Jo Gardiner

American Sentences

For all your life, your eyes glowed bright with the world, and caught its lively fire.
I remember how your horse stood waiting under a broad and pale sky.
How she galloped toward you in muscular tangles of light and air.

On the night of the doctor's news, we sat around you in Spice Alley.
We pretended to eat, red lanterns glowed: out of season, maples wept.
With the thought of the coming carnage, you grew more distant from yourself.

Now, light dims along an edge of gold: a closing door speaks your last word.
Dusk trawls through the garden, stumbles over the logic of your silence.
Your excommunication from the world's complete.

The house shook with wind that spring: gales roughly tongued the dark pines, and I woke.
Cold as a sheet of unbroken ice, I'd dreamed you stood alone in snow.
Your skin wore its tissue of stone: vapour floated from your open mouth.

In a hot buzz of flies in the city, birds leave their hollow bones heaped.
You follow their wings to my garden at the end of a winter road.
Beneath the black-winged rain, birds scatter the freesias like stars at your feet.