Rugarose hedge

flat faced sand dunes,

a moving thought of rusty wind.

I wind and wind a string from a kite

blown through a cloud with a hole

in my thinking

it could be moved as

even the rabbit with the cotton swab

in orbit through the yard

out to the edge of the humming mounds

soupcons of sand lifted

came as they did you, Dear
to take you away.

We stood by the hedge and could not think;

it was your yard, your rose thicket with rabbits

we loved your mind you said

with holes

no longer able to hold.

Outside we couldn’t see the dunes move

but they had.