

*The certainty of your goodness*

Last night a boat came in to Ramadi.

Blindfolded with rocks, I dreamt my sisters.

There is a rash in this desert

a wind in your gaze.

Along the edge of your absence, the warm forehead of a child had followed me.

It is always so cold in the staircase of our names.

Beloved, the word erases

the hand.

The snow beats the measure of our love

And it is a life which uncovers its shadow at last.

My throat knots up; and the pontoon forgets your hand.

But you lie down, and the dried blood of my bird comes to huddle against your life.

Braid your tears to the fields that will not come

And whisper this blue star before kissing my wrist.

Your tears are in Ramadi.

How I would have liked to make a hem to your distress.

Your tears are in Ramadi.

I was so scared you would return.