

LOSING DEATH

in the glade of burning paper
letters receive sight: the sky where birds
nestle does not end with the day,

swollen shadow between sails,
the feeling carries flotsam,
tired thoughts ever nearing
decatalogue, ever longer you load
your thoughts into time,
thinking over your past
life: unsolved,
wind wrinkled by the edge of an iceberg,
and again you are the last
left for the flame and word

ARROW

like a diphthong between the finger
is the poppy seed, erupting lava
catches the gesture and absorbs
times,

 you say: more death,
more dotted lines in life,
and evening disintegrates at your touch,
the axle of solitude, axis mundi,
but you wake

 hearing the extension of scale
and listen: as if spaces rang
because an arrow shivers in the vault