

**Long After My Body Dies, My Soul  
Runs Into Rainer Maria Rilke's Soul  
in a Forest Ripe w/Greenery, a Stream  
Gurgling, Wildflowers, Two Luscious  
Sunbeams Penetrating the Tree Canopy, and**

As the present feeling of true love surges and floods downstream past the tree of life, past gods or governors or whatever it is you find particularly consoling that finds you adequately analeptic in return—have mercy on the upshot in your chase for pressing truth, for he or she will be there, come-hither, waiting to lay down, having made his or her own arduous way to listen to music, to drink wine, to inhale your odd air and experience your lips, to sense delicate petals on fingertips.

**Anechoic**

A desolate soundscape  
fitted with gaskets to  
cancel museum noise,

a chamber cocooned in  
conical shapes arranged  
specially, pyramids

thrusting long and tall from  
the walls, from the ceiling  
hanging like stalactites,

rising from the floor with  
just enough room to stand  
on a steel grate platform.

Senses rapt, our hot brains  
shaking down the silence  
for sounds that aren't there.

This penultimate life,  
one step closer to the  
towering anteroom

in the gallery of  
destiny, inside which  
we won't be when we are.