

## Between Pacific Coasts

**The Promise Ring**

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

And I bite my lip when I breathe out loud.  
Wrapped in Japanese 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.