

Abraham

I woke up all gold this morning
but then I pulled the curtains shut.
There is a white scarf under my pillow
and a bad poem on my dresser;

the bluer scarf that smells like me is with her—
the golden dawn as well I sent away.
This is not a day for resurrection,
though I would not recognize that day.

I'll give up everything that makes me who I am,
even my right to say goodbye.
We cannot play Abraham
if we're waiting for the cry
and the appearance of the ram.