

Dearth

Decapitation enters
my dream. *Speak*
becomes *peak*, *dear*
ear and *swords* give me

words. In winter death
wiped my mate away—
ate him in a way. The head
of the house he was called.

Dreams uproot to make things new,
the future tense: September,
the New Year. *Listen, witness*
how it is to be done.

How it is to be one.

The Letter ∂

I have been given syllables:

Or er

Been witness to mighty creations:

Palmyra, Ephesus

Looked up to stars:

Nelson Eddy singing

Will you love me ever?

to Jeannette MacDonald

holding a note

holding me

in May a marriage

and last night

the letter ∂

arrived

inside a dream

inside my passport

a hieroglyph

a link

inviting me to dally

daily.

Listen to the love

sliding in

breathing life into my letters.