

absent without leave

each morning, a single perfection is cut from her body
and from the body of the night sky

i will wake before you

bus terminal, dust, tea, and clocking the cracks
between whitewashed walls for motion

i will be gone before you know
her feet step off the ground, hoping
these remains will have no shape

cockatoo dawn so slow, so slow
each morning, singularity is skinned
and hung to dry in the salt air of keeping

i will wake before you

she stuffs her sack beneath the seat in front
and has to curl her feet into smaller feet beneath

i will be gone before you know
a hand to the glass, she steadies herself
against red light, the road flies like the crow

cockatoo dawn so slow, so slow
her feet, curled into smaller feet beneath
have left, despite themselves, a red mark from the earth
where you will still be asleep
in your yes-white sheet