

Marianne Boruch

First

it's given. Then made.
Until the dying one says *Dream, undream me*.

Fragment to pattern, to inscription
in dust, on leaf, across any
cardboard box in the dumpster.

He climbs a ladder to scrape then paint
one side of the house each summer into fall.
Or he skips a few years. Another winter
ringed by a keyhole. And the door, what of

the hinge, little cry that won't uncry itself –