

H. L. Hix

Dew litters this lawn with stars.

He prowls attics and landfills, where others' love letters land,
because no lover drops him letters for his own. He addresses
long letters, though, longhand, to no particular beloved.
Nice paper. Posts them to made-up names at made-up addresses,
because made-up is love, as if it were particular.
To each imagined recipient of each neat-margined note
he projects past the window he props open even in winter:
What its gold eye sees, I see. I sing the song in its glass throat.

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When I say *compromised*, I mean *intimate with others*.
Had we not spoken. Were there some hope. Because of the gap.
Until dandelions and bindweed crowd one another,
spring has lushed only the calendar. To hear the others,
you'd think we were in love, but both of us intimate,
between what we show one another and how we are, a gap.