

# Poem by Matthew Zapruder

## *The New Lustration*

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Last night I heard faint music moving  
up through the floor. The feeling  
I could be one who falls asleep  
and dreams some brave act  
and wakes to actually do it  
through me flapped, brief breeze  
through a somnolent flag.  
Across the room my cell phone  
periodically shone a red light  
indicating someone was failing  
to reach me. Your body  
kept barely lifting the sheet.  
I think my late night thoughts  
and feelings about my life compose  
fine particles that drift far  
from me nightly to settle  
on apartment or office buildings.  
Feel the heat and pulsation within.  
A man sits in the Institute  
of National Memory examining files.  
They contain accounts of what  
certain people believed other  
more powerful people would want  
to believe regular people  
were choosing to do all through  
the years that like terrible  
ordinary babies one after another  
crawled, grasping daily acts  
and placing them into these files  
anyone now can hold. Read  
about the life of the great  
ordinary Citizen Z. How

he attended funerals and horrible  
boring literary parties, aging  
and thinking of his anonymity  
and writing journals he later  
felt he must destroy, and calmly  
against his will meeting in hotel bars  
with the sad men who asked  
questions that along  
with the answers would end  
in these yellow files. Each  
has a label marked with three  
or four obscure numbers  
followed by a dash followed by  
three initials. Europe you had your time.  
Now it is ours to drag everyone into  
a totally ghost free 21<sup>st</sup> century whiteness.