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Familiar Me

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FAMILIAR ME

Familiar me: a jar of
pears in a dark room

brightens. There is a ruin
in my stockings. I have kept

stock of it I have kept sharp
of it. The cold green water

splits my hair splits
in three impossible

winters. To ruin even
the pines need

weight. My feet under
the rug waiting

for warmth. I reason
to make sense. To be

shadow worn, be still-
spun, be dew

laid out in slug
water. Be the air

turning, looking as
a beetle might

under a lamp. I turned
and mourned as I might

had I enough ruin
to need an arm to

crawl upon.