

between the beats

when the ribboned slipper
points a sigh

mid-air

when the semi-colon clears its throat
to orate

when the rib-cage's hammer
holds off

to listen

let emptiness open worlds

before they dance

let words be

inchoate unbegun quite

undone

let the page's wingbeat

hover

and contrail of pens be

stilled

let silence be

a wintering sky in which stray

moments fly