Decapitation enters my dream. *Speak*
becomes *peak, dear* *ear* and *sword* give me *words*. In winter death wiped my mate away—
ate him in a way. The head of the house he was called.

Dreams uproot to make things new, the future tense: September, the New Year. *Listen, witness how it is to be done.*

How it is to be one.
The Letter ɟ

I have been given syllables:
Or  er

Been witness to mighty creations:
Palmyra, Ephesus

Looked up to stars:
Nelson Eddy singing

Will you love me ever?
to Jeannette MacDonald

holding a note
holding me

in May a marriage
and last night

the letter ɟ
arrived

inside a dream
inside my passport

a hieroglyph
a link

inviting me to dally
daily.

Listen to the love

sliding in
breathing life into my letters.