

# *One Poem*

Scott Jacobs

## **lacrimosa**

the half of me you held was      the dark radar feeling through the blur      of how we are  
now electric      that one time you tangled into me

like the slaughter of an animal in water      turning the screws out of the hinges      as the  
darkness of death reveals      itself as freedom

i should have pulled the choir closer      peeling my mouth out of the fire      let the night  
pitch its threat      all the way through me

& the naked dream of skin      wasn't about the skin but the holding      that lunges like lunar  
bells through me      —the constant closeness of chaos      the day dragging me by the hell of  
my heels      into its awful furnace

i try to remember i will forget you      & tell you it's as if we've never met      pulling the  
harm of your arms into my heart      & our sweet plea for one moment of peace      —that  
secret form of sleeping

it's this endless conversation      in the middle of our conversions      bound by the relentless  
element of exhaustion

but i have a forehead ranged of evil      wind-filled grooves where the memories were  
removed      & the obscured autonomy of that deleted history      —i complain though i  
could never conceal you

there could be nothing more normal      than our mouths      nothing more normal than—  
nothing as terrifying as an outcome      the perfunctory allegiance we slave to  
i will have to lie my way into deadlines      force the stubborn distance into something  
greater than distance

i keep asking myself how i surrender

so easily  
every day the night comes?

