

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