

## Spell to Find Family

*for Kundiman*

I thirst for the starlight  
that opens elephant skin.  
I thirst for the raven

conjugated into riven  
by summer storm.  
My job is to trick adults

into knowing they have  
hearts. My heart whose  
irregular plural form is

Hermes. My Hermes  
whose mouths are wings  
& thieves, begging

the moon for a flood  
of wolves, the reddest  
honey. My job is to trick

myself into believing  
there are new ways  
to find impossible honey.

For I do not know all the faces  
of my family, on this earth.  
Perhaps it will take a lifetime

(or five) to discover every  
sister, brother. Heartbeat  
elephantine, serpentine,

opposite of saturnine.  
I drive in the downpour,  
the road conjugated

into uproar, by hearts  
I do not know.  
By the guttural & gargantuan

highway lion. The 18-wheeler  
whose shawl of mist is a mane  
of newborn grandmothers.