

INKWELL



THE EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE WRITING CENTER
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THREE POEMS FOR *INKWELL* 11

Matt Turner

DEDICATION

For the words that have done nothing
except invite the light to die in the lindens.

For the words that failed to be music.

For the words that were to endure
the soft demolition of our times.

For the words that were all shot
through by policy.

For the words that were transfigured in the digital.

For the words that form delays.

For the words that died, themselves, in the lindens.

For the words that . . .

For the words.

They set these words adrift in our hands

To fling the indiscriminate light of them

To pin them to the melted surface

To wield them unredacted

To shudder the teeth of older languages

To deepen their material with not disappearing

And count our bodies among them

And we waited for the words that would tell us

How to explain it all again, this time as music

How much sun will be left for other worlds

How this time could be awash in cure

How to dial the consolation to memory

How to apprehend the welling up

How the light has landed beyond our sight

That the long dream has endurance yet