

THY WILL BE UNDONE

The owl is waiting
for the blood mouse.

Late hours
in the chapel

I pour wax
into small containers,

red for the lovers,
yellow for the dead,

white for the whale
who carries the moon

on its back.
I don't trust stars

as I used to.
I've quit

speaking to cranes
or to men who take

the cilia
out of my first language.

English is a ghost.