

The Eucalyptus Tree I saw while waiting for the 9pm bus home

Screaming white descends
in lino-cut streaks,
as vertical slats
shred the cornea.

little bitter berries crunch
like brittle bones,
or jagged crescent light
disfigured by the night.

you'll be on blood thinners for the rest of your life

I saw Godiva	between	the curtains of my bedroom window
It was dark	she was	beautiful
and I was dusted	with the sea	
I cannot see	Salomé	there are moonshafts in my eyes

Lonely lunar obelisk,
weep, abandoned amputee—
thin pale fingers reaching up
against the black