

# Promise Ring, Between Pacific Coasts

Down the lane, I breathe out loud in half  
frozen air. And the black amnesia's in heaven  
are lighting a half moon on the stairs.

And I bite my lip when I breath out loud.  
Wrapped in Japaneses paper all the way  
around. California can't see the sun rise,  
because smoke doesn't climb like it lingers.  
Runs long on a broken lung.