

## Lethe

—Farzana Marie

Dear Polished Quiet,

cleaned and re-cleaned like a rifle  
after a sandstorm,

Guard, won't you, the white carpet of stillness,  
from mud of oblivious leaf-blower during morning tea,  
sanitation engineer whose vehicle still sounds like a garbage truck,  
child toy with oh, 10,000 buttons, each louder and more  
tantalizing than the last.

Remember me,

where I was, how I was,  
when we last met.

Dear Chaos of Broken Microphones,

screached and re-screached despite  
five pre-showtime one-two-threes,

Mind, won't you, your mouth, since you know I know  
how you like to grind on the dance floor of bones, sheep ankles  
used for child's play in Middle Asia but divination elsewhere, even  
though

I also know you don't believe that stuff, especially the forecast of a  
solstice of silence.

Forget me,

I was never there,  
I don't even remember that dance.

Dear Litany of Lost and Found Events,  
    screened and re-screened on the flat  
    of a fat-fingered dry-clean receipt,  
Sing, won't you, the SEW-WHAT song just before  
the music of pass-and-review, salute the former soldier  
who has moved on; sound off eyes right! to that officer-starched  
image, the before  
in a before-and-after montage—before, that is, the C-130 flew over  
the Hindu Kush.  
Try to forget some things,  
    try, do try to remember  
    the rest.