NUDE SOMNAMBULIST

She's not multimedia. She's flesh in white cotton negligee (Shedded like a dead thought on the spiral staircase), And she is winding down the intricate halls of sleep For the seventh night in a row, winding a respectably Reasonless path through the darkened, boxy apartment Air—her punctuated exits and entrances cauterizing Themselves, instantly, in the passage of whatever New steerage her subconscious relays. And I am not a sound-bite, I'm a sheep dog. My tongue wags behind. A believer in such Old World Mumbo jumbo, I don't dare to awaken her. Afraid then that she'll never return from That private no-realm, and leave me dumbly In search of an incipient gesture in which To convey my register of loss blahblahblah To the insuperable abyss I'll meet and be. And it's not interactive. It's separate hemispheres Of oil and water, and what country she occupies Isn't registered on any map. I'll wager it's a tundra, A democracy of white spreading out in all directions, Where dream-bartering shadows roost on forms, Where there are no sheep dogs badly in need Of a haircut, a shortcut from that world to this. Tracking her footpad indentations left On the spongy carpet—toes I have kissed In insights of passion few saints have known! The path leading to the balcony, to the full, Simonized moon and its ethereal pigmentation. In such a way that makes me sort of loony, Sort of illegal, in Alabama, Tennessee, and Missouri. -To the balcony. Her hand unlatching the cold Metal of the sliding door.

Against the mile-long Rooftop of trees and bumper to bumper stars, Her pale body throbs like a flag for nothing.