Monument
By Mai Der Vang

For Pos Moua

What is the name for an antelope who grazes inside a dream then vanishes into the nebula’s brush.

What is the face for refurbishing grammar at each comma’s lip. Whose identity never remembers the shape of beige. What is the word for how to conjure the sigh of a line hushed beneath the flap of a thousand shifting plumes.

What is the body of a garden where a crescent despairs, drifts beneath the melt of amber.

The season is always growing out its hooves.

One cradlesong of your leaving is not larger than the forest of your arrival. To make you a noun forever.

A loss of you cannot be equal to the loss of you.

Source: Poetry (July 2017)