

The Exquisite Hoax

Sir of the sayable as long as it is sayable

you promise to unfurl
a heaven where no one believes us.

“Mine” takes the shape of what is over,
stars more civilized than clear.

Before the fate cascade
I touch up the blindstamped lettering of “Yours.”

What light is to the eyeless
we are to the lonesome.

Neither of us can get out of earth’s way.