

*Miscounting Winter*

She didn't appreciate the mistakes he made for her: miscounting winter—rewriting psalms—continuing the sleep—indecently ending riddles—combing the rusted body for porcelain—moving injury to a new shelf—where it seeded a bath made of stones.

She didn't understand the rotation of sacrifice—the way boulders inched into canyons—how language purges error—erases the splintered abyss—a keyless heart renewed—in place of muted sun—feathers tucked in jars.

*Nobody's Island*

This is the place we have come to when the night murders another thing and another spoon drops. This place of beetles and teacups and the city, nobody's island, a map where broken hearts are charted, closes itself so not to be read. You want to hold me so that I can feel your heart scratching itself into a bright circle but my hand has gone limp. Dumb, I stand muted by the stars.

*A Daughter's Song*

The woman was said to have an oboe for a heart—a bang instead of a bass—curled in the cab of a chest. The woman was possible—possibly incoherent and probably before a doorway—wearing her dress like a string of pearls—unfettering lips into tiny lakes: a daughter's song.

*Webs and Stars*

They are not immune to sadness—to the ache grove where promises hide—to be scripted on some other heart—eternally given—young lovers clear a space for portraits among the webs and stars.

They forgive flight for ascending—for making pirouettes with empty rooms—for taking the vesseled reign that jumps into dream.

*Pulse*

She took his virginity like an object—dusting fingerprints off the pillows—selling the whispers—hawking kissing for space—he remained urbanized—misfit grey outline against the wall of the hotel room—

He comes with the décor—placidly ruptured—coily shunning a window—a fragrant drape—a blanket where his pulse once lifted sky.