

# POETRY

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HAROLD SKULSKY

## Benediction

Now six years on, she is as good as dead.  
But emanations of her fill the day.  
A gazing presence in the empty bed  
reminds him he has nothing left to say.  
Though aphids on the leaves of memory  
have made a riddle of her face in him,  
he feels her presence as an amputee  
the tribulations of his phantom limb.

She blessed him for not making any fuss  
as she undid his convoluted heart.  
All perfect art is parsimonious.  
He bowed to the perfection of her art.  
He's bound to her in perpetuity,  
and—God shield her from sorrow—she is free.