

PILLOW TALK

*For Patrick Walsh*

—and it's raining, so I kiss your beard, and—love is something one must move in—I think? But but how Rilke's blackbird moves, moves in that space made by the hands, cleared with the hands—

—and Rilke's rain is a plover, a tapestry—and Goethe's rain flits and flits between—what, “dark earth and heaven,” wet earth and heaven and this rain sounds like an old clock—

—and this rain wound, wound eighteen years ago, and rounding its circuit, and finding instead of the nose it could've landed on—in a porch in Madras now Chennai where my grandpa, and his liver like tinned mango, rummaging through an atlas, his mind, tells me how long the Nile is, the Mississippi, and other waters and other waters, and storms on Annapurna, and quiet low roads in Nepal and above, above them, always before them that great white thumbprint in the sky—a vacancy—

The world is vast.

It is raining, it was raining, it will rain.

And *you*, my Bratsche, who are here.

Your beard is russet, gold, straw, ricelight, a steep deep burring prairie—your eyes are blue—your limbs are long—a slightness, breathmark on the forehead, center-left, a boy on the wet earth of the Tualatin and a dark dog named Dusty, and once you were a boy away from me—and between us, containing us, this, this enduring even then this—*This*, the only given, wrung from flesh, flung fresh, *This* suffused as breath through reed, saying nothing more than,

Here is a word, here is the world.

Here song, here breath.

Here. Find yourself now—

—you, you who are here, you, sparrow of my hours, thresh-in-heart, seabreath pouring through my window, I find you, I step inside you, I love you.