

EXIT MUSIC

By Jonathan Weinert

I've been waiting a long time to hear it
but now that I do
I have a few notes

Out of the white sky comes a whiter cloud
that no creature on earth can breathe

A little more light please
toward the blind edges
and a little more thrum
as of insects or engines

I walk beside the burning river
on the knuckles of my broken knees

The small gray stones erupting from the river path
will go on being small and gray
and I will also go that way
without a car or library

There is still today and the rough outline of autumn
Winter birds
old gods
still eye the seed pods
flicking and indifferent

Along the riverbank the storm-thrown limbs
begin the thankless ministry
of giving back their chains

Their signature was scribbled on their absence after all
beneath the heading Endless Rest

Everything is whitening
and the sound that issues from the beaten oaks
makes music for the ones who now believe in nothing
which is god over growth and warmth and time

