

DWARVES AND FLAMINGOES

Foreign rain. Foreign currency.
Foreign depression.
At last the clouds part
And the day is green as green marble,
Streaked by silk

And the whites of eyes.
At the ruins, sitting between
The marble sandals and marble hands
Of an accident prone god
You watch the wind blow water

From a puddle on the stone
Forehead into a stone eye,
Illustrating the Entropy Law of Tears:
Increasing, cumulative in time,
Flowing from present to past.

(The First Law, the Conservation
Of Tears, is Beckett's: "The tears
Of the world are a constant quantity.
For each one who begins to weep
Somewhere another stops.")

Then a woman walks by with four cameras
And two light meters
Hung around her breasts:
 a Kodak Artemis
To be worshipped from any angle.

You stop patching memories
And digging at unconscious foundations
And leap down
To follow her through the winding streets.
Every wall and turn is her background

For her. You watch her back
And shoulders rotate above her hips,
Her hips above her legs,
Find a pattern even
To her sandaled feet slipping

On wet cobblestones.
You lose her at a light
But go on. A corner unfolds
Like butterfly wings. You wind
Your camera. You look around.

The strangers have gone to a foreign
Land, but left their bodies
As maps. You cock the shutter,
Take a reading.
You join them now:

The flamingoes that do not watch themselves
Being photographed on one leg,
The dwarves that do,
Smiling or scowling,
On almost two.