

## **His Quiet Milk**

Is always running  
In the faces of horses  
in the circles of eyes  
moving in the custom of wind  
racing through the slowing  
plumage of words.

His glove of the ocean  
moves slower in English  
where I cannot count  
the faces for being slow.

He remembers the ocean  
in a book of luminous seas.  
I collude with him  
his broken branch  
drifting toward my face.

He murmurs quietly in the shower  
in its deep sarcasm of water  
his forever lips  
chanting the final goodness.

## **I Painted Bonnard**

I stood and waited  
Inside the paralysis of a cartoon  
and you holding our two month cry  
four fingers folding into five.  
We imagine everything in two frames  
of black and white.  
Every color becomes something yellow.  
The circles of the bees are lost  
like Bonnard, losing rectangles and walls  
freedom to ashes.  
I wasted many words.

## **Your Green Sweater**

you wear on the back  
of your neck I touch.

The days count ghosts and organisms  
I rub until green.

The smell of burning autumn  
draped around your neck.

My heart in its quiet womb  
speaks for me, speaks for you.

I was lonely and you stood  
still in a room.

Five fingers and five cities.  
As ghosts we realize what haunts us—

what smells of cinnamon  
and sweat and air.

The green sweater that zips  
up to confront your chin

when I'm behind you  
at your desk

moving your hair  
to reach your neck.

## **Sister Mary**

Mary once told me “ocean have wings  
like a boat has an oar.”

We walk along white shackled sand  
the repelling warmth of water.  
Our block of words breaks open  
air goes dry like the moon.

She found four veils of black weed this summer  
gifts surrounding the window of my room  
our landscapes scattered in darkness.

Night fell in its handmade lures.  
Silence prefers a cool climate.  
Our lives are sewn with poppies, not rhymes.

The water became light and was narrow  
born from a colder sea.  
We grew wider, deeper, emptier,  
in a home not our own.

Our stories became obscure  
in the meandered wetness—  
she will bring me back something beautiful.

## Something like a Star

or a piano dancer.

When Marina came home  
we broke through crystal  
emulated threads of light.  
When Marina came home  
my mother made  
three loaves of bread.

When Marina came home  
we waited for the water to take us.  
We waited for Marina.  
The grass weaves like a stick in the breeze.

When Marina came home  
he read through the arms of the fog.  
In a wide halo we went dancing.  
Feathers dropped, one by one  
Each tied around a plastic expression.

When Marina came home  
we dropped hands around the carousel.  
Marina danced like a great army  
steady as a rosary.  
Now we walk along the blue shore  
sea stars dangling from our hair.  
Blue foam slides upon our chests.  
She has gone where ten men were born.

When Marina came home  
memory took over  
growing into silence.

