

Andrew Nance

Love in the Age of Assange

Mistaking my own devotion for a Heideggerian retreat into
its intransitive

I love the rain that rain placates by *afterward*—sun's backbeat
on my shoulder blades

That I left out the "I" shows my devotion to its apostrophe

Was there ever any way that wouldn't warm the feelings
reset by my gerund

I keep restarting the song to see when it became firmament

Yes Lord I wanted a rainbow's power to nullify love's tedium
Yes Lord I vow to be forever restless until the credit's close

The "today" of her letter reads itself each day anew like birds
on Sunday

All the molecules I gathered for my own fireproof socle
convulse

Yes Lord or Love or Light, look, the instrumentalism of night is
tacked to its cage

There's the weight of my body outside my body pooling
through a fever

"That I could have been better" is a Lucretian paraphrase of
loving

The secret was: it might have been true that I lied—blooming
anachronistically

Love was another reason to say what we thought historical
but isn't mimetic

Love was there to be loved like the sun throwing in its own
cantilevered face

I was crying for the sake of saying it out loud—resurrection
loses its shape

The end always finds its way out through the middle

I'm glad that loving listens in the lower case like floodwater
I'm glad that if I ever loved it wasn't because I listened to it

How close to close it came right before you were mute with
your mouth propped open

You awake?—I'm a *world* away from saying I came to read
your time signature change

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