

writing you

how to become the words of the psalm
or the bird's low flight over stammering
light – how to be nature's lift and tread,
the work of the dead, the final cloud he saw

a glimpse of sky; how to write his eyes?
sea-blue, cornflower, lapis lazuli; or
show the things he loved? the sloping
brown of the deer's form, white spotted

loping through the indigo night; the fields
only lit by the moon; the flare of a rabbit's ears
as the sun comes up; the light that no longer
falls on him; deep in nature's grave,

dark with ivy – I could lie here;
instead, I piece over the stillness of your
final days; the way things begin to fade
before departing; a single glass on the table

a newspaper, the pages stained;
CDs at angles by the stereo; your chair,
wooden with a rounded back; how to say
love, goodbye; be here, always –