

# Buttoned Hole

by Nancy Jentsch

News in my early morning in-box  
leaves me with a gaping emptiness  
I can button closed when I must  
but never lock away.

All day I carry the buttoned hole with me  
and feel it fill with crumbly sadness  
like plaster gone soft.  
A different person now, part whole,  
part fading dust of memories  
(I've known him all my life)  
and moribund granules  
which spread toward fingertips and scalp.

I imagine what I'll feel when the time given him runs out:  
my buttoned whole bulges with gypsum bits  
then bursts  
Richter-magnitude tremors bring me to my knees  
to gather the pieces and begin again.