

With Robert Hayden in the Archives

CAITLIN CASTELAZ

We were like guests invited after dinner
as we crept into a room pilgrims
had lately vacated. I left my shoes
outside the door. I was nothing
but dust. You, dust, I suppose.
Bound in glass, our grandfather's boots
and the memory of dust. Earthly
remnants beheld as through refracting tears.
In the fire I was aflame. I laid down
everything I carried and felt afraid
to walk away. I said: make the path wide.
You said: you'll walk alone. What binds us?
Eating with the same mouth? Walking
with the same feet? Glory. Glory.