



WE ARE SO FRAGILE IN THE TINY  
FLAME OF LAMPS  
WHEN NIGHT CLOSES  
ON THE PAINT AND MOSSY  
THATCH  
HARMED AGAINST  
THE SHIP OF SHADED FAIRY  
WHEN

WAITING DEMON LOVER  
STRIKING AT THE COVERED  
SILENCE  
OF THE MOON  
BY CROSSING PRAYERS  
AND STRINGS  
OF BAYLIC  
RISING HIGH

IN THE  
SHADOWED  
RAFTERS

TO THE  
SOUND OF A  
WHISTLE IN THE  
CHIMNEY,

EMPTY  
ROOMS  
SPEAK  
LOUDEST  
OF LIVES  
AND ARCING HOURS  
TAPPED OUT  
ON A PARLOR

CLOCK  
ACROSS THE SPINTERED  
FLOOR

SHE SIGHS, THE GOLDEN CLINK OF A WEDDING  
RING

ON THE SILVER FLIGHTS  
OF BLUE-RED BIRDS  
AROUND  
THE RIM OF THE CUP,  
FOR MOMENTS STRETCH  
FROM THE FLOWERED

DOORYARD  
TO THE IRON SPIKED CROSS  
SHIFTING DELICATELY  
IN THE LIGHT

OVER THE  
GRAVE.

BRUCE  
SPAINERS

SOMEWHERE IN  
SEVERAL LIFETIMES  
FLOWN BLUE FADED  
FROM THE PAGES  
AND LAUGHTER  
OF A FEEDING  
CUP.