

you're looking somewhere for what got lost

You've started the same dot, on the same day, a few times over
looked upon from a few angles and many perspectives.
You'd think that you're convincing yourself,
like a recoil – an image that seeps from inside out
it travels
and returns like a boomerang from the outside to within
as if
nothing had happened between these stretches of time(s).

A thought leaps into the lake situated in front of the room flooded with water
that has filled a chasm
and leaps like a fish when it reaches the end of the lake
like the ending of a bag filled with water where you can see edge.
Images on fast-forward are fast to rush forward.
Something got lost anyway between these stretches of time(s).

Discontinuous images create hollows once more
increasingly larger in the room's unfolding progression.
The room's unfolding progression blinks,
the image is interrupted and then the room fades away
as if none of it were real
except a room in which you've lived, built of frames and pixels.

you turn the day of yesterday when on one side, then the other, like a disk

You stand face-to-face with yesterday
the meter
you look at the shape
the pupil deepens
in yesterday's image.

(you can write it even shorter
you say
yesterday)

The room has an internal continuity you say,
the furniture has an exterior continuity
continuously prolonged by annexes and accessories,
yesterday mended from time to time with today and the day before,
the room shakes, you say, you can hear it now
as a mouse chews from within
that has caught the interior and exterior walls in its claws,
you come closer, you say,
to the room's wall.

an exercise just for exercising

You turn on the light and it organizes like a puzzle,
while it was quiet, you say, nothing was heard in that half-space.

A bird, you see it as it sits on the edge of thought,
it bathing its talons in water,
its wings paddling in the air.
You say that it had to be this minute as well for it to be silence,
then you wait for the mug and plate to gather silence
but there can be made silence, you say, also from nothing.
You put your hand on an image that buzzes,
it moves under the finger,
you feel how the pulse enters the cells,
how it makes room to enter.
You check empty spaces and nothing appears
not even the space of hollows spinning like empty spaces
or balloons hastily filled with air or a hollow yet undiscovered.

You leave the door open inside / the light left on without a moment to pause,
the walls flow from the walls like water from a faucet left too much to freeze
sequences that the image latches on like marsupials do on vines,
the branches rock like sounds, rocking within.