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Steven Heighton

Takayama: A Dream In Japanese

1

You feel, so far inland, in a seabird's midnight cry the loss of a baby daughter.

2

By the river, where paper houses perch on stilts like herons in a rising tide, I sit and dangle feet in currents white as milk with melted snow, and wait till the river rises through my emptiness, fills my belly my heart my breasts, and breaks in ocean brine from my eyes.

3

Why did you leave me for the open sky? Clouds rise, too, but in a fall of snow return to the earth.

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