

PHIL MAZZEO

## A Note-worthy Absence

*And she fell*

Sirens flying below  
belie the certainty of  
sympathies undeserved,  
and fears of family  
lumps (in breasts, throats)  
ours, taken regardless.

*from the sky—*

Silence is lying. We know:  
she lied (certainly) at  
symptoms (unreserved);  
what's reared from famed,  
stamps of crests, promotion  
stars, taped on guard's chest.

*scrape her—*

Violins playing the bold  
suicide's biopsy for  
implications unreversed  
when varied by filmy  
stumps of masts, pronounce  
scars raked under flat dresses.

*from the sidewalk, white*

Violets plying the cold,  
untried flippancy in  
imps' tomes, unversed  
then revealed by family  
lumps in breasts, announce  
hours, wrapped in unlocked tresses.

*chalk unnecessary.*