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Holding Your Name

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HOLDING YOUR NAME

I have stopped numbering my pages.
The calendar curls back against the wall
blameless & white
repeating always the same day, the month
open, a smooth bed, empty.

Empty the weather passes with your step.
I am always opening the door.
The rain comes in, blank, faithful as breath
holding your name. I have stopped
pretending reason; love is no safe room.

Though the stones are speaking I cannot
hear. The wind tightens on my face, the sky
broods its dull warnings. Grief
that mild bird has turned its head; oh my dear
we cannot stop dying.