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)