

A pale day is ending but still you struggle  
in thousands of shades. The lacquered

gold lion is a cobweb study on the windowsill  
and that there are far away ships gathering

in your eyes means the tidal fact of the sea  
is ours, everything casting in and out

insisting on the physical world, surged as the swarm  
bee nightgown you keep in a wardrobe

of tupelo. That wild store of wilderness  
and frantic: everything a domed vault stealing in.

Above, a hunt of roses grows a canopy of thorns.  
Up until this moment, I could not voice the incision.