

NOAH ZACHARIN

POSTCARD HOME #2

sorry I haven't written sooner.
never thought things would get
this bad, even as it grew
small and filled with
shrunk heads, narrowing perimeters,
narcotic pin-holes through which
to view a total eclipse.
thought glacial moments from the past
would keep me standing mute, owl-eyed,
unburned and isolated
from all but the orange tongues' talk.
I never thought
you'd want to hear this. apologies
for not being more optimistic at the outset.
apologies, now the pupil of fire widens,
for ash on my forehead.
so,
how are things in heaven?
here they are
very bad.
we think.
we do not know.
but I do know we never thought
it would get this bad. what I can say is this:
your son has fallen into a life

no one needs to know about.
too small too dark too small.
it would be nice
to hear a good word or two. tell me,
is the fruit there
as good as they say it is,
and have you been reunited
with your dear
david, dad:
by the tree,
by the river,
in your new garden?

love,
the lost son