

Home

run.

the

on

We catch them

for us.

don't wait

in dreams

north

st u m b l i n g

Boxcars

in our sleep.

we head for

's the place

Our brushes cut the stone in watered arcs

and in the soak

frail outlines

s h i v e r

clear

a

moment,

things us kids

pressed on the dark

face before it hardened,

pale, remembering delicate

old injuries, the spines

of names and

leav

es.