

Dear Gloom

You are the rheumy glow
through gummy clouds

at dawn, the silver-blue
fluorescence around dusk.

Inside, you are a roomy
home where fears

and sorrows gather,
settle, have a high,

glum time sometimes
for days on end —

So why then write
to you? I don't know,

then I do:
it makes a two

of you and she
who watches,

free to see and so
to love you, gloom,

and lo, I do I love
the flow and bloom

of you inside your word
inside my mouth a word

which (*glōm*) once meant
(so still means) *gloaming*,

*twilight, darkness, also
gleam, shimmer and sheen.*

That you're *about* the light,
I mean —

Just so, I think I will
abide beside you here

awhile, dear gloom,
and all your low glow

knows and holds —
Why not?

The view is fine,
the overhead is low.