

YOU AND ME

—for B

the air the sunlight  
they are painless as scalpels  
faults opening from the trees like envelopes

it is you and me  
the gaps between our teeth  
shining like wells of oblivion

you are trying to light a fire  
by the icy cairns of composure

in the foothills of smalltalk  
I am the one on stilts

and in the livable valleys  
we are the bear  
walking like a beginner

right leg grief  
left leg fear

preparing like the bear  
for our fall  
into a simpler dream