vol. 2 section iv: solar system

BEACON

Day Halter

Bird feeder
sunbeams dance
of glass and curtain

I dreamt they painted
my building yellow,
though I knew
of something brighter.

by our wide, winged eyes
out to your roof.

a puzzle
the pieces.

was twined with blazing,
colored bands,

Rain beat
the dusk I knocked
of your front door,
behind my left rib
clawing its way

until you opened
indestructible beacon
burning everything
at the same time
the edges of your damp

on my windowsill,
through two layers
to meet half-closed eyes.

Recall the stars owned
the birthday we snuck
My life then:
to which you held

All summer,
the radar

warning of the wind’s
unspeakable cruelty.

at my back
on the worn gateway
beast barred
intent on vengeance,
up my throat:

the door,
of your living room fan
inside me away
it illuminated
hair in gold.