



january 19, 2012

sitting at the dover arms  
three sleeps before the plane departs  
for frankfurt and then india –  
doors in an unopened dream –

we speak of future histories  
caught in this moment of between  
wondering imaginings  
that we cannot begin to shape –

outside the snows slip into rain –  
a halfway sleet and halfway ice  
but we are neither here nor there –  
limbo poised to disappear.

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