

[ALZHEIMER'S] [RAW FOOTAGE] [EARLY AFTERNOON]

for my grandmother

If we sit in a room near a curtain of rain
If I am a desert of memory & talc
A syringe underwater
If I am blossoming again but without scent
Beautiful because nothing's there
A piece of film blackening

*

I can stare // you
know // I am
good at staring //
I can stare
so long // say
at reeds under
water // or at
water over reeds //
or at the current
in both // the *aqua*
electrical // I can
feel that place

in me // with time // un-
folding //
in motion // perpetual //
motion // cut
from time // the
room // the day //
that spiraling
nest // like a heaven

*

... but then *cut* and/or *blink* and/or *thirst* and/or *sun-on-the-wall-like-a-
curtain-of-water*

*

—but the wall // like the afternoon // burning
down

[ALZHEIMER'S] [ANATOMY OF AN ACTION AS LOST TEXT]

she *blinks*—

(I smell papyrus burning // not
one great fire // but fire
driven by coup
—rebel specks in the blood // revolutions)

hands caged
in sunlight

(or just old scrolls // crumbling
brains in a heap
—no way to copy the code // the Q document
gone // Sappho
gone // *Inventio Fortunata* gone //
but the whirlpool there
—the Arctic)

fingers
(disconnected pieces of land)
blued // bloodless

(—unmoored // the compass
pivot) eyes
wild (all vector stripped from them)