No, of course not; no one can bear
the bad losses, of what was never ours,
our reason, our love — say, our limbs themselves.
And our senses, what keeps turning from us.

Someday you like Nietzsche will be heard upstairs
to cross and recross, swarming like adrenalin
always on the same spot,
will be heard, heavy and hollow above, by unstrung women

*all over* the house: like Nietzsche to Nazis
ours would have been one of the great
overdetermined loves, had it been ours.
Now nothing will mitigate the sickness of loss

but, say, a rage of self-amputation
that sets our limbs, our loves, parading against us
as the stomach refusing its nourishment,
so the wrist its hand, the groin its thigh, nothing will save.

There, under the groin, the nerves, inundated
and corroded, drown and are undone,
for obscure reasons of desire, in blood.
Thus the phantoms are sent to the outskirts of the self

impersonating our limbs, but here begins the uncertainty.
Or if it would. Of course — of *course* it hurts.
Move here these, the bad, the deepened and stagy
limbs, whose life is loss —¹

¹ Some drafts end the final line with a period rather than a dash.