

fur do (emptiness sonnet) for SG & KB

dancing with snow in my shoes  
little byrons all around  
you can't hurry love no you just have  
her long brown ponies and cheering eyes  
her old and still older body  
where once i was happy  
where once i was sorry  
where once i was running  
down the steps near paloma  
once near the lake-oak  
under the temple once  
pressed alone into space  
at the very beginning  
it tastes like flowers

Edwardine

the cosier and the oft-traced considerations within  
the inflatable cathedral of my own private renaissance  
do include the hello kitty madonna tattoo upon some unknown thigh  
her feet atop a miniaturized head of her own reflection  
as this very quiet baedeker requires the future tense  
as our hearts wild genders as our carved headdress, all our opaline  
depictions of the sea nymphs, under an amethyst star,  
turns out we were prepared for this as into this  
velvet reckoning as within a crimson gala as we  
are tiny beings moving amongst the letters and the landmarks  
of a tidal book as its pages swoosh and glisten, curving  
and casting us all about all our little eyes like  
barely discernible illuminations

## Castle weary

the mellowing drops  
castle-weary as all  
the old chantings  
arise as all the old charms  
for we are made  
of dark & salt of waterlight  
our houses bright  
with stuff