Earl Townsend

Catherine

The empire state building
Shimmering more than ever
As it slowly shatters—

Each falling second  brighter
More beautiful

More blinding.

It reminds me of Catherine Barnett
—barely able to speak
  but still speaking
    all the same.

a brown haired woman in a white room saying,

“shhhh shhhh shhhh” to herself over and over
wanting to be an actress
   and less like herself
but getting closer, nearer to herself
   each careful breath.

If a chorus finally comes for her—
   Her 5 crystal lives ringing  beaming—

   I will understand breakage
   The rules of  tremendous birth
   And the ruthless mathematics
   Of  naked exchange