

Nature

Looking through trees strangely into nature.

A window, an air-conditioner, a wall covered with ivy.

The book on your lap. Your head tilted back.

Like handling cups or pennies, a shovel, a stone.

Like where an arm is found, or where the tangled limbs go.

A bookshop, a fruit stand. You wake up and there you are, and
there you are.

"Do we have any cookies, or something nice?"

Toward the east outstretches the shadow. On the left a plywood
lake.

Gods and horses playing in the fountain. A conch shell. A robe.

The swallows, the sandstorms, a pink fire in the clouds.

And the generator, the chain and the pulley. Unheard-of laughter
and prayer.

The long exhalation. Of baskets and flutes.

Of bracken. Of reed. Of cypress and olive, pelvis and spine.

Three shoes on a doorstep. Of human unfinished.

The spirit in time.