

1/20/91

& here is the sleeping woman doublecrossed
by ecstatic tremors playing on
her face as a show called rapid eye movement.
She is dreaming (needless to say) of ———,
bruising the head of the bed with its red weight,
the wet winding sheet & this is me.
She looks good on paper but this camera
explicates our family album
until we resemble ourselves more closely,
hotwired to the television.
& here is the I without skull stigmata,
appearing as a bombed village
veiled in charcoal dust from foot to shoulders.
This show comes on late disguised as news.
This village happens to have no head at all,
conflagration *in medias res*,
& we call this show father, fire & the fuse