

## FOR CINDERS

you grew a tide of constellations, caustics that purify, sugar the misery which greets you with the sunrise but will not leave as it sets, momentary rest under valleys of shadows infesting every beam of wood, you no longer look up to see oceans from where you began, time floods, stamping your back inward, with fields of silver fuzz and wild grass tides overflow, windows reflecting a drying well

so what of the day that labors bringing home the night, my skin already damp because you were not there, I knew as much, I watched the hills cave in on the floodplain, but I wanted to lie to myself, pray for a supernova

heaven is barren; absent her comet, a stray, fleeting  
wisp of silver to tell me you made it home.

I thought surely you might cross over a salty sky before the sun sleeps, blanketing dirt in beams, I would water your grave until it pooled a lake of gold that killdeer probe, together we'd pull up sprouts, feed us a fighting spirit

now sunlight is woven between the sooty blanket of this soldier, waves bend through yellowed teeth, the ribcage marks the territory of the heart, peek your head between the battered rungs and see the world, nested between two doves who trumpet the end of this war.

