

## The First Order

*(I am married to a man who is two women  
I would not seek either one as a friend...)*

The first order of levitation is to drift  
things that are  
not attached  
a rogue balloon  
disappeared string  
a glance away when I'm looking at you  
our hearts drift  
hollowing out hand made spaces  
things that are  
not attached  
words with  
pauses between them so that  
you have to pay attention when  
I'm not looking  
but don't.  
I drift  
hollowing out places  
hijacked pieces  
of empty carried afar so far that  
you are in another country  
sitting here  
not hooked in.

*(in the dream of sharp edges it is easy to forget/ things are linear/ rigid/ then fall away/ the  
anesthesiologist assures no pain/ only color/ then comes unremembering the blue of his eyes)*

---

## **One morning we will wake up...**

and remember to find/ the good in what has happened before and/ seek the tube of glue we have been using to/ put things back together/ and realize that it is gone/used up/ and that it is holding

we do not need to buy more

one morning we will wake up

and the air will be fresh and light with a chill/bursting our new found lungs with fresh/ the sun beating its wild wings will/ beg to get in/ pushing aside the dark crows at the window

and we will let it

*(we will let it light the place we kept dark for so long/ we will open the windows/ to the room we built to house shadows/ flush with dark feathers/ dreams we buried under stones lodged to hold it all safe down )*

one morning we will wake up

and spit out ash/ from the fire that consumed what we were/ that family of the before time: flush white/ privileged stuffed/ fat and done so that no random quirk or fall of fate could touch us until

the carnage/ that licked at the suspicion of/ forward

one day my love/ we will wake up

and what we were we will remember/ as something still beating in/ this fragile winged fleeting a lesson in survival/ a primer in stopping to stop/ an assignment in reset/ an invitation to dance

*(our feet undancing memories of what/ was/:to be uncertain /ostracized/ blanketed in bad luck and we ...)*

one morning we will wake up

and I will see you back/ in the way back before/ before the house the dog the cats all of which have changed/ places like musical chairs/ and we will dance the old dance/reinventing humility

*and the chairs are a fiction in a dream that sings now.*