HAVING AT IT

(Note: to rend, tear the limbs with great and unusual force. To drone, enter into conversation with what is left.)

Return hangdog after twenty years, your hands empty or, worse, missing. None rotted in that shade, but few, if any, thought to flourish.

Pick up a consolation prize on your way out—a miniature Do Not Enter sign, a wooden plane. Someone’s doll’s face.

One begins ever after and ends upon a time. One swallows a knight. Torn ode? Tenuous, you mean? Something less than a grammar of deceit?