

*The Past*

The corpses wait under my bed  
as if not quite bony enough  
for the closet, already so full.

Whatever in life they were deprived of  
they claim as their own.

Between the bed and the closet:  
all those without final residence,  
hovering.

On the floor the things a broom  
is trying to sweep  
under the rug,

but they, too, just rise  
into the air, stay.

And the writing on the wall—  
how suddenly contemptible  
the visible seems.

The future's here.  
Even when I wake it doesn't go away.