

## GRAY RAINBOW

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We're stuck in 2013, there's no doubt,  
you're still alive, and I, your ghost-to-be,  
apprenticing. We're stuck historically,  
semantically, syntactically, without  
a possibility of lighting out.  
You've started on the latest therapy,  
a miracle of pharmacology.  
It takes a new path you're assigned to scout.  
You toil through brambles, fend off every threat,  
send signals from the wilderness, leave blaze  
marks in hard bark. Your fire keeps wolves at bay  
a while. You contemplate their rainbow grays,  
their gazes, slate to gold to blue. You let  
them watch you live. They let us find our way. ■