

stockholm

there was something sour  
in the fire from a kerosene lamp  
a chemical god or something  
a fray in loose fabric

sit there, quieter still  
with your finger against glass  
breath, not warm enough  
to crystallize against the rear window,  
if there was breath at all.  
tragic-

yes, tragically blonde, tragically  
and systemically  
pulled by roots, entire  
populations in retrograde  
(but  
just human in the magnifying glass)

and so gold marries silver  
rope marries flesh,  
eyes left to scatter, pupils wide  
and I couldn't thank god  
enough for those eyes-  
but weren't they beautiful?

beeeea  
utiful,  
I whisper, I whisper  
to tragic blonde.

love me  
love me  
love me  
your eyes to be mine  
(always, but so much  
more so today)  
no matter what they  
say, your eyes  
to be mine.  
we are!

spun around, travelling  
north, I drive,  
you navigate  
North Star of mine,  
eyes of mine,  
can you see from the  
warm and narrow trunk?