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The Trees in My Chest

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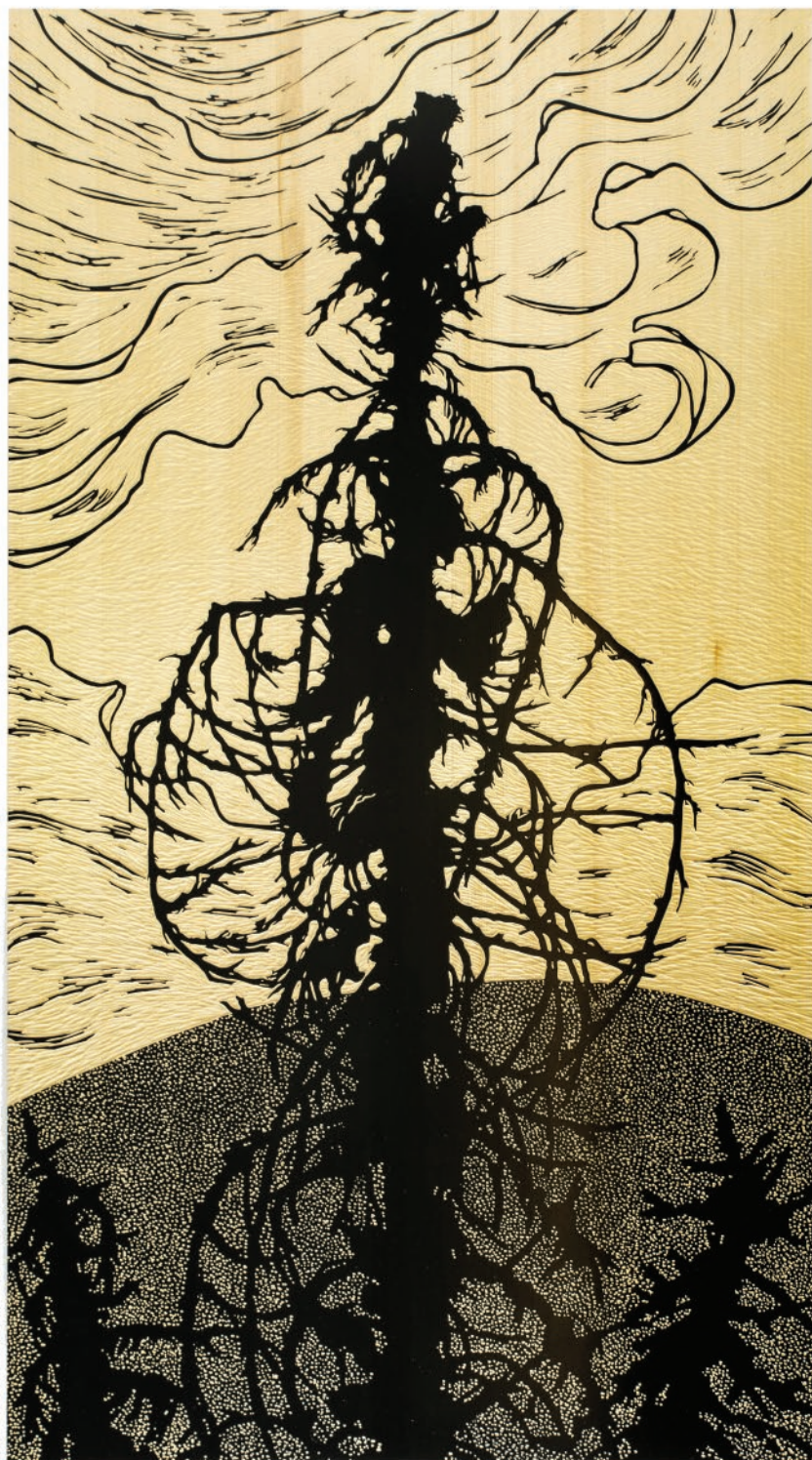
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Again, the dream: I need to leave,
yet each door I open opens

another room, another door.
The pen in open. Is this made

possible by someone whose traces
hover in the absence? The seen

in absence. I'm aching for you,
dear architect. The further back

through history we look, the more
faces fade—a room in a house

we cannot see, nor imagine ourselves
out of. December's advancing dark.

The ember in December. I can't
breathe in this room I guest,

you ghost. The inverted asthmatic
trees in my chest burn to bloom,

& must relearn each time to rise
from the ground, & to return.

The urn in return. & the rue.