

Solstice

Love, for a long time these birds above  
were an elegiac membrane, a forethought. But death came,

a horse scented with juniper, leaning  
at once into the darkness. Now goes only your body

close into words. Where language

is carried across the field,  
and ritual itself  
transforms your shadow  
sparks the water's stars, the brightest wave  
of sky stands count. Skin remembers skin. I am  
close, dear one, to the courage  
of pilgrims.