Nostalgia

By Chase Berggrun

Wist is wetness
and why, wind,
why. Go and gather quickly
before every shadow
has dispersed to everywhere
but beside you. God governs only
what happens while
it happens: this want
is wine of your own making.
Loud the quieter times, and quiet
loudest still, and reach
and reach the branches that tree
beside your bedroom window,
growing to grasp you though felled
ago no less than half a decade.
How a day so dear and treasured began
with a fist in your face. Skin-to-skin.
Even the memory of that sound, somehow.

Source: Poetry (December 2019)