

Midnight Almanac

Fugitive but wise, this line speaks to me. I can feel

its peristalsis. A steepe, a map, an orientation.

The moon, a failed political party. At its last quarter, it can't govern
clouds. Rain softens
at no condition.

All the parallel windows, different emptiness.

The elf picked up a twig. Sat on a slabstone. With juice from ferns
he cooled his fever off,
to nightwalkers he sang,

Take it easy now.

Discarded buses at a traveler's hour. A truck passed ahead. Yet the
stoplight predicted our
father would return.

My city can heal water violin, water wings. Only if you waited long
enough.

*A peach tree turns green after a thousand years. And the servants taste the
fruits quietly,* in the fable this is what happened before the snow.

Here is the truth: a girl considered violence under
the tree, and the tree couldn't turn her away.

Predator—One who reads aloud the ten grave precepts.

Mourn—Via finite waves.

Ajar—To return to the world where we first began, the breath
and the body must be linear at each meal.

A Baroque guitar—The tavern is open for reservations.
Solitude—No, I burn diaries.

When the plot wore thin, Balzac deleted the moon from another
town.

Torn by the lyric, the myth trailed like embers through the jade
palace. A master in the clouds, light rippling behind. What was
the reason for slow separation?

The sea, a sea with edges.

Are you not my caretaker. Ninety francs, informed by two letters.

What is buried in the earth grows out of the earth. I see in it a
reminder. Of daily objects
—buttons, toilet paper...

Petrarch.

A saucer, not a saucer. Quick memory in a coffee stain.

In my bed, spooning pear jam for my lover. Our silk duvet, neither
form nor style. Let me
give you all

before sleeping in your palm.