

TO A READER

Enough of the body's products
becoming fatal,

too black, too near—in the cake of soap wedding
ring.

The moon cuts thinly at the sink.
A clear spectacle: where is the eye?

I marry into it, mind.
Speed has caught up with speed.
The mind puts the mind by.

No bodies in bodies stand
oppositely.

The eye lags by the moon which singled.
I am not the moon but a singling.

If this be I, torn from a bare cage
of wind, if I my words

am, arguing away herself
by various equations, then also the eye
purifies

as does flying,
debrides a damp brain.

The body then never more a name
without a place to match.