

Behind the Second Floor Dormer

The two fissures beneath the windowsill whisper together like ivy. The lower seems to clamor up the wall, seize false handholds, but advance resilient toward its partner.

On the window ledge,
the philodendron supports nothing but the warm air.
It wraps itself in fresh threads of atmosphere,
plaits of shine, and braids of floating dust.

Outside, the sunlight fertilizes buds of clouds
and, with rinds of dayspring and stalks
of graupel, composts another wet season.

And I search for you
in the silence of sheetrock, in the abridged rhizomes,
in the raised row beds of the sky.