

## Martin Jensen / IF LIVE

When he dies, or the woman dies  
It's not as if they can't get back  
It's only that  
No more than the living  
will they cross that line

If live, in sleep permitted death  
dead, in sleep he lived — forever  
love's metaphysic allowing

It does not allow  
utter disrelation. Even  
to speak of severed things  
re-gathers them. The rivers of heaven  
receding,  
almost out of hearing,  
never quite.

And if they weren't? If the girl  
or the brother  
were never remembered  
then they had never been,  
an absurdity. The point  
(goring the divine flank) the point is  
this: All stays. Or how can any living thing  
though it passes (but it's us  
passing through) how can it ever  
if it happens once, fail then  
of happening forever. Energy  
is not undone