

# *mono no aware*

“together we share the fatal illness, time”— jim harrison

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a part of me is still  
drowning beside  
shelley just off the  
coast or painting  
skulls one day then  
pears the next I had  
been knitting sighs  
in my lungs all  
afternoon before  
the comet struck  
the comet of course  
being life minutes  
become machetes  
hacking through  
the bones of time i  
like to stare at the  
sun even though it  
hurts or imagine  
myself as a conch  
shell pink & hard  
yet surprisingly  
easy to break &

thought by some to  
be empty yet  
echoing with a  
constant ineffable  
humming & aren't  
we all humming  
constantly furiously  
beating ourselves  
against unseen  
currents thrashing  
against the  
inevitable hoping  
to find some nearby  
shore