

The Interim

Repeating Questions

we were all trying to leave.
tried to leave –
we all are to leave.
we are all trying to leave
to the water.
our bodies must leave, but our bodies are water and we are
leaving and – trying to leave – we are leaving our bodies (from what was *nothing*)
behind.

*

the newspaper is the color of empty and
leaving behind words, we hurried into the new place and (repeated questions)
how do we show the color of empty?
absolute limits unable to provide definitions of where we left color behind
after we left our bodies. but there was no color to leave because –
the color left us and (our bodies)
as color decided it *was not* and – never stopped because there was never a start. the leaving
simply was.

*

in the past, we were *now*, but –
because we are presently *was* we are *is not* and our present does not exist.
and leaving (left) is *was*, so it is *nothing*, now that we left but we are also *are*, as our
leaving left and now we are *is*. – how can we be both?

*

we came from the forest, a place that simply *is*. forest never grew / never stopped.
it is the opposite of color: it is *always* and –
forest is *always* because it is never *is not* or *was*
forest is *always* because we were *was* and now we are *is* after we left (our bodies)
in a Forest that always was and was never *not* because we left empty color of what *was*
a newspaper on a backdrop and –
forest fostered us in trees and the leaves. but leaves left
because leaving *is* and leaves are *was*. and – we are not.
because they left (like we left color).
and color is not in leaves nor us. but it is in the trees, which helped to
stagger us, make us taller before we abandoned our hope. before that,
we rejoiced in our fortunes, and because the forest does not deal with *was*, only *is*
we found ourselves in between time. for time is not present nor past. it is only

repeated questions

II

questioning forest but not time,
for time *was* but is also *is* and forest never *was* because forest is *always*.

and from forest we moved to the bed within
the bedroom of a series of chambers
within the many walls of a ship
in rough waters of time, shaken and unsure. looking out from the dock of the ship,
we dreamt we could make out green in the distance, even though
we no longer had eyes to see with.

*

and it rocks and now we find ourselves in land
but not only in. we are in and outside of “in” because
in *is* and the ship *is*, too, but we are *was* because we left.
we are *past* and ship is *present* so we are both in and outside of in.
and the forest is out but there was no forest after we left
our bodies or
they left us (?) and they left us. we left

*

color. newspaper
was never black or white or even empty, and we discovered that
the forest had no time
because time had none of empty.
empty would have been a welcoming committee
but it was the lack of empty or trace of forest
because within the bedroom of housing the water lost blue
and forest was never *always*. (or) because forest was never *is* and was always *was*
(now that we left) we are not *is* because we never were.
color *was* because it became *is* before we left for ship
time also *was* and still is *was* because it was in the trees and the forest is *was*
so now time is *is not*.

and because our bodies left and we left color and the bodies of we left them

the forest stopped when it never
started. and time was lacking of empty so it disappeared and –

we were wrong

III

and the leaving, the very action of it
 brought upon us repeated questions of us? or the leaves?
 because the forest is *was* but
 it was never supposed to be that way. but we left our bodies. we left – and because

we are *is not*, we became *was*. and because *was* is classified as *is not*
 we are the same as time, lacking of what empty would produce.
 we are no longer like the trees, because they have bodies. so too,
 do our enemies (us).
 after our bodies they run, wielding smiles and sharpened knives
 and maps of our departure. the forest pointed to us then, ordered us to
 “reroute course immediately.” “yes,” came our instantaneous reply
 and, upon speaking, the forest is now *is* and repeated questions of time, (how can it be both?)
 of emptiness, and of trees that were not empty even after the leaves left
 because we abandoned them. but we ourselves were trees
 and forest was *is* and was always *is* before we left.
 but is now *is not*
 when viewed from the window of the bedroom of a series of chambers
 within the many walls of a ship in rough waters of time, shaken and sure, and suddenly,
 the wood begins to rot.

*

boards sport holes, water pumping as it did when we left our bodies
 for the water to start anew we were wrong for we are *was*
 but we are also *is*. our bodies were *is* and are now *is not*.

and the ship simply *is*. and the leaves leaving like we left – and we left our bodies
 and our bodies left us, because we were of the color of empty.

time lied, and we are in the forest with the trees. we are the trees again but the
 ship is on shore and we were in our water when we left our bodies. and ship is
 also in water and we left for the trees because
 the forest is never *is not* and was never *was* because forest is *always*
 (except for when we were on ship and the leaves left the trees)

time lied, because it had no trace of empty except our enemies (us)
 standing on shore when we arrived back for forest, knives
 drawn and ready. chopped down our trees / chopped down us
 down and left for last we discovered we were wrong. for
 no thing outdistances

its past

IV

we lost the ship. it drowned
just in time. before – our bodies got out
now,
a cacophony of ghosts
fleeing through the night

Repeated Questions

the forest is *always* because we are *is*, even though
our bodies are *was* and are *is not*. even though our leaving *was*, it is still *is*.
but we are *is*, in the old place that is startlingly new. we must remember –
time lies. we cannot start, because we are both *was* and *is*. there will be no bodies
it will not be like last time –
last / time
lied

(repeated questions) of our leaving
and leaving left
like we left trees,
lost bodies
of emptiness. the trees helped to stagger us, and before our foolishness
we rejoiced in our fortunes. but, too hastily
like newborns from a spring
we saw the eternal water as paradise unbound.

but wood must be kept in its roots,
even if we are not there too, for
forest is better with leaves gone and us here
at the end of the day, rejoicing –
a better fate than tiding to a wooden dock
or worse, trapped
below, looking out from a window
of a bedroom of a series of chambers
of the many walls of a ship in rough waters
of time, shaken and unsteady,
no.
better that water remain here
where color can become *is* once more
after our leaving has left the remembrance of time. at the end,
only (repeated questions)
only forest without time.