

Calenture

Lignin is sister to vanilla,
a chemical component of book-paper
that haunts the page
like perfume in an empty room.
Shouldn't memory be softer?
Shouldn't a ghost be less material?
How much time will it take?
Why is it like this -
the seeping amber linger, the peripheral static cling
that falters, tears, loops back,
sharp with artifact
bright and incomplete -
It feels like a bad habit,
the cups half-finished crowding out your desk
boxes you'll never put away
books full of dog-eared pages
with creases that won't lie flat anymore.

How can it be spring anywhere?

Thin light falls through the doorway, morning-blue
I look up every time.