

Places We Left Ourselves

Not just the T.V., that gravure screen,
eyefuls of grids, as if on a computer chip
for the F.B.I. Sure, they are like a wireless,
but less contained, the soul-camps I picture,
undulating or still:
the river-torso of a horse,
with us hairs in that landscape:
code-twitching, sensuous, ghost lives living.

Remember your body?
Remember how stone met air & lifted itself,
on good days like a petal & a slag heap on bad?
So something is still travelling, that breath
of effort found in flesh
now evanescent as a sun drop
but solvent again the next morning
with its knowledge of moon.

God, how the night shines with need fulfilled
only by appetite, what was our mouths
hoping to flow & sometimes doing just that.

May the ones who come after
touch what we've touched & be
able to recognize those still to show up
in every trace which remains,
in every embrace which undid
the borders we discovered

weren't really ourselves.