

I Dream The Passion of Emily
after The Master Letters

In the museum
under a great basilica—
the crucifixion
of Emily Dickinson.

I lift her off
her alabaster cross,
an image of the Church's 13th Station.

Holding the small-boned wren
of her body in my arms,
we form a pale *Pieta*.

Through a hole
in her white dress,
where the evidence of the spear would be,
my fingers find the wound
of Master's *tomahawk*.

And I know *white sustenance*, know
what was sacrificed

for the poems tied
in fascicles, disinterred
from the father's house.

I lift her fallen hand
read the palm,
infinity's pencil,
promise of circumference

yet to come. Loose,
beneath her bridal veil,
the sherry-colored hair
overruns the crown
of buttercups and daisies.

Her heart is set
to the lower left,
just like she said—

a full moon
folding to a crescent.

But the love is the same.