

A commute is a metaphor for the distance between us

Unravel the skull is a vessel
I tie my dark tree to the vindication

of, prisoner-like, enjoying life, renouncing
Satan and his angels. Sleep

destroyed. Indecipherable
designs I have on you, river

I will not follow back to your source,
the sources of your source, rain falls

from clouds collected from rivers.
Where messengers drift

between us. Desert snows, primrose
promiscuous mornings escape routes littering

diner napkins with the refuse of light,
accidental hole in the sky we read from.

I last wrote to you. Yes, I make plans.
Even the map a city looks out

at the vast closed distances of the earth,
into the people's shoes, into the hollow sleep

of the buildings above the ground,
and the skies below. Goods offered to the Gods.