

Transfer

I don't believe in ghosts or God,
even though you do
(and sometimes I wish I could).
You carry them in your pocket
along with your flashlight and wallet.

I want to open the door
to the sky and let the gods amble in.
I'd sit them down, offer them coffee,
a piece of pound cake.
We might have a nice afternoon,
in spite of me.

You say if I am just quiet enough,
they'll come in by themselves,
fill the gaps between things.
That's what faith is, after all, you say—for the gaps.

I'm not so sure: the gaps are where I love you,
the little ruts in time where
desire wriggles in, hopeful
as dawn's first gasp over the earth.

At night in sleep you find a peaceful god
wrapped up in a bead.
I take it from you, hold it to my chest,
wish for transfer.

A train passes outside the window
in the dark; the moon slips behind a cloud.

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