

this also is a gift this wondering
 pre-dawn safe as a solid within the
 moveable world words have wheels & they chug
 through your brain like the freight train chugging by

now all through the night & all through your brain
 is alive to this word word word word &
 outside the window is inside your self
 & your cells have these wings & each single

wing of each single cell is a silver
 machine & you are a part of the whole
 continuing thing you-are-a-clock-there-
 will-still-be-death everything changes for

ever there still will be death despite all
 this breathing you reach out a finger touch
 door space vacate the room where you sat on
 this ordinary chair I am almost

sure you sat on this chair let's say that you
 did that you sat on this chair & opened
 & closed like a childhood book when the great
 cloud gathers me in you said I feel a

weariness larger than love it gathers
 & goes as the train-whistle blows you lie
 by the tracks while sleep looks away & dark-
 ness lifts this also you said is a gift