Mike James

IN THE COUNTRY OF GRIEF

as though you are ill
on a journey

hands filled with
absences

mouth with a thousand
raw questions

the taste of sand
MERCY

during you say
mercy
hold the word in your mouth
a moment

the weight is the weight
of a thousand pebbles
placed
one at a time
on your tongue

if you feel dizzy
let your hands
fall to
your sides

the birds
that gather darkness
may come
to rest there
LAUNDRY
	his morning
while you were away

i looked at the
egg-shaped
buttons
on your
good shirt

thought of
the warm
eternal summer
of your fingers