

We Stare At Anything Too Long

and it looks the color of mud:
our writing, our gardens.

Land of smoke, snow, frozen postal-carriers
running with frozen hands
hearts, and heads like harps:

bearing these golden strings of fire
which we tear open.
Missives flow.

How clean the broken.
Message makes us hold the head high,
unbuckle the bent back, sing.

I sought some reprieve from inspiration:
lay down,
both hands folded over my chest,

when sunlight placed two coins on my lids
not like pennies
but like angel's hands

laying upon the eyeballs engravings:
like the world curved round. Yet
no cold marble vision.