

*This Is Yours*

Wish I knew how to say  
no to nothing.  
Nothing, though,  
has a persistent charm.

The lonely set of stairs  
and the trip they invite.  
The dead air, televised.  
Walks along fields

once farmed. Hope hung  
up too long to dry.  
A postcard to God  
returned. Only

I didn't write a return  
address. Which means,  
doesn't it, something?  
Someone cares to say:

This is yours.  
Keep it a while longer.