

Ephemeris

He watched Hale-Bopp with its two-fisted tail  
through his small, wide telescope in his long, tall  
yard, raised two kids and three dogs  
not all gone to good ends,

Sketched Hyakutake's sheer thin smear  
across his dark night almost all  
absent of cloud but present  
of wind,

Worked one job for three companies,  
some low, some high,  
none gone to good ends,  
mastering the last great telephony  
entrenchment  
before the cellphone explosion  
and the texting that followed,

Thought sometimes of that last date with Alisa  
and how the best things he had known  
could not be made into language  
but instead came across his sky  
in silent spectacle of form,

Like something that moved under the surface of things  
but was always there, or always returning,  
in every end he could ever see.