

Months From Now

We walk across barren rock,
The earth's skin, exposed and cracked.
We're hot with precipitation –
hair cellophane-wrapping our
unfamiliar skulls.

I sing to the sky, a lullaby
for a clearer horizon.
We don't hold hands as I
recall what you told me
months ago, the saddest things.

I sang to the sky then too. Her answer
was to bring you here on the wind,
with smiles like a pearl necklace
around your neck.