted strings, making thread—
bare the ordered mesh until I find the painful evidence
of his pending flight. I read, instead, the intact patterns
still free of the erosion of sorrow. It is pure denial;
I have few excuses, but it's more than I can bear.

KWAME DAWES