

ALL HE GAVE HER

yellow petals reclaim fire
from fall before they fall

her cheeks have drained their red
from glass that was merlot and

ALL THERE IS

wind

runs its motor down the carless street

nail

-polish red rhodie browns on puddle's edge
meters from the bush

I

was good enough to fuck

good enough to drink with

good enough to sleep with

when you were drunk

still good enough to laugh with sober

and never good enough to cry with

when I can't stand

it's more than Buckfast,

more than silence

warming up the wind

FIVE LIVES

whale
the starfish have dreamed of you
for centuries I'd say but dreams
don't live so long in silent weight
whale
you have given breath to noise
and inhaled sunlight in return
which fades to indigo down here
whale
you are sunk
whale
the stars are raising tips—
which end their arms like hands
—and dancing over sands
whale
they will digest you
and make your life
endoskeletal, pentamerist