

Halcion

You are the illuminated world, floating ballroom, spark and flash,
cold December star above the hospital,
moonlit pond, little boat, your waters calm
as a spoon. I've never been higher.
I can feel you melt on my tongue like a naked girl wearing a diamond
crown, standing barefoot on a bed
of ice, her eyes turning white, her body a cloud broken by lightning,
glowing like a nurse in a dark hall. You turn
all my emergencies into cotton, all my fainting into land, my blue boy
at the bottom of a paper cup, you make the meadow
bright, make me brave. Now I can walk
through the land of strangers and freeways, surgery and rubber gloves,
the panic, the knife, the ambulance of dawn,
the gurney being lifted into the air. When I'm made to lie down
on the metal bed, when the first tube is threaded through me, I want you
my cherry blossom season, my dream of gauze and light, your petals swirling
around my feet, IVs and Jell-O, Tu Fu singing at the edge of the Yangtze forever.