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Ghazal for Emptiness

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Ghazal for Emptiness

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Author Bio

Eric Kozlik is a senior this year. In his old age, he plans to take up knitting, canasta, and gumming Werther's hard candies. He is currently deciding between plot 756, which receives a good deal of foot traffic on Sundays, and plot 903, which boasts a lovely view of the tool shed. He thinks he would prefer a maple box to pine, and will not deign to be placed in an urn on some pretentious mantle. These mysteries and many others will be pondered over tonight's blue plate special.

GHAZAL FOR EMPTINESS

ERIC KOZLIK

I began the solemn emptying of myself When the summer moon was just a day past full.

Fine crumbs of something sweet fall on the floor; My pitcher's empty, but your glass is full.

This deprivation is my only sin— My days of abstinence and fast are full.

The furnace goes untended in your wake; When I was molten, the die and cast were full.

Look to the sea, my dear, the Dutchman sails—Your cabin's empty, but my masts are full.