Lost and without a wall you are unsure
what stays dark, what will move
once a flashlight is waved in front

and the plane in the picture begins to flicker
taking hold one hand all these years
dead, smothered under the frame

half dry wood, half morning
and though there’s no sky yet
you are flying again

wobbled by winds no one sees anymore
making room in the fleece-lined glove
that can’t tell where your fingers are.
*  

For the last time this overpass  
reaching out and the invisible horse  
half spray, half these cobblestones

that follow you around each corner  
--four legs and still you stumble  
carried up by the uncut flowers

you hold on to though this on and on  
is already aimless, falling from rooftops  
as rain and on your shoulders more feathers

--you are flying the way this street  
loosens from its stones the weightlessness  
that covers every grave and overflows

lifts the sky across --midair  
you sift for runoff and from below  
the unwanted shadows cling to you

--all these thorns :step by step  
each splash fastens on just one foot  
though you dig without any dirt or shovel.
* 

You fold this tablecloth, again, again 
lifting her dress though your fingers 
are hidden and turning colder so no one 
touches your hand already frozen 
fallen off between her tireless breasts 
that still dance, offer you no other way 

--you have to fold! smaller and smaller 
the way each stone over and over 
braking in half to forget 

by sealing this leak in the Earth 
in this wobbly table and in her plate 
a fork half braids, a knife 

between the kitchen and the bedroom 
as if she saw in your face her lips 
melted down for yours 

--you have to fold, make the table 
disappear so you don’t remember 
the soothing lace, the smothered wood 

--you have to trade! and this tiny spoon 
that wanted to be a flower 
picked for her cheeks and flowing again 

folding again, over and over 
till nothing’s left in the open 
not the walls, not the arms, not the breathing.
* 

Her shadow takes you by the hand
though darkness once laid in the wound
soaks through, festers
while the sea comes and goes
looking for more water
carries away the dead
mistaken for waves
for these cars whose lower beams
are honed on the curve coming in
for the kill, row by row
closer and closer, pass after pass
all night circling in pairs

--it’s your shadow now
looking in your eyes, is sure
you are too far from morning
can’t make it back
though the headlights overheat
chased off by the poisonous froth
from your mouth --it’s your shadow
that helps you yell
the way an invisible anchor
is lowered and at twelve each night
splashes across the dry grass
half seaweed half on its side
calling up one mouthful at a time
to hold the sea fast and your hand.
* You constantly need watering
   --from pity and these leaves
   thumping the ground your heart

   remembers the sound for
   though there’s no dry twig
   to pull apart where the wind

   still forks, unaware
   it changed direction
   to close your eyes

   --you are watered by leaves
   clinging to the grass
   that fell from this same tree

   and never dries
   --all that happens
   is their shadows taking root

   heated the way a bird
   is sure each egg
   has its fire inside, will fly

   with the bone in its breast
   pulling the Earth apart
   while you hold between your hands

   a small stone already dead
   brought down from a great height
   and left to open.