

To Mollie

A sonnet

A cut of the dark in the night sets apart wings
Ancestral flights and fights fill in these thoughtless hours,
A twitch of my lidded eye, and the sky is skinned
Of all its scattered light. Empty space unfurls and flowers.

But you're near, I feel, tangled, real, seared
Into me and I catch our vacant flesh conspiring,
Your dreams mumbled into mine in real time, an inch from my ear,
Connecting distant dots, between distant islands.

The waking day of you marks the air with a texture,
Unseen, but known if felt: what you spoke, how it's spelt
I'd keep of you what I could, on my belt, a tincture
But no use. A texture won't be parted from itself.

Yet as your breath hits my ear in the dark of the night,
That far empty space moves so near. The dark textures the light.