



...may 29, 2009...

**on the bureau – twice removed  
and then returned to place again  
between the wooden apple bowl  
and a half-burnt candle stick –  
the faded black white photograph  
ghosts a square into the dust  
beyond the almost of a day  
that no living breath can touch –**

**a he and she in portraiture  
with darkish grey for eyes and hair –  
sitting in some garden world  
lost in insubstantial blooms –  
an almost immortality  
between reality and dream  
out of a past that none can trace –  
frozen in a state of grace.**