

## **Attachment**

in this amber morning,  
before you descend,  
our fed cats pace impatiently,  
then sit  
anxiously, like a loved one awaiting  
a nurse with news.  
my mug, beside me, steams silently,  
like the fleeting silver fog,  
enshrouding the windows of the great room,  
cast aside by a young sun, child  
interrupting to proudly present  
her art for appraisal.  
your mug—like you above, I imagine—keeps  
covered like a gift,  
a mundane miracle veiled  
behind a magician's cape.  
I try to read a book on woodworking while  
glancing at the stove clock.  
and then, ears—flesh and fur—  
lock onto the soft popping sound  
of the bed's cedar frame—  
exalting yours,  
like the floorboards your feet—  
and we wonder what you're doing up there,  
when you'll join us down here,  
to make us believe again.  
a grand reveal so we can, once more,  
feel relieved.

## What to Expect

certainly not the words  
*unicornuate uterus*.  
not a *defect*, long since set,  
an apprentice's attempt at a Matryoshka.  
not the fourth cell of a thousand's  
refusal to split in a womb, and some  
thirty years on for another to  
haven't enough room.

not for the answer to  
an ancient design to elide  
an analog wisdom:  
*root thickest on the windward side*.  
not a heartbeat, not yet,  
yet then to be released like a leaf  
seven weeks into spring,  
leaving us  
wondering why *we* could not grow,  
why *we* were cleaved like  
hope from entitlement.

not that same week for starlings to build  
a nest in our stove vent—a space  
too small and windblown  
for their intention.  
and not one morning,  
while reading *How to be More Tree*,  
to hear the hungry  
cries of life.

## Late Bloomer

(after Stanley Kunitz)

I awoke with song and seed.  
through the pane I thought I could see  
the faintest blue above gray.  
and I was surprised by the way this  
shifting sky obliged an insistent hope,  
rooted in rest, I know.  
the cool and the dark could beset  
all or none, or so I guessed.  
and yet, "A curious gladness shook me."  
I chose to be light-splashed,  
meeting a rising expectation *at last*.  
believing in photosynthesis, a lotus' kiss;  
in distance over time  
equals persistence.

...

a ribbon, a flag, then May was June,  
and I couldn't bait or recreate the muse.  
I was too late to bloom in the garden of my room.  
but my leaves should keep until they fray.  
I can't say it's wrong to burn away your pain.  
but I've learned when the time is right to  
turn the round and  
grow again.

## **Surge**

*I wished the storm to stay*

*for streets to sweat*

*for wood to bleed*

*I sprayed east into the maw*

*red sky retreating*

*across a bridge spanning two thighs*

*I saw waves long for the southwest shore*

*for the light and echo*

*finding form in the weather*

## City of Goodbyes

in this city of goodbyes,  
hear streets riot with the clamor  
of what's ahead and behind,  
sounding off together.

in this city of goodbyes,  
keep coordinates of homeless hearts;  
movement is the marching mind  
afraid to be apart.

in this city of goodbyes,  
say tonight, "I want to be heard."  
for trees to oblige, align,  
without another word.

in this city of goodbyes,  
stretch but tear not the woven night.  
in the unmoving skyline,  
find me in a searchlight.

in this city of goodbyes,  
stand out your orange on my blue.  
when this world grows high and wide,  
mine will shrink around you.