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The rumour

I am the suicide of all the lost
I am the suffering of the rumour
I am the politeness given to
a man who never really
had much to say.

there in the corner sit all
my empty bottles
stacked in a perpetual
monument
of forgiveness.

I am the paper king of
a people who walked
and walked and when
they came to this river
they all dove in and
took one fish each
as if it was a gift
from a lost heaven.

I am the poet who
never really had much
to say and they will bury me
in a hole and line the casket
with all of my poems
so I can eternally
relive the rumour.

there on a hill sits a girl
and she is all alone but she
begins to speak and tells us
that she had found
all the lost women
and that they are hungry.

so we
the living lost
will burn food
for the lost on the other side.

I light the fire
and burn the plates of food
and every so often I throw in
one of my poems
for the lost to read
and they do
with a belly full of food
and I hear the laughter
of the lost as they tell me
that I have yet to suffer
like the lost
I have
yet
to
suffer
the
rumour.