

# **Left for Connection**

*Three sets of short poetry by Keith Kusterer*

## **I.**

**R**easons to stay

Still,  
a good one  
goes

far.

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**S**taring at the sun,

I become  
centered  
and wash away  
in a blinding trust

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**T**he hand

of a neighbor  
is cupped  
in a downpour  
lifted up  
high through the air  
catching vaped tears  
as rainfall

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## II.

**T**he virile headstone  
fit as faux  
reveals the recession,  
a hair past prime

Decided, has the day  
to part with toupee  
and tip to the mark  
of lady time.

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**T**ucking in the feathers  
of a broken wing,  
Highly eased by a planted flock  
The dreaded lift-offs remain  
a season shy

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**B**urrowing begins,  
nest needs chosen,  
webs spat then spun  
Woven are the threads  
of many heads,  
factoring the matter  
of one.

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### **III.**

**A**n empty hall  
of a hundred years,  
its many acts had  
and curtains call  
“Patina, Patina  
she is here”.

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**B**e-  
sides  
a  
less sharpened  
de-  
tail.

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**F**aint traces  
of penciled erases  
shadow the script  
Their story  
unique to the rest,  
freed of frozen issue  
and permanent press.

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