

FOG
LIGHT

By Joseph Heithaus

That morning
we could see
their breath
the small coffin
between them
like a word of smoke
slipping up
into places
none of us
ever want
to go

You told me once
that the sunsets'
violent yellows and reds
on the beating indigos
are only dust
cut through
by light

There's so little
we really touch
even people
can become ghosts before
they're ever held

I want to be stone
but am only water
I want to be water
but find
I am only cloud