



Janus, gazing
(Newport Newyear)

Sundaysun shines even on December's graveyard
whereunder Siamese slate, two daughters sleep
aged "about thirty-six" (that's all we know)
calls by proxy from a stone
lest we forget to love everyone enough

in another box of hours
(we enter innocent)
elsewhere a man, alone, he was
Unbidden, a professional poet
lamenting "Treasure Lost"
who's dear

And not just the nameless
– kept in the house! –
(truly, in his twenties, to typhus)
about the afterlife
constrained by library decorum

Young Vanderbilt's bronze bust
a nude tormented trophy
tries to tell the tourists
but can't,
and social etiquette

Then shopping
in narcolescent twilight
emerges from a magazine
to confide commercially
so make the most of yours"
Remember that –

and another sign appears
An actress – femme ephemeral –
and sidles up beside yourself
that "Life is short,
in bold italic type
good line

David St.-Lascaux December 1, 2006