

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Laurie Duesing**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2004

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Laurie Duesing()

# Precision

The day you flew in perfect arc  
from your motorcycle was the same day  
I broke the perfect formation of your women  
at the railing, leaving behind  
your grandmother and mother, to run  
and jump the fence. The stop watch hanging  
from my neck, suspended between gravity  
and momentum, swung its perfect pendulum.  
All our motion was brought to conclusion  
by your broken body at rest  
on the ground. Your breath never rose  
to the oxygen placed on your face  
and your heart never rallied  
to the arms pressing your chest.  
You wore the perfect clothes:  
the ashy grey of death.

At the hospital they said your failure to survive  
was complete. Though I never saw  
the neck you perfectly broke or your body  
cleanly draped by a sheet, I did see  
your dead face bruising up at me  
and for lack of something to touch,  
I touched the stop watch  
which had not died.  
If any nurse or doctor had asked,  
I could have told, exactly,  
to the hundredths of seconds, how long  
it had been since I'd seen you alive.

Submitted by Jt

Laurie Duesing