

grieve through the phone is
hard. I cannot be there quick
enough, long enough or fast
enough to mend this. I cannot
be there to hold, to hear and to
carry - only a lifetime for her
to feel like she is not alone.
There are so many details I can
not grasp or fully understand.
I only wish she felt off various
of this man who is committed
to things that are not his.
I want to lean closer, calmly cooing and listening
where I can with my whispers into the expanse of night
weighted and burdened
(you) let the whispers fumble and trip
strung together like poorly knotted strings
fluttering up to the evening skies
I think of how things unravel,
how people unravel, how consum-
mation unravels - and we are
left - to either repair or piece
it. There are only so many times
you can repair, and then you
need to walk away. I have driven
to get a repair on my car, and I have
driven to get a repair on my anxiety
and a repair on my life. In your
ways, I know you could cut
ties and I know you could be the
best possible person I have kept run-
ning through my mind all the
times you have given me chan-
ce. I asked him how it could be
repaired and he said to problem
solve. I could see myself in all
those situations, I could see how
I would do those same things, and
believe it must be fixable. Know-
ing the heartbreak and the sor-
row through the phone is hard.
I cannot be there quick enough,
long enough or fast enough to
mend this. I cannot be there to

the stone and the moon.

the moon and the stone.

(we) are surrounded and isolated.

(you) the moon, with her bent ear

lean closer, calmly cooing and listening

(me) with my whispers into the expanse of night

weighted and burdened

(you) let the whispers fumble and trip

strung together like poorly knotted strings

fluttering up to the evening skies

the moon and the stone.

the stone and the moon.

(we) are stable and fragile.

(you) reach into the deepest, richest blues of night

midnight, prussian, persian, indigo, woad, phythalo,

with the depth of (your) empathy

encompassing (my) weeping and woes

(our) nights from opposite horizons,

in cycles of rotation and risings

the stone and the moon.

the moon and the stone.

(we) are rooted and eroding.