

over certain undecidedness these heartstring intimations

(journal accompaniment)

waits at the window

//

to a world gone away

echoes of brass, they are made of roses

cliquant, clinking spoons in the morning are still stuck by mid afternoon

and i'm feeling microwaved myself, but you are at ease on the edge of your seat

cut, print, check the gate, moving on

hello, it's been eleven years, you know?

time has been passing with all the tender sweetness of a seasick crocodile and we shrug

the answers animated shoulders in a bouquet,

the new sky peppered with tried-and-true

in fact, i am told that a lot

pocket-nestled companions, my valuables
tangible holograms, christmas grams, hundreds of miles in between
boards when we're bored, corrective lenses for the unsightly
can't read the tone or hear the expression, but who had this before us?
not here, i'm sorry i'm not there,
but there, there

it'll be all right

i cannot decipher conversation in your head

at saccharine risk -

if you could see the paired lanterns
warm metallic flecks in a field of hazel and olive
or drift into the deluge, endless sky in lungs

if i could prevent any moment you feel small
when you want to disappear, or somehow think you already have

take mine, so you can see yours

you are only coming through in waves

you're blinking fast to clear the glistering soot
as you tunnel through cast-offs on the floor
blink faster, it's still dark
and there is someone holding the other phone, the phone plastered with salt

there is

good morning starshine,
the earth says hello!

if it helps yours beat

sequoia roots cradle your
tired eyes in the golden glow above a laminate block we call home
refractive armor around the deadening weight on your chest

that pressure, for every oxygen mask

and how does your elastic heart haul so much?
do you have any idea what a
great honor
it is to learn your love

what will the version be when all is said and done?

for flimsy paper masks that make me laugh behind my own mashed potato fortresses,
for horsehair bows neither of us have the patience to learn how to hold correctly,
for pencil lines that still sink into my heart, but i don't imagine you know;
a three-dimensional combination puzzle i'm still hoping to understand, a twenty-two
year long napkin masquerade.

maybe if we think and wish and hope and pray it might

pendulating

hours in the carport

trying to identify avian melodies through the gathering darkness

i know our daze, it's thick and it's thin

earlier today the groceries got warm in the trunk

and we're still stitching together a silver umbrella

meet me by the cul-de-sac on heart attack avenue

sunflower seeds skid across the styrofoam floor, and did you drop your glasses??

without inhibition,

embrace from a laugh that rattles and cushions our insides and bubbles until it spills like carbonated light bulbs from our mouths

thank you for the reminder,

you marvelous lunar parakeet

your drapes were silver wings; your shutters flung

they knit together above your gaze as fingers lacing under the unsteady foot

inherited wings growing heavy, no doubt

fiercely creasing, furrowing, lifting

"are you sad?"

no one had asked

science of cherry-coloured light and not

komorebi dregs

always yet never the same

not sure to explain

(and for good measure)

alexandrite mind

ineffably, deeply steeped

alas, c'est chaussettes