

Perfect Motels

When a bird dies
it falls through the air
like the ending of the sublime.

I read all day
until fireflies start
out of livid places

and trouble the twilight
like candles in the windows
of a woman's home

flickering *I'm here*
I'm here to anyone
who will see.

At five o'clock,
as if the sun were a thought
in a thinker's mind,

some master passion
of a taciturn heart,
I am of two minds,

suspending things
in small nacreous
twilights of consciousness.

Take anything
to the *n*th degree
and it dismantles you.

After so many movements,
small wonder
a thing must die.

To alterations blue
and phenomenal as this sky,
I wake at midnight,

keeping things I
remember close
at hand and disquieting.