

Threshold

by Mikaela Joy Asfour
in memory of John

back into place.

On his return
you will buy him
new shoes
and a passport
and shift everything

Keep waiting
for the phantom scrape
of a key in the door,
the click-click-clack
of his folding cane,
his quiet, effusive
hello hello hello,
a paper-bagged
blueberry muffin
stale but welcome
in his waiting hand.

Summon fairy tales and nurse them
til their teeth gum out, envision death,
as sense and sense removed,
invert the mirrors, scald your tongue.

unfurl in gleaming clouds,
whistle brainwaves at a frequency
no mortal mind can match,
reroute the constellations,

Suppose he must be somewhere
in the wind. See thoughts