

## HOLDING YOUR NAME

I have stopped numbering my pages.  
The calendar curls back against the wall  
blameless & white  
repeating always the same day, the month  
open, a smooth bed, empty.

Empty the weather passes with your step.  
I am always opening the door.  
The rain comes in, blank, faithful as breath  
holding your name. I have stopped  
pretending reason; love is no safe room.

Though the stones are speaking I cannot  
hear. The wind tightens on my face, the sky  
broods its dull warnings. Grief  
that mild bird has turned its head; oh my dear  
we cannot stop dying.