Sylvia’s Bells

W. K. Buckley

… *Stepping from this skin*
   “Getting There”

Sleep with a memory
and you are left with it
like the odor of burnt wood.

My bells
ring in the world.
They ring around
beds that are well made.

They ring around
couches that are dusty.

They smoke
when the body fits well.
They sound if we keep ourselves quiet.

Stepping off
from ourselves entails
swinging back,
before chimes on a Sunday.

We are in love with our bells.
The right of the rope.

The world sways
under love like a fat bell.