Mountain Violet Rhapsody

I imagine we're making another—
half you half me,

like the two unseen wings
of a vase not yet broken.

*

Mountain, violet,
mountain violet,

will the throatpulse of each question

fade? Lifetimes,
you have entered

and entered and entered me.
When my eyes close—

    the veins in your neck.
    Your voice a binding ribbon.

Connection
was a handpicked surrender—

    Each time inside
    the world split into summer.

Nothing
and I mean nothing again

will do this to my heart.

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