

## **Work in Progress**

It isn't all that bad, you know. At nightfall  
I worry about the weather and think of you,  
the remnants of yesterday's storm soften the glare  
of blue December sky behind the ghost  
my backward-looking eyes cast on the air  
like lines drawn between the early stars  
the Greeks we know of never connected and that  
is what I mean, what you mean to me,  
this something new after all these years looking back,  
more curious about us now than we were then.