

YELLOW SILK

My dragon collects
 yellow silk and canary diamonds...

carefully hoarding
 them under the polished
floor boards,

peeking inside the cracks
 to observe the riches he has fashioned
from burnt light bulbs,
 and iridescent feathers.

He ventures daily through
 the sunlight dust polyps and skin
that floats into our mouths,
 lightly brushing his
tail against the under
 belly of my chin
near the roots of my teeth.

Standing erect and astonished
 in the guest room where he
finds pieces of a
 desolate ghost orchid,
white with black tips
 crinkled
 in an empty crib.