

Kyle Dacuyan

## Res Extensa

After my looking  
at the world was over,  
all I never saw stirred

across the void of me.  
The maple I so many times  
imagined rising through

a fallow bog rose and cast  
one last century  
of just before autumn light.

Beneath its shade—  
a stranger, overcome with  
what I never felt or found

the word for. In my life,  
I had wanted to be quieter  
than the quietest single sound,

though I could never hear it.  
What I wished to say became  
unsayable, which is not to say

unknowable. At dusk, a flock  
of starlings gave themselves  
over to murmuration.

A maple rose. The century  
ended. A man returned  
and could not quite



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remember what it was  
to be a stranger here,  
the first time.

