Lethe
—Farzana Marie

Dear Polished Quiet,
    cleaned and re-cleaned like a rifle
    after a sandstorm,
Guard, won’t you, the white carpet of stillness,
from mud of oblivious leaf-blower during morning tea,
 sanitation engineer whose vehicle still sounds like a garbage truck,
child toy with oh, 10,000 buttons, each louder and more
tantalizing than the last.
Remember me,
    where I was, how I was,
    when we last met.

Dear Chaos of Broken Microphones,
    screeched and re-screeched despite
    five pre-showtime one-two-threes,
Mind, won’t you, your mouth, since you know I know
how you like to grind on the dance floor of bones, sheep ankles
used for child’s play in Middle Asia but divination elsewhere, even
though
I also know you don’t believe that stuff, especially the forecast of a
solstice of silence.
Forget me,
    I was never there,
    I don’t even remember that dance.
Dear Litany of Lost and Found Events,

screened and re-screened on the flat
of a fat-fingered dry-clean receipt,

Sing, won’t you, the SEW-WHAT song just before
the music of pass-and-review, salute the former soldier
who has moved on; sound off eyes right! to that officer-starched
image, the before
in a before-and-after montage—before, that is, the C-130 flew over
the Hindu Kush.

Try to forget some things,

try, do try to remember

the rest.