

A Hole in the World

by *Eric H. Edwards*

There's a hole in the world;
it's called History.
For all the healing of knowing a little
there is the mortal injury
truth delivers word by word.
The cannonball hurled
angrily at anyone
becomes a lawn ornament.
We might not know what it means or meant,
just make it useful to our purposes.

But History is a hole.

Looking in we see a strange place,
so unlike Eden
we think it's a mirror.
We think it's sordid metal
through and through.
We think the loss unchangeable.
We are wrong.
We are always wrong
with our lover History.
History is uncertainty;

History is a hole.

All the gentleness and hurt,
building and destroying
model words and boats, that teach,
that hold the past up (out of what?)
for inspection and consideration,
we reach in to touch the sticky residue;
and pull out a cannonball.
Who put it there?
What do we learn?
Where are we going?

Eric H. Edwards is a Woods Hole poet.