

All Spheres are Promises

Hidden among the Rhodophyta,
bluewhite eggs reflect moonshine
calling the traveller up coast
to spill his life on tide-pulled beads.

How promises are made:
not by duty or surrender
but by the call of the reed
on the spine as night closes
around us, taking half in its mouth,
breathing us full of lullabies
that we will continue
like the sea.

How promises are broken:
Sometimes only by lazy roll
from current to crevice.
Sometimes heroically,
the net swifter than the swim.
Or by the opiate
and maledictive starlight
falling through clouds
peacefully as Hollywood snowy asbestos,
sharp as the universe's inscrutable hiss
sanding moon song to a film,
dulling eardrums against night until
the head turns to the newest likely patch
of mossy lip.

Migrants

In our separate Saturday schools,
we glass gaze to the field beyond
the pane and brick, where we will some
day meet, our strapped books left
at the edge of the road.

We will wade in without pockets,
just bare arms attending jumping bugs
that dance the breeze pulled blades up high
enough to drape us in evening's hush.
There, with your pipe, you can come out
from your moustached mask, the sarcasm
clinging to it but not to this new person

with the thin skin, your anima shining
shy and close. Our exhales will ribbon
the night, rising against its ladder to our
respective Gods.