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Events Themselves Are Impersonal and Indifferent

—*Epictetus*

What? You mean that steel step
 didn't mean to gash your toe? Nothing personal,
 your lover didn't care
that you became a basket of frozen grapes

wintered on the isle of his
 no-more-longing-for?

That the one whose jackaled heart
 burst on the bedroom floor—
 his death impersonal? Indifferent? Jinxed by chance?
Be a sleuth? Find the hidden opportunity in misfortune's juba dance?

Plucked tail from the untwitching
 maggoty beast. Jangled grace in a man
 leveled by cancer-eating blood?
Or bone? Or her viral load?

Oh forgive me for not jubilating the shadows on the birch
 in this bosky perch where light echoes off
 leaves the way words echo off my jaundiced heart.
Some gift. Yes, the impersonal thrift.