

"WHEN EVERYTHING THAT TICKED HAS STOPPED"...Emily Dickinson

This stark cubicle stays closed,
No green grows; only the walls
Are tender. Your prodding finger knows—
But found no entry,
No valve for compressed dark to drain.

The machinery is jammed with black.
One only who could repair my brain
Suffocated in the crumbled cell block
Of my soul.

This cold crucible stays filled:
Refined slag, a purity of dross—
Your hopeful hands bruise
And now they smell of losing.
On your way home, gather all
The dying anodynes from my old garden.