

# Walking the Fray

Walking the fray  
of water and sand,  
where waves  
break their promise  
against the shore

I want to mend  
the torn hem of the world –  
turn inside out  
and stitch with rain  
the ragged sea and sky

I have but a journey box:  
old case of sprung metaphors,  
clanking syllables,  
a jar with commas  
of different lengths

I lack a North needle  
with strong threads of song,  
and I don't know a way  
to join the light  
back-to-back to night.

# Old Ghosts

(For Peter)

Like aging parents,  
ghosts begin to forget  
where they left their keys,  
spend Sunday  
on droning phone calls  
recounting their aches  
and grievances,  
need reminders  
not to drive after dark.

I notice that they are fading,  
like fog thinning  
from above the river –  
mystery slowly lifts  
and too much is revealed.  
The day now just a day.

Will I grieve them  
anew  
when they are gone?

# Time-Lapse

I'll crawl inside of time –  
pull you with me,  
and haul up  
the tired rungs of day

Find the loose,  
round belly of hours,  
where we lie under blankets  
of a few minutes more

Then let go  
our second-hand moments –  
sweep them like exhausted stars  
into the compost heap of night

I've stolen just one tick,  
one tick, one more  
taste of forever  
I swear I'll return.