

What Cannot be Found is Always Enough

THOMAS BONOMA

When you can no longer point to me,
waving at you from the edge of these woods,
I'll know that at last I've arrived
where I've always been going.
I'll know that one can be the life of a party they don't attend,
that one can greet guests and the pearls and wine
and then just disappear.
One knows this best waking up,
after the body's still
with the nothingness that gathered all night,
covering the body soft as snow.
It falls over you before your coffee, breakfast
and the cigarettes, before the office, where all day
things collect to the body, collect and don't let go,
as though the body was a picnic blanket,
something that if weighted enough would be incapable
of blowing away. But by lunch you're always tired, and
at parties now you wonder if there isn't too much of *you*.
How much better than a cigarette is it, then,
to listen to one's guests as a pearl listens,
or a drop of wine, how light and how silent?
Or the figure in the woods for whom everything

is just passing through, his body an open,
empty frame where once there used to be a door?
Or even to be, just for a second,
the wind as it blows itself away,
even now, in the prime of its life?