

Year of Psalms

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Yea, though I sort through combs and
Toothpaste, shoes size 11 and underlined pages,
Let him go without
Words that
Closed his eyes in November smoke—here once
Again on a flat gray board
Of angst I
Lift a corner of
Silver-green tinsel and return
A broom to the closet where handles
Say endings. (For metal
And plastic remain as
Breath burns from
Being.) Yea, though I
Stand at a perpendicular
Separation, absorbing notes
In their angel
Voices, and a
Singular
Resemblance
(Loading bags in her
Car) smiles yellow-red
Tulips—a

House owned by
Strangers
Shrinks like an Oz
Illusion, and the
Chronically elemental
Breaks
Me apart in blue
Static. As they're
Consumed
In a new
Absorption.