Barbwire halo

You don your crown of steel thorns in the morning
from the stand where your necklace rusts,
head out into the streets of illusion
already splitting apart like parthenon marble.
I tell you the broken interstate is the grass and clay
reclaiming its place,
you say it's a sign
and the door opens through grace.

-- And works, I say,
and works, you say,
of a tireless heart.

You come home in the sunset
to the carpets of immaterial fabric
that catch the dust for us
and hold its unspoken breath.
You make bread, and I make soup,
and I tell you what the people of Greece
have said today,
and you tell me what the people of Rome
have done.