

THE PART UNSEEN

Is this the something else, the part unseen, the antidote of clouds, the sculptural path revealed, the winding staircase tucked behind a maple door...? Is there a person crouching in the foreground, among the rocks and reeds, or jumping in the background – up into the pogo sky with arms akimbo or folded like a chair, daring the bourgeois clouds or of them? I think he can't decide whether to fly or die... The toreador pants grip his shins – or are those plum trees athwart the Plain of Jars...? Is this his lonesome cataract, the last bushwhack, the foxed and spotted contract, the raison d'être welling up, the parallax...? I think he isn't really there, couldn't see the door, didn't need to cure himself of clouds... Is this an alphabet of blood, or disappearing ink? I saw the river peacock-blue mirror from the slowing train in the blue dusk. I think there was a seagull streaking at the bend. It may have been a person in a boat, hauling up his oar to float the curve...