

by his drawn curtain
Open I would
love by his boiling arms
or by his knee
if he were my uncle
but his chair is turned

I love him
How fire burns in ashes
how grey breast feathered she-bird he is
when tenderness sung in dark eyes

how again
singing a deep voice mountain sadness

or fierce turns storm hawk stare
to every child he is

then hearing his own voice
turns in his chair
Open

I love him

for Steve Goldman

3.22.2016