

BERNARD FERGUSON

## self-portrait with nostalgia

i was born once & it's been  
downhill ever since

a bright collection of violence  
here        i am again today splurging

in ikea until everything is unrecognizable  
i stand by what i said

it's best this rendezvous end

the faces of those i am growing to love  
are similar to the faces i have lost

to memory        to dusk  
my father again        with a body    or not

pulling me into the world by the shoulders  
before he expands into smoke

i refuse this pressure of recall

to get the story right  
else speak something new into existence

crawl back to me, darling  
share what you've carried here

between your palms  
show me how to make it hum

before you leave