

WHAT I DID AT FOUR A.M.

I followed a straight line
(and no suitcases)
I followed the line I first drew in a notebook
twenty-five years ago

it had stretched so far in the meantime
I found myself in an opaque realm
a sort of darkness without the woods
crow-light but without the crow
and I followed
with only the white cane of my insomnia

the hope, the little hope I had
is that we would reach at daybreak
a summit
from which I could contemplate
as the sun rose

my straight line
stretching magnificently
across the endless windy plains.