

I like the smells of
the breath of my dog

Sky.

Earth.

Dog.

Last night I had a dream you pulled my ear
to save my life. The earth had disappeared
and I was flying through the air. You squeezed
my ear so tight I dreamt, "This cannot be
a dream."

It's just as odd to be awake,
I understand so little. If I wait
enough, the sky will melt, the earth will shake
its fertile scent, the grass will grow and taste
the sky. My dreams are no more strange.

Inside
my dreams I love you strong enough to right
whatever makes you sad. I lick your eyes
of tears, and bare my teeth at vicious lions –

in short, do all I can to fend off blows,
and trust that you will always bring us home.

Dream.

sick than a rose