

Gardner

Can you see me vanish
in the wind like whispers from women saying

you're so sweet ?

I wonder if you'll wither like the gardens we
left behind in the winter
where you tried to show me the world in a handful of dirt,
but I only saw the sky
you kept me from reaching.

How old were you when you climbed mountains that mirrored mine?
Does it mean anything if I'm older than when you gave up?
If I find Delilah, I'll let her cut
my hair and make me
kneel and kiss the floor.

I remember when the snow fell softly on the black floors and
covered blood from memories of us.
The little log cabin we lived while in the woods burns on that bright, glassy hill.

We're buried now in the ashes of grand trees and silent slopes, inhabited by people who ask

Are you Mexican?

Will you count the rings around my eyes and tell me how tired I am?

But then spring comes

and all the snow melts and sweeps your baby away and takes him to space
where he meets aliens who teach languages that
can't be spoken unless you give up *God*.

He'll learn to pluck strings like crops and speak vibrating letters that carry the mountains that
crushed you.

Sincerely, your son.