**Yosemite**

Granite stripping your scent from the air-

why do I imagine it?

Me, alone,

above the canyon,

filled with ringing air and speckled sun.

As one:

the open solitude of tips of trees in the

mariposa grove

and their interwoven web

unbroken

of fungus, fungi,

that all reach back to mother pine.

Apart, distant and devoid of you-

a sky of my own to fill and entwine

with vine and lupine.

Would I see the ridge of your nose

in the purple foxglove,

or just the foxglove?

**PORTRAIT of the END/BEGINNING**  
(a poem to be read aloud and twice over)

I wish my lilies could’ve

taken defensive measures

when they heard their fibers popping.

It was the kind

of fuzzy death

that he blamed on blooming -that I blamed

on spirit halos and

glittering lips and

uneven candle tips

whose heat rays dove deep enough to enter

the eyes’ tear film-

and he didn’t stay for

the Wiping Away the Tears ceremony—

it was just me at the

Scraping the Spilled Wax off the Glass Table

after-party

after heat rose like my new ghost sickness

in clouds of thickness and

post re-rooting, rotgut clean apartment pickiness.

And the petals didn’t even burn.

**world whispers**

brightness melts through the pinpoints of

the black bowl above,

its radiance strained through colander holes.

how far up is the second sun?

you are almost all my heart has craved

but the world whispers about what i must

still carveinto my eyes-

stillness of the sea between blue icebergs

ancient jagged stones masking mossy sunrise

midnight sun chasing the arctic hare over sheets of tundra.

once i’m certain that

the stars are only stars,

i will come home

to you.

**I’ve seen you here in fireworks**

An entire valley lit by scrambled stars

that are

sent into the heavens

as entertainment for the eye-

I see it unfold between me and glass and mountain shadows.

The sliding door opens to

inverted air

that sows ash and light. Bursting balloons in twinkles of

red white green-gold

and city grid overshadowed by atomic shattered sky.

It’s the burnt-cigarette-butt smoke, post thrill

and still

none of it invokes or explodes the way your gaze could in me northbound on route 15.

This I can stand and see

without fear of its end.

Will my eyes catch sight of the last flash?

Or glaze over into prolonged darkness-

fuzzies floating where the light used to be.

**we walked**

we walked up state in the night before rain

when blood bubbled bright in your vein

and popped from the thick salted skin above your eyes.

i untied your shoes while you sat in the kitchen,

red dripping out onto your toes and my linen.

i heated the shower water before you got in,

red washing down the lengths of your shins.

i held you while you lay on the bed, bare skinned,

red staining the rind of my chest.