

LESLEY WHEELER

MESSAGE FROM THE NEXT LIFE

for Beth

I'm calling you from the opposite pier of the blood-bridge
which in steel-girdered insomnia I shortened to bludge
although now the moody river whispers maybe broodge.
Hotflash, misindirection, fleshiness, rust.

Apologies for making it look bad. The view doesn't suck
although it's complicated, all cat's-cradle cables blocking
what I remember as meadow, a ruckus of mockingbirds,
green creepers, meteors. Well, you know the place. After

crossing I kept dreaming of the third baby I never bore.
They talk to me in brain-beams. They and I want to conjure
an envelope of love for you to carry over the swaying deck,
sweck, derve, I can't stop recombining so fuck

it: we'll put our backs into budging your luck. Let fate rhyme
a smidge of wish into a sleepless package delivered just in time.