in possession of loss
Also by M.T.C. Cronin

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   Fictional Essays on The Poetics of Living, Art & Love (2009)
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   Micro-essays on Judgement & Justice (2009)
The World Last Night [metaphors for death] (2012)
M.T.C. Cronin

in possession
of loss

Shearsman Books
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THE BEGINNING…
(nerves of spring

THE WORD…
(we have already been dead

THE TIME…
(and so refrain

THE SUN…
(with one small light

THE TWINKLE…
(gentle deception more clear

THE SCIENTISTS…
(there is love that knows infinity

THE TOUCH…
(no beyond

THE REMAINDER…
(who is debt-free

THE STORY…
(we gaze inward at the fence

THE MOUNTAIN…
(between foreign

THE QUESTIONS…
(in memory of eternity
(the only way)

(only one word)

(our refugees)

(from the consequences)

(as a lake might be frolicked in)

(death proposes)

(I put him into all my arms)

(the prayer)

(with what the world tells us)

(and so)

(asleep in your body)
THE DEAD…
(dead

THE DREAMS…
(time worry

THE THING…
(the day breath

THE HOUSE…
(when you destroy something

THE LAMP…
(loss is a metaphor for our own lack

THE POEM…
(epilogues are a lie)

EPILOGUE

THE BIRD…
And you, poets, life of this life. You have triumphed over the centuries, despite the cruelty of the eons; and you have won the crown away from the haughty, despite the thorns of arrogance; you have taken possession of the hearts, and your dominion knows no end or cessation, O poets.

Kahlil Gibran
(still alive
we say
but never
still dead)
Dawn never meant a morning.
Law couldn’t say itself enough
to the word stepping out of bounds.
The mathematical equation of the parachute
only sometimes survives landing.
In the cemetery of welcome to the new man
evolution is digging for the gravedigger.
Each clod of earth muffles the sentence:
*You cannot say my name without saying your own.*
We lose ourselves
between the heart and the mouth.
We lose each other
between the lip and the heart.
Only the word is in possession of loss.
Saving what’s lost by naming
all loss as love.
(shall it be
the relations of the dead to the dead
become known
as the eros of forgetting?)
The Words...

then said
then cells blood
then bones teeth
then flesh hair
then time falls out
when all words
are coffins reopened
(your effort seizes you
and carries you to the grave)
The Stones…

sunspoken
sand is tracks’ best canvas
sand loses all tracks
today I have written as well
how the stones show me curiosity
because they never open their mouths
save all words by staying
shadeshut
(what fails
your tongue
entreats
and worships
always
without grace)