

ORBITS

Pushing the nail up through the center of the 4 ball
It's pixilated, what causes the blur around the edges
I had a dream I woke up next to you, then woke up
I had a dream I woke up next to you, then I woke up
Next to you, I woke up at the edge of a wall of pillows
& collections of gadgets coalescing around paint
A house of ice, wherein to throw a rock might shatter
The membrane & cause millions of pounds of water
To flood over, its own lake, & all of the remnants
Of the images formed in the cracks & crevices
Of characters, eyes aligned under hat's brim & tipping
The maple's slender fingers, a scorpion scurrying
Challenging the 3 dimensionality of the ivy
As cold as, well,
let's say I stick my shovel
Into the ground—it's fall, so not so rock-like,
& stomp on its horizon with a steel-toed clod,
And 6 feet under I find not a body but a brick
Half angel around the edges, eaten by the pressing
Above feet, the ones that walk & jump & seduce
But are still porous, like a sponge. In my sleep
It's more like a rectangle pasted on paper,
The one next to whom I wake when I dream I wake