

2020

Holdfast

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Recommended Citation

DiBacco, Michael (2020) "Holdfast," *Calliope*: Vol. 32 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://researchrepository.wvu.edu/calliope/vol32/iss1/18>

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HOLDFAST

Michael DiBacco

The poem in which we stand on mountaintops, wave crests grown taller by our finite energy, the anticipation of a breaking, the aftermath, the seafoam.

The poem in which backseats drift into unreality.

The poem in which Ice Road Truckers plays in the ICU waiting room, not subbed, but full volume, and they're slipping and so are you, but you need more than new tires and she assures you it hurts less eventually.

The poem in which satellites become shooting stars.

The poem in which ladybugs still buzz in a faux chandelier.

The poem in which the sun warms your face, and you're grateful for it, but at the same time don't want it, and wish that it was raining, like the books, the movies, and being alive becomes a new beast.

The poem in which there's a girl standing across the room, alone, and you let her, let her go, let her walk away, reproaching yourself, muttering Aphrodite, don't leave.

The poem in which your friends answer all your calls and you answer all of theirs, but sometimes you can't, or don't, and so they call less.

The poem in which there's no quarter fed binoculars on Lookout Point.

The poem in which the closest you come to a pilot is a rolled window, an outstretched arm, and wingtips tethered to tendons at speed.

The poem in which this summer doesn't feel like a remembrance of things lost,

or things soon to be lost.

The poem in which home acts as a verb. The poem in which you're allowed to skim choose your own adventure stories.

The poem in which plastic dinosaurs rest precariously on my dash till stop, or slow, or turn.

The poem in which there's no one shotgun to put them back again.

The poem in which when I sleep, I sink deep into the syrup of dreams worth remembering, surfacing slowly to avoid the bends.

The poem in which Taurus and Orion duel in Pamplona, spectators' wineskins plump with stars.

The poem in which the glass is neither half empty or half full, but just there, and that's enough.

The poem in which I don't feel the pressure of my last name first when sifting through paperwork.

The poem in which I haven't badly scratched a final memento through layouts for sinking frisbees and when caught by sunbeam doesn't scream its imperfection.

The poem in which we treat ashes as gunpowder, stuffing them in bottle rockets and mortar tubes, a bang rather than a wilting.

The poem in which Leda isn't raped by the swan, in which Troy doesn't burn, in which it can all be put back again.

The poem in which the comforter on my twin bed is like a flag draped over a coffin.

The poem in which I circle back to the old spots, old habits, trail loops and paper routes glued together for infinity, no more.