

from Juked #7, Spring 2010

BEN MIROV

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THE HOLE IN MY FRIENDS WHERE BEN MIROV  
SHOULD BE

One boat after another boat after another.  
One wave followed by another wave.  
A you by a you by a you.  
You get my drift. I was floating,  
floating and thinking of chores for myself  
to stave off the loneliness  
I knew would return.  
I washed the dishes in the sink.  
I touched myself, early in the day.  
I sat down with great intensity  
to continue my work.  
There were little animals that could light themselves  
with ancient blue light.  
And plenty of books  
from which ideas had been torn  
to satisfy my hunger.  
But nothing made me feel better.  
Nothing made me feel  
like a grocery cart made of bones  
wheeled down to the beach at night.  
Nothing perched on the edge  
and reached its ghostly hand into the void  
inside me and pulled out a poem.  
It was pretty good, not great. A little dust  
carried in a ceremony  
involving many human robots  
and a thimble-full of blood.  
Otherwise, it was another day.  
A day in which terrible things would happen

to many people, possibly myself.  
A day that would disappear  
into the endless rows of days  
and be forgotten like every beacon  
that flashed before it.  
Whatever you are doing,  
hoisting a small dark star into the figment  
or pausing for a moment to examine  
a blue flame choking on its wick  
you are alone, or alone with others  
who are also alone.  
Your vessel is sinking downward  
towards an inexplicable abyss  
packed with biomass and meaning.  
If you are like me,  
you wish you could slow your descent  
or stop it all together. Yes.  
And now, I am waking up.  
Now, I am groping in the dark  
for my shirt, my shoes, my wallet and ID.  
Now, I am thinking of you  
and you and you and of the others  
who have noticed my absence  
and await my return.