

Decadence

The new gold rush
is on in Greenland—

our fate is floating
among the broken

ice caps, failed
meringues. Leave

the window open
all night, when the sky

could be the open sea
for all we care. There

is no sun today, but
my daughter pulls

herself onto my bed
to tell me about the storm.

I have just been dreaming
of her—the two of us

smoking angel dust
in a European thrift shop.

How beautiful she was
in a world without

windows, just a yellow dress
floating up to the ceiling.