

I-LEFT-OUT-THAT-PART BUSTED SONNET TANKA  
FOR AMANDA

I did not include the span of grey deck, ~~the hypothermic aspen-~~  
shivering in the cool dawn of the attendees assumed  
Disdain of the well off. I left out the thrum of Subarus and Tahoes  
arriving and landing, departing and ascending  
In the interstitial gap below the comic's wish to be taken more  
seriously aside the profound's wish they could crack  
A joke. I neglected to mention the new spans of fresh-rubbed  
lodgepole fence so bright in their gaps bordering the valley's golf  
course,  
The Olympic rings off in the distance above a tie-dye backdrop,  
Harryette seated at a little table, a plastic  
Geraniumed tablecloth covering a self, ~~though I have no self yet, that~~  
I do not want to parody. Did I mention  
~~To mention the glass domino's of the castle erected at the base of the~~  
mountain run sliding under the old assumption that my younger  
Self was as good as if not better than other younger selves? No, I did  
not mention the inside of my room: the moose parade  
Across my pillow cases and onto the bed sheet looking to trample the  
dreams of the ever wary, the paranoid and  
The self-important: the categories of human loveliness for which I  
qualify for in spades. About the skinned black bear,  
The caribou, the cigarettes, the hot redheads, the broken sliding glass  
door, the dysfunctional hot tub on the back porch: I  
Left out those parts too. The way the ceiling fans hyphenate the ill-lit  
common space with Newton Rings, the  $N\lambda = 2n\tau$   
 $\times \cos\Phi$  of intermittent morality—a concept you are aware I have  
some flexible ideas about  
As in what might or might not constitute a breach of the social—well  
pretty much any—contract, Yes, I forgot to tell you  
About the creak of the chairs and how that sound, repeated  
everywhere I sat, ~~how the wood of chair backs jointing into their~~  
seats,

Reminds me, even now, of our gradual whispering, our hardened  
nipples brushing each other's chests with signal, and how our  
Own creaking frame soon has traveled on its way, and the secret  
we thought we were hiding bangs our voices against our walls,  
trebled

Over the sudden rush of traffic, for no wind can shake an aspen so  
furiously less the root structures themselves give way,  
And even if a moose or bear or Stephen Colbert walked through the  
screen door and club-footed into the kitchen ~~to chill out~~  
~~With a whiskey sour~~, we, in all likelihood, would not hear anything,  
O, O, no I told no one, I cut that part out too.

Shadowgraph Magazine  
Winter 2015  
[www.shadowgraf.com](http://www.shadowgraf.com)