

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.