


2019

Cynical

Christopher Buckley

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Buckley, Christopher (2019) "Cynical," *Birmingham Poetry Review*. Vol. 46, Article 30.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr/vol46/iss2019/30>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

Christopher Buckley

Cynical

*"...if nothing happens
we won't know it..."*

—JIM HARRISON

If a star comes unfastened
and falls across the sky,
what's that
now to me?
Once it would have added up
to wishes,
but this evening
my thoughts trail off
with a scrum of particles
blowing by
the window
into the past...
where I still feel sorry for that boy
in his starched white shirt,
the last one
to be picked up after school,
empty enough in those gray hours
to let a passing cloud
carry
his soul westward with the gauzy light
at the edge
of the last thing
he could see.
Ashes blow out of a tray
on the patio

and we've lost
 all confidence in the dead
though Buddhists maintain
the river goes up
 and goes down—
and at the end
is the end....

*

Sure, we all come to live in this world,
but from where—
and no one's
 in a hurry to leave.
Whatever hints there might be in starlight,
 we're at a loss
before the sea,
the white foam daily rewriting
 the possibilities.
I have a favorite coat,
frayed at the cuffs,
 but have reached the point
where it's pointless
to buy another.
 If I throw the window open to
star jasmine, japonica,
the blossoms
 of the orange—
even to Machado's moon
lemon-ripe above Castille—
 who will return
for me?
One day the cupboard of stars
will empty—
 our quantum dust
kicked up by interstellar winds.
Time's expiring,
 though it seems there's always time

Buckley: Cynical

for something to go wrong....
I'm standing before the bay window,
wondering if darkness is a hopeless dot in the dark,
the final diagnosis,
going on inside the light if something is actually
as I sit here waiting
to return to air
for whatever I'm finally worth....