Kristin LaFollette

November Baptism

[1]

Outside my window is a cab,
and I imagine you're in it.

Coming home,

your journeys recorded in the
lines on your face like
expressways.

And I want to carry you to a

brook and set you free,
a perch cut from a line.

The sediment will feel like salts
around our feet and we will

see white fences in the distance.

[2]

Today I dreamt you were standing
in the water and the clouds looked

like narrow ribs in the sky.