

Goodbye, Apostrophe

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Goodbye, apostrophe—
you were barely hanging on

at the top of the line
by one curled fingertip,

and now it appears you've fallen
from the keypads of all the smartest phones—

forgive my possessiveness
toward you.

Goodbye, turn signal—
hiding behind the steering wheel,

whatever indestructible composite
you're made of,

no one in this town
seems to need you anymore—

I don't know which way to go
without you.

Goodbye, incandescent lightbulb—
you took up all my energy

but these sinuous newcomers
lack your warmth,

your hominess—
when the rare idea

comes to me now,
what flashes on above my head?

Goodbye, Mom—
when I went to pick up your ashes today,

a squirrel darted beneath my car—
then came out the other side, unscathed,

as if there weren't room in the world
for one more death, however small...

My light, my direction,
mine—goodbye.