

Mourning Dove

In waking disbelief,
Three chocked words
Split the silence like a seam
And the mourning dove serenades
My gloom with good mourning

Eclipsing the sun in parting glory
(disjointed shock, belated worry)
I am a spool, twirling the lack of closure
That lays in her wake into a spotty veil

Distorting nostalgia and remorse
A melancholic solution, shadowed,
shrouded, in ever-present reprise
The morning dove concludes
her refrain