

THOUGHTS OF HOME AND FAMILY

When we need to, we always think of home,
even if it is no longer there
or never was. These worlds we make go on
and spread an afterlife on the vibrant air.
Our distance from the dead is wider than
any worldly distance, yet its span
is crossed by a memory, a thought, a fear.

ONE PLUS ONE EQUALS ONE

When women were not allowed to sing,
even in church that rein,
the voices of castrati would ring
through Papal States and stain
those hallowed rooms, those sacred halls,
with dark, hopeless sorrow, doubly cruel:
to expend two voices to make one whole.