

Come Back

By Rocket Caleshu

I hate how I can't keep this tremor inside, this mute
matter of being made extant, this shiver in being, in
no not-being, this wild flying up from the inner surge

and this crack in the apparatus espied around
the corner from my particular warble, this
quiver of dissolution in the pool of no single thing,

this break in the entity of the single, of not
a mistake in being made, this suffering of trying
to contain the infinite in language, this refusal

inextricable from its mass; this love, love of
love, this being only in your presence, this inability
not to err, rather the constitution of my broken image

caressed by this, this permission to submerge, this bigger
and bigger being, tremor of infinite allowances, this telos
of cataloging that which can never be disappeared.

Source: *Poetry* (March 2019)