

you, barely ensconced in the bed sheets

on the fourth floor of the hotel Merano

we, the council of familial interpolation,

quadrate of overlapping white lights

at the service we rolled on the linoleum

with all the other marbles of our ilk,

milky pale, brown ribbing

an explosion of petals, dermal humps of cheese—

each ribbon of angels anchored

by a godchild

, my chamber unlocked and empty

vessels filled and sunk in

rhythmic respect

would anyone dare say, she talked too much?

The fuzz of her hair prevailed, making

soft haloes of her shadow,

her blunt aftertaste

a white lady

who used a hair pick

and spoke through big teeth to unfamiliar friends

sunk in rough white sheets

you proposed a tryst between your ghost and my shroud

the animated veil you love as my own being

who am I to deny you

the object you received on the

day of my birth, the smooth

skull of my childhood, the

music of your desire to outlive yourself

the realization of your wildest dreams

I carry this velvet lined box

just for you

I complete the four corners

make meat of mere suggestion

I could slip away back into

tissue-paper possibility and

transitional wish-light

or I can become a column

a pillar to hold up this old house

and a handmaid to your final chorus