

## 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