

Where to Start

Start with the frost
like a second set of thorns, magnetic
white on the rosebush leaves;

Start with the sound of ice
beneath your boots,
lime-green salt,

not a single bird –
too early, or too late;
Start with early thoughts, like

*God is a lonely peacock
who cannot read;* Start
when the giant scare-quotes

are still missing their heart,
before the words begin their long thaw
and the birds are still

theoretical, and the math of this
existence is still chalk dust
hanging in the air.

More and More About Love

Of all possible
 existences
one is flat, one
 a Burmese
tiger-trap –

–

The demolishing note,
 the heart's
pendulum tastes like steel.
 You hum a tune
only recently forgotten.

–

More and more
 about love
and its inevitable loss –
 the poetess
Chu Shu Chen,
 the broken heart
of autumn.

–

No plum blossoms
 for you today. Turn
away from the mirror
 and the dawn.

–

Last night
 the full moon
blushed orange
 like dried blood
in an old book;
 I looked up
thinking only
 of you.