

Staring at The Sun

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1.

I dream, and we are two bodies somewhere, not hunted.

I love you and when the sun rises golden at dawn,

I open my mouth to swallow it whole.

See the city smothered in light. You are kissing me,

and existing is no longer the glare

of light reflected in eyes. I

am holding you close to me and hear

in you the shifting of feathers, ready to break

through soft skin. God feeds the Ravens

as he has promised, and the stones

in the field

turn over.

2.

I found a dead bird on my walk home last night, I wrapped it in my soft red scarf

and placed it in the river. I think of you often, your fingertips as they traced my name

through the window fog in dawnlight. I lived inside the morning bright white, the

sunrise bleaching bones. I do not live there anymore. You asked for your things back,

so I wrapped them in red tissue and placed them in a box. I'm not sure when they will

reach you.