

Onespun

Fence sheep sleeplessness tumult
doors drawers rumbling threshold
arms legs thoughts desires
misfires miscues miscellany
miss the way you skipped trites
like puddles to mirror ease

I Jack in night am I as you
cloud pillow holds thought bolts
folded bones floss flesh bag
no hold on do for slipping up
seen greener by day than me
none night more black as loss