

## AUBADE

smell of almost rain            dust  
green wood                    lighting bug

pinning above    flotsam pollen  
spooling            in the river

sphinx moth    nuzzles            foxglove's  
speckled interior            i didn't know

i was real            before you touched me  
the storm comes            rain

a path of memory            so deep  
it hardly resembles            memory

the veins in your eyes    when you looked at me  
the first time    before

words            to witness  
before one            knows how

## AUBADE

i am a poor witness      out walking at night  
when streets dream              only

of themselves    broadside      of a farmhouse  
white paint    scuffed              as the bar of soap

i sometimes get to wash you with      your valleys  
hard    then soft              more often

it's my own hand      running across  
my skin              trying

to figure yours              the night is cold  
enough for snow              but

there is no snow              the wet tips  
of my hair      harden              crinkle

like the dead grass      dawn    is impossibly  
far      & its song      of you

proper stage for my lament      since when  
did i assume      it worked that way

*during*              is so short  
& ever

## AUBADE

Mornings I balk  
awake into aubade. Default

mode: entropy in green  
& blue. My blues, my love,

without you, filling out  
an ocean. What's new?

An ocean in your touch.  
Your skin's salt-lick, briny

caper of days you come  
to visit. Diver's bends

in the blood, I wave-  
break against your back's

mussel-pink muscles, your  
spine's rosemary rosary,

the rosary your name  
makes my throat, tide-pool

of wet flame. Outside,

sap suckers pepper  
cedar's bearded bark

for each nectar-sleeve, crepe  
myrtle shatters itself

over red earth. Months I forget

to be with you, long  
longing of watching pasta water

wait to boil while cooking

for one yet again,

thinking how  
after slow dancing

we picked bits of thyme  
from between our teeth.

## AUBADE

crows gather    vortex    in hundreds  
the leafless tops of trees            scavenging

wind                    how i wish i could say  
it's nothing like hitchcock made them

that would be a lie            i don't know  
what they bring                other than

another winter                without you  
a selfishness            i have no defense for

it's said crow memory    is so strong  
it could count in a defense trial

they remember                all who were cruel  
who showed grace            some claim

they can even learn to speak    i turn  
to say                    as if you'd be there

*winter without you*            i know that song  
play it again            if you remember how

## AUBADE

i've been reading too much    charles wright  
i take a walk                    expect a poem

just as somehow            i expect you  
as if    i were owed you            owed

the starlings    again their ring  
around the rosey            their dusk

coronation    sweet    murmuration  
no poem            just a line—

*once in a stark turn    sun splashed*  
*their understory        alark*

*into a thousand eyelashes*  
who would believe me if i said

i'd seen your eyes            just so    in bed  
a private history            we're consigned to

precious falsehoods    we bought  
will never return            just like a poem

i feel you            above my left eyebrow  
invisible shard            in which there's light