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**EMILIA A.
PHILLIPS**

SEPARATION

It's at dawn when I wonder if I will see flowers
in this field again: Venus-yellow, dusk-purple, Mars-red, a violence
of color spreading like a rash over the earth.

In the night, in the cold sheets of moonlight,
I realized that we know nothing of our place here: our streets lead only
to other streets and our home will fall in the quake of our hearts.

Marriage is a crumbling ruin. Its stones moss over
with guilt, and the cracks in its walls offer blooms
of Poppies, Phlox, even Cosmos: all red, all open wounds.

The stars, then, must be the salt that burns into the sores of time
and the sun, a husband, waking to an empty bed.