

St. Benedict's Dream

In the shroud of the sleeping world
I was not a sleepwalker.

I moved between the unmoored,
as if my life still depended

on the grace of their return.
From my window, the girl

in the lucent dress circling
the ash tree.

Dappled sunlight, I am aware
how hard this is for you now,

to be right on the verge
of opening—

Green, greening with a life
whose root is not of this earth.

Heaven will not be written
down in a particular order.

The air is already filled

with roses drifting
like fragrant animals.

Femme Maison

Paris was nice
in the springtime.

The marble-topped picnics
along the canal.

And in a corner, someone
spoke quietly of bread

redistributing itself
into equal pieces of glass.

Everything here too perfect
to not taste, despite harm.

Being a citizen is fantasy.
Mostly because I still believed in you

I felt pulses where there shouldn't be
a pulse, anymore.

The city in its ever-present
position of vanishing.

Then we arrived at the beautiful
man-made sea.

I maintained my legs
in the mortal traffic, convergence

of accidents.
The colors of a different century,

pale salmon walls, the winter
impulse. The cinema collecting

her archaic mass of pearls.
I exited the garden and disappeared

into another garden.
When is a forest ever in chaos?

Christina's World

In the irreparable split there was a door
into open water. Water against wood,
wood against what. A body cracks

when forced to float. The mouth filling
with the wind that wants to keep going.

Pay attention: the most important wind
for a ship to be is a dying breed. The snow
leopard covered in snow. Medieval model

of helping the afflicted, wrapped in its own
distress. This is how we survive, in limited
clothing and killing. Crawling between

margins we never see the edges of. I lived
best in this life with my own theory. Blue-

skinned grass where the letters possessed
weight. If I have made it this far
then there are things I have missed out on.

In a world where each thing is forgiven,
you don't have to survive, again.

Paper Meadow

The panic is what put me back to sleep.
To live inside an alternate room.
The strawberry one
where the flat birds nest
in the wallpaper.

They don't even need oxygen
for that kind of sunlight.
They only eat what they can see
and hear, all the while watching

people being pushed into bad dreams
on rattling beds. When I woke up,
it was like nothing bad would ever happen again.
When the bird rose up and hit the glass window

it would be nothing bad, just a rorschach of blood.
And then, when your soul rose up and hit the glass,
it would be nothing bad either, just a clear rain
dispersing everywhere, your still, empty body
curled up on the bed.

Flood Letter

We took a vacation from the war.
And the gods disappeared
into the blue
walled psychiatric ward.

Metal furniture
with an ocean view, an examination
table starts a conversation.
And I thought about saying

I wouldn't be making it
to dinner tonight
because the basement had flooded.
When it was really the kitchen floor

exposed to open sunlight
that was the problem.
And that my days did become
stretched out like a single island

in that brightness
just barely a body at all.
What is tall and thin and borderless.
I imagine when it rains

the water does stop rising
above the white chair's legs.
As if someone had started to cry
and stopping was still possible