

## what is it you taste when you die in the night

the flecked spores of days pouring into crevices  
between hill & fallen husk

between aspen & aspen

the tide

& the gulls' gulling of sky  
with their calls to each other with their catch  
of plum pit  
& prayer  
with their calls to wind

& lily & lighthouse & cliff &

there's never  
quite the same feeling  
as moonlight on the back  
of the thigh slipping itself

like tide over its pebbles  
like rat over greyashed leaves  
fawn stirring, thrumming  
& windbreath

toward the clearing of grasses

it might all be

hearsay it might

all be the day & its minutes  
its answers of pebbles & wing

& etiquette trekked  
over knotted hours & knotted barks it might be the silver silt

in hardened lungs frosting breath into glassy hoarfrost  
*whisper* *vesper*

it might be all  
it is all it is  
is moonlight