

Linkage
(For Troy)

In the peculiar pull of the bloodline,
I have shared a measure
of your three years existence here,
directing your gaze to the heavens,
and lifting your small frame
to the embrace of foliage.

Rivers you have seen
and the flight of startled birds.
Your body folds down
as you touch some crawling life.

I know now that all of these are part of you:
you have cleared some dross from my reasoning,
and I am learning to accept with shock
that, perhaps, the metamorphosis
from reality has been mine?
Having, as yet, no concept of retribution,
you wear stars in your hair
and the earth murmurs from your eyes.

Forgive me my looming treachery:
for I too will suck on your purity,
joining my breath
with all who breathe on you;
permeating your senses
with the pungency of our morass.
Until then, permit your little hand,
warm in mine,
to be my transient cosmic link.