

Separation

Jordan Jones

What foolishness! You wear my ring
for a tentative forever. The stars dance
and sparkle like diamonds. The bells bash in
my brain and ears. Nerves make us dream.
The wedding was too big, all eyes centered
and flashing one-eyed cameras, no wonder
we were blind and dizzy at the altar.

Call this a life? Soft light and the petals
of conciliatory flowers all in a swirl,
cornstalks, rough, tall, thin
and less green this year beside
white radishes and afflicted tomatoes.
Each small thing pulls us minutely apart.
This game of life and addition. The disastrous garden.

What is the speed of stellar separation? It does
not matter, a cloud's come between us anyway.
There are stones among the radishes
each time I rake. Spring rain turns
to old kissing, but don't call me tonight.
I swear my boots are filling up with water
even in the lamplight, even in the living room.