

For K. in South Africa

Nate Klug

Here among strangers I could love
and this trying and failing
to slow the rain down,
to find and feel my failings
in the earth's indifference—

here, where whole lives
ignite and happen
apart, in silence, like test explosions—

six thousand miles away, you write
(someone else's words)
of birds I wouldn't believe,
how dawn turns the grasses tawny.

I wake, sometimes, with the nervous ease
of the already lost. I study.