



Erica Goss

While You Can

Don't be afraid  
don't look for signs.  
Tomorrow

you will arrive  
just after the explosion,  
waving your arms through

the light-struck dust.  
I'm the ash that coats your tongue,  
makes you cough

and cough. No,  
I can't stay quiet tonight  
on the street made of words.

Soon I will pass through you  
like hair through a comb.

Love me while you can,  
  
before the hot air crumbles  
like sand; love me like  
the black and white sky  
  
spinning.

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Erica Goss won the first Edwin Markham Poetry Prize in 2007 and was a finalist for the Rita Dove Poetry Award. She has published work in *The Bohemian Reed*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Ekphrasis*, and elsewhere and is co-editor of *Caesura*, the literary magazine of Poetry Center San Jose.