

And when it's over, another

eyeful:

6 AM:

I unclear

utter dry

eye,

by 6 PM.

Yes ghosty,

day passes

day

passes

peas across tables and too little salt.

Even ocean littles and California
is such a deflated,
such a long lost

fairy tale: Pacific.

Open mouth and dear—
so marooned
with empty mailbox—

Quick the day
I think you.

And when it's over

still drought-ed.
What to show you?

I think it will grow again,
but under
and moth-bitten.

In a moment or months emerging margins

quit the day,
knot together, disappear

also together.

I clear?
Eye see you.
I clearly with you see you.

See how empty starts?