

Let me drink from my cupped hands

I am refreshed. This sweetness is something
I almost remember. The cold breath of maple
trees springing awake. Cold sugar. That numbs
my slow tongue, resolves speech. You. I begged you
to remember my name. Now I have forgotten
yours. Mine. What was I called? Honey?
Sugar? Ripe fruit? Peach. Blossom? Flower?
All these and none. In the end I was called
emptiness. Fare. Well. You I loved and no longer touch
even with my lips spelling your name
against a stone. Gone. Fare. Well my pretty body
that I lost to rage. Go. In. Peace. Be with your dream
of perfection. Release. That home I almost see.
Someone still speaks its name. Not I. Love.
That is here. Love is this water. Refreshment.
Freedom from what was and will not be.