

*C. Mikal Oness*

RETURN

The door I tape up in fall  
I untape now and open  
and sift dust across the sill,  
bare-grey, burnished, ashen.

DUST TO DUST

It's what we hope for,  
but the dead never agree.  
Like Tantalus, we thirst for dust—  
they come to offer us water  
and offer us water, offer us water.