

Hymn

Here, in memory of you, I follow the noise:
shuffling hymns. The awe of hundreds, your move:
rescinding the only world you knew for the violet hum,

shutting us out one last time. I open a book, assume
the motions of uplifting. Only the harmony of
your memory follows. Here in the noise, I fill

the air with songs that cannot tell of living
in sorrow, of pain that drove you to
rescind it: the only world you knew. For our hum, nothing

so many voices can redeem. So I string syllables together,
a semblance of enough. The music you loved,
the noise of you, is here: in my memory. Following

the waste of your life, we proclaim: we'll see you
again. Yet no spirit descends upon you like a dove.
You rescinded the world you knew for nothing.

Today, we cede to liturgy. We used to laugh
at the horror of this life, over
the memories that follow us. Only noise—you no longer
exist; I, in the world you knew, part of the hum, nothing.