

THE ART OF DELUSION

Recall grows
more distant now
yet he continually caws
for his late wife
to every passerby or nurse.
Sometimes he serenades
walls with guttural pleas.
His hands caress surfaces
as though she'd step
a passage through
oil painted
street scenes.

Perhaps he is a bird,
with wingbeat flappings
or an oracle
that sees her soma
in peels of paint –
her layers trying
to escape with his.

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