

Almost nine  
the night is  
cool  
blue the greens  
still green  
my self today  
divided  
in its equal  
parts

Sleepless searching  
stumble  
languidly for force

Good friends  
came by  
with meal  
conversion  
toward talk

Quiet now, I miss you  
we've grown a field  
between –  
love  
we know  
falls short

Now here I am  
distending  
fracture

Green lacking  
all its light

