Commencement masks the growth,
makes of them clients once more.
Their tragic foggy minds see an
expulsion—a rejection rather than breath.
They paid good money and deserve
their passport stamp, their pin.
They’ve never been good at goodbyes.
But this is the moment when Rodney
outdoes the rest. Disastrous as
a guide, gifted as a ghost, Rodney
knows how to quell the clients’
tantrums with a very old reflex
and a very real remark. THANKS
she says, looking into them with
her golden lunar eyes. THANKS
and they begin to quiet, stunned
into reciprocity. Soon they’ll all
be weeping, howling THANKS
THANKS THANKS all night.