

A

Unfathomable mind, now beacon, now sea.
—Samuel Beckett

Reach into that thorny wicker basket. Not creation, only a mood.
Spit and you find . . . Start from the beginning, one good turn,

unlit days, spillage of work into night—it's always turning, short day,
long candle. Peculiar, wrapped inside your surroundings so everything,

linen drapes, grapefruit, resembles the self, threads twisted and gnarly,
raveled thought where past and present merge inseparable again

as we always wanted. Simple minded. Wanting something plain,
not flung prose, nothing browbeaten. Another blank. One possible

polymer, knotted sticky molecule, organic. Is it time to eat? Cat
bathing beside the fallen nest, blue fragments of egg, Indian summer

desiccated the garden, rose bush with dark red new stems. Feathered
thoughts. Jump in bare, glacial lake, liquid from the veins of no one,

the beyond could reach in and swallow you, that fear again—
prehistoric teeth, or the falling boulder's molten force, or time

which scares you most, since you did not invent it. Lime tree yellowing.
Did you forget your appointment? Lost ones. Speaking all day to the back

of the mind. "She's working your nerves, with her corkscrew nails and
violet eyes." Ah, this is the way—going where we have to go, the pit,

the bed, thread and bough, it rocks and breaks. "Are you she? Tell me
how to tell." Can't. Won't. "If you sit with me inside the lizard's nest,

I'll breathe. If you leave me without the basket of bread, I'll die there."
Crumbs. So little to follow. The trail branched more than a mind

could bear. Will we go there again? Is this real? “You forgot to answer the phone. Proves I don’t exist. They meant to destroy me.”

You wanted to go and that meant being someone. Raised as a mollusk, how to stand? “I married chaos and you came to find me.”

To breathe forms an inside, somewhere for the air to go means a body, a body that breathes means a mind. Collapse. Retreat.

“Is that what words are for?” Seek and it happens. Which way do you tumble, up or down, you’d read that Alice liked tunnels,

so you followed the nonsense as if unwound from the spool of a primal place. Was that a mind? Ooblek. Puddleduck. Mulberry Street.

Pool of needlessness, let’s dive. “No, you’re water and there’s no one else.” Swim again, little fish, you always loved the aquatic. Unfurl the small

hand, candle-lit fingers, embryonic red glow. Walking, breath and step, a metered going, slippery eucalyptus leaves sliding out from under.