

## LINEN SONG

I see you wrapped in linen, white  
like the ghost that you've become  
and lift a veil of memory to kiss the bride  
with the hunger of a dragon

I have sung across an abyss of years  
following scents of your perfume  
with lyric creis too high for human ears  
and my nostrils burned incensed by you

Entwined on sleepless nights with ghosts or sheets  
I think are you, I hunt some sanctuary  
from the scent, the sight, the thought of you and read  
the social pages and obituaries

with an honest fear that you have married  
or are truly ghost and have only died

--Tom Miller