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.