

Sonnet

when I follow the patterns of scratches on the
 surface of my desk they lead me to my little
 pop-up book of knowledge in which moons—in profile,
 & laughing—& ringed planets in gold dye on a gauze
 curtain [verb illegible] behind which my wristwatch
 pips. here we are. I tell my little ones it's the
 fairies calling. we speak into the watch. once upon
 a time there was a duck...

shadow of

yes crow I across street

think gone

by on

opposite rooftop

black on black

the breeze in the ivy clicks.