

Cindy Savett

Letter to Blue in Nettled Times

There is a pale gray mercy I
need from You –

a dense rag to stanch the mind's overflow,
for so many slim remembrances
fall –

how You draw Your hands across
me, as You would
peeling birch

nod slightly among the pines
when I'm hesitant.

This morning ice petals
printed their haste on my windowpane.

When will You come?

Denied

Sleepless night, my bed stays
vacant, sweat stings
my roiling mind.

That I can hear You,
I write out Your name
but it vanishes with early light!

I speak, You vibrate in unseen recesses.
I long to draw You from the ancestral
darkness that breeds in my mouth,

yet nowhere among the primordial trees
are their memories of roots
with You in the cradle as it swings.

Notes to Blue

Dense current of a solitude
bearing
down on me.

The heft that lies in nothing –
sword-spit in my breast,

careless with Your birch's
memory of first leaves.

It's December
and I still wait

swaying,
all of me, swaying.

Nothing But Blue

You brush rose dawn on Your lips –
my heart thuds, I lose all sight,
hear You only through din of

sovereign
light as it pours into dust pillars,
till I climb

hand over hand
to unclothed stars grown
shy among Your

fullness
as sky inhales this crackling earth –

stunned by life's glory I
fall from such heights

so close
I was to the haze.

A Mighty Shaking

It's turning bleak now, for anonymity
marries the wind,
 the sky a mist of stripped
seams
hoping to wrest a silver
thread from Blue's
 letting-spool.

There's barely enough scavenged to seal
the doorway

and steel nails can't be
found to fasten
 down the window.

My palm, wrapped in silver strands –

come here,
peace.