

sorting through his things

we found this poem:
of all women
you work for me
joking, laughing, interrupting with
connected
and unconnected words
each inhale and exhale
stacking trust

moving in its own light
your moon passed close
and i found the courage to touch it
but tonight
without your arms and your legs
wrapped around me
to keep me safe
i fear those
who wait
at the edge of dreams