

Emily Berry
Unexhausted
Time

Poetry

ff

My love was two pieces put together. It was,
but one day you could no longer feel the seam.
There must be something to say about the burning
weeks when the past came through like a hernia
and what could we do, what could we do.
The stillness in the house as I'm remembering.
It was a dream that would not get born. All night long.
As a child he sat in the car to get away from her.
He stayed out late with the stars and the hay bales.
Nothing sorts out memories from ordinary moments.
Later on they do claim remembrance when they show
their scars. Small fragments of life suspended in
everyday war. He hallucinated a door in the woods.
For maybe three seconds it hovered before him.
If he could only hold it – hold it there, oh, forever –
he'd be released. How is it the things that happen
to us seem to have happened already. I kept wondering
why you didn't call and if there was rainfall where
you were. When I was a small girl with wet sheets
and not a mother between us. But tell me, my love,
which other way should it be. I do believe the future
can influence the past. *All those little sounds add up*
and come together in a kind of hum. But it's so faint –
so very, very faint – you can't hear it unless you listen
carefully for a long time. I have seen poetry unleashed
by a single line, but I have not known where it got to,
the way a lure might be lost in a lake and the fish
still rise. I slipped the memento of the saint, your

mother's gift, under the door of the church. I sent those blessings back to their source and the devil take them, if you believe in the devil, which I do.

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