

## TUNNEL VISIONARY

---

*Rebecca Wolff*

As usual in the environment  
I see dead men dangling  
and lying everywhere. The rhododendrons  
are fecund as gangrene:  
rhododendrons not in flower  
but in redundancy.  
The path was frightening all along:  
I had to stop writing, in the light rain  
the ink was running, the promissory sky  
renewing, remaining absolutely gray.  
In crowds of trees I see, between  
the trees, an awesome  
thicket: so dark green and above  
all still: too full and carved.  
This tableau is virgin:  
it has not held a step  
since one was murdered last. I know a body  
was perfectly discovered,  
I know it decomposed  
fast in that creche of mulch.  
I see its whole form now, but leave off  
horror as I leave off  
omniscience sometimes.  
Walking, my theorem runs:

if history is a tunnel,  
timed ribs supporting a structure,

then it is collapsible  
like a traveling-cup.  
Chuckling, walking;  
that I could believe it to be so:  
unpinioned forms of simultaneity  
are lodged at all times (face down  
in the moss or floating  
in shallow foam at pond's edge).  
The day is farfetched now:  
it all happened, and it's happening in my sight.  
Leaf upon leaf, in captivity,

I see bodies in the way all insults  
ever loosed are unveiled  
to the psychic bigot.  
The readies don't need ears  
in crowds, hate has a voice  
like thought. A veil as thin  
as smoke from cooking tells  
a king what crime it is possible  
to say. And the spooky rhododendrons  
grow analogous up and over, weaving  
darkness from daylight in kudzu-like  
fever to enslave.