

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)