This is a flock of a thousand
or this is a thousand dark pins desperately
holding up the white sheet of the morning sky.
This the thousandth sheet I have touched
in the room of one woman. This is
a woman of a thousand minds
and thus a thousand threads. She has read to me
a thousand nights and somewhere in her pocket
there is one left. And those nights were
a thousand hours I lost as easily
as I lost the quarters—that day I slipped on my way
to the Laundromat for the thousandth time.
I remember I was thinking: I will fold
each of her shirts a thousand times before
they are too threadbare or too borne by memory
to be worn. That was the thousandth thought
I’ve remembered this week, just as this
is the thousandth time I’ve looked
to the sky. That is a flock of a thousand
desperately unfolding itself at dusk.