

IN THE MIST

On Monday the window was open; the night followed me and couldn't be quieted. I smoked at the sky, lay down in the rain – blind devotion – for a person mirrored in the sea the sky is melodic.

He was a man – (fear the awakening) – a woman – (my lovers passed in illusion) – I rode in a forest – (religious instinct?) – opened the exaggerated sun – a kind of sweating lassitude.

I lie on my couch – everything has changed – patience of the mists – pump into the entrails of things – he sucks up sunlight, pounding with joy, precise as a cello. Someone comes along and separates me from the form. Evangelical milk and humanitarian thighs and socialist drapery. It's not enough to have wings; when I unfold them your perfume rises from the paper.

Great stretches of water – a gray vapor that appears to be moving – sunset melted dark ink – mass of trees – my ministerial partition – with the space of days before an address. As dancers ripple and retreat their faces remain movements of a body.

I thought of her dance without meaning, whistling through the bushes. My feet ahead of me – one among others – trembling resources – between that enormity and the moon on the hilltop here. Now I can hear part of myself penetrated by individualities. The city is immense.

This changeable sky sees the buildings differently. There are more flowers in the house than in the ground. The floor a forest of dark olive trees, sea at the far end...

Shadows glide beyond the plains with white sails – almost in the air – moving noiselessly over the surface of things. Another ocean climbed the mist, adjusting that human anatomy: horizon lines. I forget what I stayed at home to do. The blue spread out.

With my elbows on the table I'm going back to that place.

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