

SYLLABLES FOR A JANUARY THAW

Unseasonable
Heat exhumes the stiff
Earth. In the house's
Shade, scurf of snow; lawn
Like fur of a drowned
Yellow dog. Our breath
The expiration
Of this carrion ground.

FOR NO DREAMS

Are you afraid again,
Doing without end?
Listen into stone.
Shut your skin to the sun.
Bones burn in lost ground,
bits of burst star
abiding constellation
in your one-eyed mind
dawning into itself.
Dark takes you through the night.