

# THIS LINE MEANS NOTHING

*after Tadeusz Dabrowski*

This line means nothing

until you read it  
and then it's already three lines

back and means something  
different than it did

when you read it first

and now it's become  
something we're changing

together because  
you aren't exactly the same

person you were  
when you read it first and I

am not even here—

but then again, you might  
say, how many poems

about death ever end  
with anything other

than an absent author,  
than a question mark?

**MICHAEL BAZZETT**