

# I Hyphen Thou

(1)

This bridging of stale arguments

twin borrowings of stray mass  
raw and rootless  
tenants of the air

this bare scratch

so quick so featureless  
but denoting an effort that has no end  
towards connection

this hairline crack -

carries all the furies of the universe  
all the colours ever arrived at  
every sound that can be made.

Ourselves serve as shadows only  
sagging rinds.

It is here between us that all our life is -  
this hyphen our ground.

All we can be  
belongs here.