

Land Loves the Sky

My longing begins
in your infinite eyes

lit with silver fir tears.

Flung far from you—
black and blue sky—

I want your darkest stars.

My love begins
over and over again,
terrible tundra to lonely land.
I circle forever,
my sideways stairway
always misses
heaven.

I want your gentle rain
over my rising moon—
a shy and dusty reflection—
this for nothing
but the wildest green
in my potter's field,
a sweet swirl
of dream tide
and drunken tomb.

Love,
I want nothing more.

Now leave me alone.

Leave my sickened cells
dying of thirst.
Yet another useless poet
goes unquenched.

Leave my thin wrist
tied to your ghost.
This my curse,
I can never drink.