

Forms

Dumbfoundment; Flight Impulse; One of those strange satisfactions.

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Rock

1 oxygen

2 hydrogen

∞ a certain kind of inexplicable awareness

- “There must be carbon in the rock,” I’ll say.
- Give the words out and build your water.
- Wait.
- Let rise.

It’s useless to ask where this derivation came from; it is unknowable. It’s all the last train out of darkness.

She’s on

Her way home, the glow outside
From an hour ago is inside
The lamp now—and that warm
Yellow here is so much like a
Dream that it’s I’m looking
Down from out there, part of that
Ink in the night speaking always
To the dark matter universe and all
Those thoughts leaking into
The expanses of space. When
Her car gets here I’ll
Want to remember all that, but
Forget it, so something can
Happen and the light will speak
For everything later.

Selected Memoriography

A dark sliding glass door, bright inside, a balcony stories up, lights from the windows on a building across the way—yellow stars on their side in the small world. *Inside of without the thought of an end.* Forest Park, IL: Living room, Two years old.¹

Thin cotton pajama shorts, and short sleeves and snaps, up late in the summer night on the couch kneeling, face against the screen metallic taste in my nose, soft blackness out among the blind pines, crickets. *Boundless or stillness.* Woodstock, IL: Family room, Seven years old.

¹Publishers information or imprint may be false or imagined. A painting from the parents' bedroom (Woodstock, IL: Four years old) has also found you there.

A whole city in my mind. On fire
With the lights of the future—the embers
And red of when glass canyons will bring in all the orange light of the glimmering
World. I lived there for what time we live when everything will come to be
In our days, our days on the high ledges looking over it made me lose my breath to think
Of returning there, placeless.

What You Can Have Happen

Early

She thought about a garden sometimes.

It was out there, in her imagination, the way you see clouds but don't
look for anything in them *Things Ungrown*

At the sink, the soil rinsed into the drain.

If she could see it in repetition, the years to come of it, the slender hands pruning
frail and plump under warm water, the landscape of what things will be
revealed when the soil comes free of it *To Someday Be Without It
or Longing*

Late

What she doesn't remember now.

That she is always somewhere else, among the places that are left, what she
took with her inside of there, to whittle away all those days *Time Remaining*

What you know now will take you
There. Some is even in the DNA. Some will be
Those small things you do, and think you are
Choosing, and maybe you are. But it will all
Happen anyway. You're in here now. You're reading

This.
You'll have to find your way out.

Partial Index of the History of the Moon

animals, the first time, marking, stabbing, *interbody broadcast*

arrivals of memory, *craters*

earth is near, its oceans intimate, the tides rising past mountains trying to escape to us, *all the knowledge of tides & a mirror on the moon reflecting distance*

You were here for all of it, part of you, everything
That makes you was witness. What is it about you that doesn't
Remember? Was there not enough beautiful? Weren't the tides
At such size of impossible consequence? And the animals
Feckless? What is it—that you rely on such puny recalcitrations?

This Is to Be Unbound

CONSCIOUSNESS, Always—Due to transformation into a condition of ideas, attachment to mechanical generators will ultimately cease. No information is available regarding what will follow.

I'd even forgotten what I was doing.

Confluence If Your Life Were Rivers

A Thing In This Place **X**

Y Yesterday

Y Possible

Deciduous Autumn **X**

Z

Happening; Vessel

Y - LIFE OF IMAGINATION OR MEMORY

X - LIFE OF METAPHOR

Z - LIFE OF BODY

A beautiful momentum has washed you
Into this. It arrived at you—waiting long
Enough in nothing to be caught where
This was going. If it weren't only still on
Its way, thrashing into that next part, where the story
Goes, where it loses you, where you are
The wake leaving forms in the suggestion of what has passed, the way all forms
Diminish, not meaning the same thing later, never giving
Full account of what it was
To be along the way.

**If You Want
Proof of This
Transaction**

Your former life.

Another plot of thyme

you gave your age for this

Narcissus bulbs, radiant and beguiling

later this will read:
a memory of your future

Water

water

water.

water.

water.

I wanted to imagine speaking with him, in our late days, and wish
The moment for myself—which is where the vanity lies. But nevermind
That, it's too late for us—listen, I think you should know, this won't stay
The same. That's all, just find it light
In your pocket. You
Will need it. I promise.

There is no telling what
You are. We're not given
Enough. Chase it from the windows where you
Keep all the words. Out there
Is where it should wander, the truth
Will make you dumb.

Mindful Star-Crossed Here

Couplet

Falling into chasms of the twilight,
Catch your glimpse before the gust of night.

The last question is: why fear
The thing we will not
Feel? Is it sadder
For the apple to be
Peeled or eaten? The plight.

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