'Roos & Blewit

for Jonathan Williams
MICHAEL CARLSON

EYES THAT CAN SEE IN THE DARK

Your head sinks where mine bounces. Your pillow is feathers & mine is foam.

I banged my knee on the bed, looking for a light. You woke up frightened.

I comfort you: Now don't be overcome by dark, I say, as softly as I can.

Somewhere, your voice emerges. It's not that but the spaces between us, you say,

that scare me so. Forcing us to feel, hands before us, reaching blind into the night.

SOLO TRIO

WAVE

The sun sets twice into the same stretch Of water; small fish hop out of the waves & Walk on shore. In a cafe set under the only tree in sight The tableclothes are folded; everyone is going home. It is the dead hour of the morning; there is nothing That is not either ending or beginning now. With nothing else to think of or to do I fall asleep. In my dreams, the sun sets only once each night. In my dreams, no fish can walk.

FORGETFULNESS

A few more sides of the crystal slide into view if every feeling turned to stone I would be frozen, all alone for almost ever somethings are never what they seem it's like the whole two years have been a dream my soul, locked in a cage that only waking can unlock, awaits its own long day & while I sleep I know what disappears I never know what I can say.
1. Sleeping musculature
2. Trained musculature

Père Lachaise cemetery.