

A LOVE POEM

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As if there were a minor jealousy
Birds settling on a wire. Forgive me, the
Same as before the virus. I couldn't
I was at the airport, watching someone's
Sort of like that. If it's a palimpsest
To see rain clouds taxi through the blinds
We mean when we say of the children, they
Forced open the flower, or needed to
He said. Sometimes the language we borrow
The bell rings all the time but the bell is
Crows fighting in the trees. And suddenly
This is the one I was talking about
If we had more time—it's always like that
Years later, to keep the frames on the wall