

## DOUBLE NEGATIVE

A soundless wind lifted  
the dreamed jig-saw pieces  
of the world, then let them fall  
to lodge in the black ground of sleep:  
yellow, bright blue, brown  
and green, orange and pink gravestones  
leaning at every angle:  
contours and colors compliments  
of the mad. Waking, the dreamer  
is furnished every reason not to sleep.  
Fearing death, he fears torture  
more, but even silence has risks  
by accident: the police talk  
to a neighbor, a man disappears.  
He tangles "no" with "not" and "not at all,"  
imagines unkissable bullet hole  
mouths marching across his wall.  
His leaping sheep fall bloody  
to a butcher. Red-eyed at dawn  
he stares out the window  
at the world cohering as smoke  
blossoming up, like smoke  
from the camps and burning cities,  
to be flowers for the grave in air  
of the first man who took Nothing  
for an answer. He will choose now,  
his "no" incommensurate against theirs,  
knowing nothing fits but Nothing.