

Ruin Value

There is the history of night in each night
I spend here allowing
lowercase sand to spill from me.
My fingers open despite my mind.
To spite my mind, my voice
does not remember
crossing the river to your ear
where the other side keeps whatever it finds
in the black water.
Do not worry. The other side
will lift you and change you
if how you were standing
doesn't make it across.