

Are you sleeping,
Love?

snowflakes touch
mascara
eyes

the cold gaze
of loneliness—
I can feel your
skin from
twenty miles away

the goosebumps
and tiny hairs

the abject terror
if I had hands

that I could stretch
out like a specter

and touch the top
of your spine

I would

(there would be
nothing you could do)

my face was bruised
by your caress

yes, I love you, too
and there is
nothing you
can do

about it

haunt your dreams
haunt your space
haunt your
 very voice
 and gestures

it's alright
 to be afraid

I'm afraid, too

I have never died
 before
 or taken
 to the air
 before

or felt you set
 my flesh aflame

the telephone
 is now
 a tomb

full of your words
full of your voice

we make
 such lovely
 ghosts

if you change
 your mind,
 what then?

(thy will be done)

but God
 is dead

I have
strength
to watch
you drown