

## Echolocation

## Wintersleep

I have dreamed  
I've dreamed your image  
I've begun to believe  
You have ceased to exist  
In the tangible world  
The blistering humming  
We sleep

Thousands of bats  
Feral, flesh-hungry  
Should I let them in  
Or sell off the property

Incise the infection  
Invite their protection

The lines in your face  
The taste of your body  
If I floated away  
Would you still recognize me  
Or maybe you don't  
No reason to go  
Embrace it alone  
Or just close the window

A phantom reflection  
A faint recollection  
Incise the infection  
Invite their protection