

SOLUBILITY

If day is the thought and sunset the said then night
is the silence after, but none of that is true for long,
only that one blue really does become another
by crossing a blazing if interim condition of red
which bears a resemblance to the history of yielding and goes on
producing a sexual feeling in the back of the throat—there is
no question of having swallowed the sun and no one
denies that the sun even as it goes to dream
of renewable flowers is still the infinite matchhead
or total midwife charged with revealing terms—
witness the brief bronze-wed deportment of waves
releasing likeness to likeness and back—but almost flush
with the waves now it makes little sense to think
anymore of the sun in the red death throes its nearness
makes uncertainly on the irregular heaving of the water.
After the sunset the stammering twilight
in which A is everything and B is everything leaving
and there is much talk slowly going on of how
A is full of the strangeness of B, the silkiness of bridges
across the recalcitrant bay and the sun going down
behind them now seen as wordless or an idea of exhaustion,
sunset as the silence between two languages.
A and B have resolved on a softer notion of distance
as erratically marking the blue with clotted purple—not blackness
but the shyness of blackness in waiting, in which there is less to say
but so much more desire to say it. Or A,
the silence, is full of the strangeness of night approaching
but obliquely, preceded by an hour of gaudiness
strained through the bridges and then this product wet with violet
and marked by green lights; they begin to lament the crossing
of the sun below the water line and what it must look like
below the water and then they too go out.
All day the main thing about the sun on the water
had been distance and how it allowed these elements
to share their dog-eared border without controversy,

as if a border can only be shared by no thought
of territory on either side of it, or as one place,
A, grows full of the strangeness of the other's properties,
and even then these states must produce on their border
the ease of an unnoticed and sleeping animal, a glow of sound
under the globe of tutelage the sun then becomes
and this was true all day, as if the lit hours
and their subjects, sun on water, the cars sparking the bridges,
were an anticipation of darkness, or the motion of thought
as it advances past the dissatisfying fate of its expression
in order to prefer what will come after it, as dusk takes
for a bridge lying on the water the coy remains of a harp.