Trust the calendar
the paltry static
assurances of the solar
or the shiftier moves
of your lunar,
start afresh with a
fresh round, no matter
how illusory all
beginnings are,
life is, time
or the wound
crater on the second
joint of your
left index
finger.
It throbs.
I am
all around it, in
the red flesh, the welts
surround it, as nightmares
surround dreams, as time
does the calendar, my stepladder,
stepfather, towards
nowhere, no-time
soon enough. Scratch some-
thing into the interstices,
notch the bone,
break your nails,
count the days.

1/1/87
11 am
EVERY FRIDAY  INFOLIO 96 OCTOBER 23, 1987
FRONT: MICAËLA HENICH  INSIDE: PIERRE JORIS

SUPERLOAN

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