

### *Soft Flame*

He recognizes no one in his dreams.  
The brother is not his brother, the child  
not his child. His wife, all amber light, streams  
through a window that is not there. A wild  
current of wind warms the night and he sees  
he is no longer himself either. June,  
bitter cherry blossoms drift from the trees  
to form clouds that slowly cover the moon,

and somewhere he can hear himself calling  
in a voice that is not his voice. His name  
fills the night, rising with light and falling  
around him like the blanket of soft flame  
that is his wife whispering him awake,  
beckoning him to the brink of daybreak.