



BEACON

DAY HALTER

Bird feeder
sunbeams dance
of glass and curtain
on my windowsill,
through two layers
to meet half-closed eyes.

I dreamt they painted
my building yellow,
though I knew
of something brighter.
so bright it burned
to look,

by our wide, winged eyes
out to your roof.
a puzzle
the pieces.
Recall the stars owned
the birthday we snuck
My life then:
to which you held

was twined with blazing,
colored bands,
All summer,
the radar
warning of the wind's
unspeakable cruelty.

Rain beat
the dusk I knocked
of your front door,
behind my left rib
clawing its way
at my back
on the worn gateway
beast barred
intent on vengeance,
up my throat -

until you opened
indestructible beacon
burning everything
at the same time
the edges of your damp
the door,
of your living room fan
inside me away
it illuminated
hair in gold.