

“Prayer for This Boy in This Bed”

Eventually, when you wake up,

The first thing you will feel is that you have a heart again,
And you will feel its absence pulsing back and back in your memory
Though you hardly thought you needed it all those years upon years upon versions of you
Like the daily paper, left on the doorstep and scanned and
left in the recycling bin and gone.
But you are not gone, I say I say
You are not gone, I shout I shout
You are just asleep, I know I know.

And eventually, when you wake up,

The second thing you will feel is my hand on your heart
Now that it has weight enough to hold,
And my hope in your soul
And my love in your broken, beaten, bruised, and healing;
All of that amassed in a marvel,
In the grey tinted, blue gardened sheets of the hospital bed
In which you rest your broken, beaten, bruised and healing.

And eventually, when you do wake up,

The third thing you will feel
Is that you will never be alone again
I know
I know.

“Sisters”

Pain is beauty they say

But I think you are most beautiful when you smile

So I will sit next to you on the bench in the cemetery

And whisper hope pennies in your soul well

And catch raindrops in your cloudy distant mirror eyes

And hold fast to your hand tether as the wind tears salt through your memory

And someday

The violent wind in your breathless thoughts will clear the sea glass clouds from your dismal

eyes and you will be rich and deep and full

And you will stand up

And you will hold on

And you will smile at her in the hellebores

“Leftover Life”

I would like to die

Before the sun rises tomorrow

In your blistered loving eyes

In your flickering enveloping soul

And feel

Loved

Like a good book

Or a good idea for a book maybe

Or a book you would like to read someday

But will never have the chance

And I won't go too quickly

I will savor the life on my fingers

And the life in your arms

And the leftover dream and dawns you have lent me

Like a good book

You eventually return