

When I Come Back from the Dead

There are no doorbells. The tulips greet me
with the same empty cups I've never been

able to drink from. The porch lights,

left on all night, have battened their faces
against the confusion of moths.

There was a time when any hand—your hand

was the entire world at work on its old
dissertation about love. That word locked

in page after page of thinking. The ambulance

inside me has only just turned
off its siren. I've learned to hover, to fly

backwards into the ravaged heads

of cardinals. The way love works is
darkness, darkness, darkness, let there be

one atomic and particular sun—a body
will speak fire into itself, an opal ring

lit. The world will then reverse its grip.