

A BOX OF KEYS

By Chris Hardy

Morning ghost
moon white
husk flushed
pale blue

as the paper
you wrote on,
letters from
across the ocean

that came
four days after
the ink dried
on your name.

Your dust
in shaded grass
reminds me
of the moon,

that takes away
Itself and the sea
and gives them back.
A portion of nothing,

left where you
wished to be,
after a few last days
ticking down

unknowing with
the unwound clocks
you'd placed
in every room.