

An ocean of arms

after J.M.'s The Bridge

first, the interior

relation
from which point
you see—

the bridge, a seam
or, the seam
that elides the sea—

—what i can see, from here—

in your city,
a woman walks her dog
the leash around her waist—

an arrow
may draw
flesh
across
an ocean of arms—

or words cohere
among
displacements
suspended—

(i held one of the stones
alone in your atelier—
so you know)

an abstraction
of notes won't conform
to narrative

we pass from silence
to words
and back—

where the square
stood i am
thinking of orchids

the red of intention, harbor—
green of loss,
undergrowth—

i am
looking forward to sleep
to the *memory* of
(the fear of) extinction

awakening to wheat
from mid-winter
oblivion

yet, we walk
the same streets
still—

or light
sweeps
our cities, or clouds
form an array of
notes, or a catalogue
of birds a grip
of fog

in your city, and now in mine
i am writing this
while a man, next to me
 writes a play— of nuclear disaster?
we are, only two—
 in any city—