

James Raines

Breakup

I would like to tell you
about where I live.

At the forest's edge
foxes bloom from autumn leaves
Like names rubbed from graves.

A green aurora will wake
you from the deepest sleep
to conceive your son.

Yaks the shape of moonlight
Sway with the shadows
on the snow

Yesterday, she found her son
after he spent two months
under the ice.

Krishna blue and wet.
Softer than the day he was born.