We Took a Walk

The anchors and the drapes entwine
seven tails of six vermin, the bees
snow-angel beneath upended clouds.

Downward, we are isolated, bowed
like a tongue rolling over autumn leaves.
You are concealed, your smirks drip cold.

Where did you go when I called beyond the bleeding
paths? Did the cicadas lean into the spiderwebs?

Did I burn the tallow-strung adolescence
too close to your parallel lines? You
fall asleep and I grow until noon.

Remove my remembrance. The moon
is an oval kiss: austere countenance drawn thin
despite our denial polishing dappled rungs

of oxidizing redwoods and leafy lungs
shattering in our palms. Come back
and be mine, I have a thousand arms

uprooting pinwheels, frothing with charm and tearing
toward the auspicious mercy of your warmth.

We took a walk through expiring spokes of light,
the birds shucked from trees like flecks of mold,
and I could not see past how I loved you.
It doesn’t matter where I go
or how long I cling to diminishing memories,
I’ll bind your fingers with soulful silence
and be the one to say, “The path continues both ways.”