

## SPACE

Keeping to my room  
the cut in the thumb  
took on more interest than the thumb

the dark a clean success  
after the changing mask  
of his face

And my body—  
*its* hypnotic  
ticking over and over,

wanting, not wanting,  
in all that hard-edged, squared-off, positive  
concrete, aluminum.

I let it go,  
all seven years and seven years.

I'm weightless, free      unwritten space

How do they get from minute to minute here?  
Far off, low,  
a little stir begins, a word, a missed

beat, a listening: this-  
world, this-world.