

CHRISTOPHER HOWELL

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*Another Letter to the Soul*

I think you intrinsic  
to the flowers that spill from walls and urge  
the humming birds to drink  
and drink from their fantastic hair.

Each day I believe more firmly  
in this life among the brilliance  
that thrusts and blooms to pierce, at last,

the blue foyer of the sun. In this way

I understand my own flowering  
as your shadow left advisedly  
against the noise of loneliness  
which would otherwise be your absence.

God love you more than dust, I pray  
to the fireball lastness of descending light  
and keep you steady while the world  
sways on its pins.

Shattered rock and silver rings, music

of the vibrant wood itself: how much matters  
and by how intricate a moon?  
I have put off from shore to think these

things, the wind right aft, the sail in blossom

toward the godly open certainty  
that you are with me still  
and joyful  
as the small, doomed, brightly painted

boat that I must be.