

LAST POEM

Graham Foust

Spilled into space, I've stayed and I fade
in a light that moves and a light that shows,
plain and present as my very own mind
(a target I've hit but never seen) is not,
and only, but still, a single human human —
and a hoarse one at that from having all day
wailed a thing like "Mockingly fateful
weather we're having, despite there being
no negatives in nature" — I'd love a grave
in the shape of me, one signature injury,
and for my every proven note to have
to outperform its origin story, the band
having never been together in the first place,
the social contract, alas, in the kisser.