

A

A bird, a spider, some children's
cries were present. I heard the
hour, it was one. The president
was shot years before. Someone
was born, just when I began to breathe.

(Inside the envelope are scraps).

The plants and lives of other animals
would come to be. They and the jumble
would be one. It turns and turns. We can
regard it as loss. (Sometimes we—can't
help but—feel it as loss).

And other elements of a trickle
or tendency, but to tell tales
& in other ways hold a ring, thought,
and phone in one hand: while
saying I'll be there & eating an apricot.

I heard it on the radio, this false
sense of security—we all did,
and in the wind. We can't write
each other letters because contacting
a surface is self-conscious. How
random is the iris that grows
where it is planted.

Out of nature, out of time, out of
everything. The apocalyptic thinking
of the nature of the metaphor. We are
in time at present. Do we drop
out when we die? The spider is neither
content nor discontent in its web. The
rain asunders in.

Changeling featured in grass alcove
hollows. The world receives its bidding.
We thought we knew where we were.
Every hour. The impression of moving
forward, yet with each step we get closer
to what's too near.

When she removed the patch, his
hallucinations fluttered in the opening,
brain, heart—he was dying. Shared
distortion. Remain hours, minutes,
seconds, until they no longer remain:
for that person.

A rain, a twirl of hour, we are recomposed.
Lightening falls in a jagged sort of way.
I can't remember myself but for the brambles,
the price tags, and reindeers. Mon cher
we are together. Can you remain? These
resemblances of hours may not be enough.

If we open the envelope there may be
nothing inside. Is it our job to fill it? With what
body or idea? And will you explain the
difference. The random way we receive cat calls
and missives. The hour wrenches open, there
were five animals who came to inhabit it.

Mellifluous, guttural chatter. The training is so to speak good. Lastly the hour opens out either upwards or downwards, depending on this place. A casting of the die, a trumpeting of appeals, a merited sensation. Quick, here it comes again: a band of light.

Hopefully what was inside the envelopes was not also outside. A melon cannot fit in there for instance. We open it and remove the seeds. And so: the cats climb *along*. Difficult for a dog to know how to do this. Rightfully so the tremendous place beyond. Thought. I have ceased to want to go there. I would like to remember I am here.