

Hope Anderson / TH STREET LAMP

light glitters, a perpetual moon
static, hovers where th red bird

perched, hums th mating call
with me, th peacock drill

upturned bill and tail
caws lover, th answer comes out

th echo of th sound of a word
comes out as hollow as th moon

comes, nestles with that bird
away! it stays, it waits

it stays as fire stays with frost
two by two these things
two fires
never to be too equal