

UNDER GLASS
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I wanted what happened to be something

I could know

and I wanted what I knew to be something

I could describe

something to which others could say

I know this

this happened to me also.

At the back of the room is a mirror

dreaming it's become itself at last.

I keep walking

as if I know all the parts

and could play them.

Today the world overwhelms me.

I feel a garden

growing in my mouth

and eventually touch stone.

I am afraid of appearing sentimental about sentimental things.

The things that are really big and really close

are too big and too close to be seen.

People are supposed to know everything

and when you find out that they don't

it hurts for all time.

I can't see any other feature of the land, just
the surrounding trees, and the surrounding
water. I don't want to have to sleep here, the
banks rotting into mud, the water thick with
slime. The land writhes, and I writhe with it.

There are two suns. The second sun is hiding
in the submerged roots of a nearby tree,
giving me what I can get, the only way I can
get it.

You thought that because you had less

you would take everything.

You always think about what you could lose

without really losing anything.

If you live in a mind

that destroys itself

to comfort itself

then I think I can understand

but right now I am tired of understanding.

I thought that the things I loved
were places I could always go back to
but the spaces between things become places themselves
and threaten to swallow me whole.
I thought that knowing in just the right way
would be enough to free me from pain.
For those of us who drowned,
and continue living underwater,
this isn't heaven
but I hope we could come at last to love it.

I wake in the middle of the night. The ground
is dry and sandy beneath me. I can hear the
waves, even though I can't see them yet. The
thick canopy has given way to an expansive
sky. For a moment, the moon bleaches every-
thing white, and I am a black arrow stretched
across a bright field. I fall asleep again, and
dream of a house with many doors.

I fall into the deafness of the second sun and
become several outlines of myself.

No matter which outcome
in the dizzying array of all possible futures
no matter the fear
I will meet you there.
I undress and dress
eating my own shadows
until the corridor appears again.

I think about asking if you will cope
which is a stupid question
so instead I ask if you will keep going no matter what.
I feel cruel when I tell you that each day
something we love tries to save us
because sometimes I'm right
and it's what we hope for
but can never quite believe.

Now I am floating towards the trees. Now I
am floating among the branches. This is the
house. This is the gate. Now I am lying on
the floor in one of the rooms, holding a brick
above my chest.

I swallow the second sun and the night
releases me. I am full of holes in a night full
of holes.

When I lurk on the edge of something

it is a way for me to feel close to that thing

without actually touching it.

If I weren't so scared of life

I wouldn't be here

watching the thing inside me

watch your face

to see if anything has changed.

I tell myself it's okay to just sit here

and breathe

over and over.

I taunt myself when I feel dirty with guilt.

I'm too busy stifling my anger to see what's causing it.

I want fixed terms by which to measure my experience.

I must be either high, or dying.

I don't want to know many small things.

I want to know one big fucking thing

and call it either shame, or home.

But this is not a dream, this is the sea. The sea is a house made of anything. The sea is a story about anything, told by someone unfit for storytelling. More than what I can know, and much more than what I can understand.

The second sun is a house made of many doors. I disappear to reappear in many places at once.