

Shared by many

I saw a mammoth once,
it was balancing on a log.

The two of them floated slowly
down a half-frozen river, it was

deep inside the blue forest.
I had been there before, when

I paddled the same river, in a
red canoe, it was that summer when

we became a brand new idea, *one*
yellow thought, shared by many.

I don't know the ways of the river,
but there is salt on the riverbed.

Paper house

The night,
as young
as an egg,

the egg,
as white
as daylight,

the day,
as thin
as paper.

We build
a house
from paper,

where the
children
run freely.

It's not
that hard,
not at all.

Disapperance

Two divers are sinking down
into the sea, passing shoals

of little fish, and a catfish, before
they reach the bottom, where

one of the divers opens a starfish
with his bare hands, then swims

into it, disappears. The seabed
quakes, the other diver cries out.

The starfish quivers. The catfish
is calm about it all.

Labour team

Standing in a newly plowed field, our heads
are huge tractors with
wheels that are square
worms of parched rubber.

One of us begins to drive, on the count of
zero, and confusion is
an uneasy idea that
all of us are thinking.

In the coming days, a church bell sounds
from the grove, it hangs
between two tall birches
with no leaves on them.

The world smells of tree bark, we shed square
tears that scrape our skin
open and plow funny
furrows into our chin.

We can hear the helicopter, but we can't see it.
It's the same thing with
the solar wind. Next we
are hit by rocks of light.

Hero

No icicle in his beard
when he chose, at last,

to seek out and fight the local
ice-monster of chance.

No chimes in the closet,
no closet in the basement.

I know what I saw, in the
basement of the world.

No trumpet inside the glacier,
no glacier covering the city.

But the monster, oh
the ice-monster, it was already there.

I know what I saw, and it's
nothing I want to talk about.