

My twin, aging faster, has left the mountains on a train, has left the sanatorium dressed in white. Her feet negotiate the clouds. Something about her excludes color in her descent, focuses with parallax lenses and curves the sun's mass—just so. The rare recording—something about white—something about a train station, something about yard sticks losing their absolutes. Slow-motion photography ghosts her onto its gel plate.

Dear sister, I've moved into your room. Held hands up to the light. At this angle, secretly outlining the shape of a gangster's heart, any shadow can thrill the mind. Vowing to capture the rapid eye movements of my crimes—your crimes. Someone will take a bullet. (How should the skin tear when cut?) You'd be surprised, but it takes a long time to break something properly.

They say there's been a crime. They say she, my sister, is guilty. The hand, held either way in a rainstorm, still col-

lects water. I look at her *Wunderkammern*; her objects of puzzlements and awe. Diorama of French moths. Morbid anatomies. Black onyx box used for holding sacrificial human hearts. A strange sickness overtaking me again. Got to sit down. Sweating. Chills. Mouth dry. No, I tell myself, this happened in the city. They said it happened in the city.

Days go by and they keep going by. Fourteen lines of tiny crosses—a sonnet of time. What are these words but shadow puppets dependent upon an opposite wall?

What is true usually happens too fast. Paper constructions of a town on fire crease the afternoon—latticed by the polarized light. A woman may beg your pardon and collapse—engulfed. A stranger realizes it's a perfect day and leaps to cover each lumen with her own body, while an entire galaxy of broken glass moves through her nerves. (Heaven is not what you think: no velvet zenith—

more like the animal pain of mothers arriving at polished walls)—prayers—wasted—turn fingers into weeds in the downed day. More evidence that stars are just dead light—falling behind schedule.

Out of the window a palsied rain has begun—part fenestration into another world, part atmospheric accident. I'm not sure of this memory. It is skeletal. I can't remember when I actually last saw her. (Memory is but a moving target.) At least a train has a chance to stop when it becomes metaphor for nattering mind.

The fact in a window. My twin is still a flag above a neutral country. The dream of a woman running on an escalator. Just a tenant in her skin. No one in the family remembers what to say. Words remain inside green wood. When I mention her name they stare, shake their heads, look away, ask me how I feel. I've moved into an abandoned country. The intruders got tired and have left the windows. I learn the names of trees.



I have a number written on the palm of my right hand.
Seven digits. I wash my hand—furious at the invasion.

I can find no questions that synchronize with the answers
in this room. What is the story? Some trouble on the
evening river: adjacent to the mind-body limitations.
Amateur villain runs into the woods. (Alluvial curves
measure a receding water-line.) Navigating by a useless
glow (begun as an unattractive moon). Bungling verb de-
scribes circles. Temporary, stubborn bones refuse to
sink properly. The “she” of the story is left holding the
cruel alone. Scissors down our moon (butterflies seared
by barbed winds). The hangman looking daft in the elec-
tric dawn. *Marginalia: on reaching the distance she con-
fessed.* (Some say there is no tunnel of light.) (Some say
we are merely vibrations.) History found a body to move
the lever and pulped the words onto paper.

I need to sit on the edge of the bed. My twin's room, never well-lit, a museum of long long days, deep low sun. Odd about this latitude, 38N, the sun chronically in my eyes.

Conviction: the act or process of convicting, especially of an unlawful act. The state of being convinced. A strong or fixed belief. My twin has been moved to a cell. The smallest unit of an organism that is capable of independent functioning.

I see her opening a previous climate. Laid out in a time-lapsed year—beginning with the raised brass of summer. She tightens her silhouette. Cannot be separated from the spaces between nerves, where an astrolabe was meant to discover the dislocated bone of night. Pallor dome—where the hand goes—and declares she doesn't belong. There goes time as a bruise—she couldn't stop the skin from shadowing. Broken insects all over the flowers—