

Climing Trees Reflected in Puddles

Lewis LaCook

there's a hole in the rain
through it you can see your birth

it's blank I'm walking with
an itch on my shoulder
with a walking stick

birds carry your arrival string it
over the trees plague years

do you know how many times I've heard you
times I covered myself are the birds
hung like ornaments still covered
with you clamped down on a branch

lights in trees line the path your birth
sudden soak that rains from plague years your cover

over the house black clouds deliquesce
never got the order right it's blank
my coverage of you contained in you blank

I'm sitting with breathing with you