PARLIAMENT OF THE SKY

Say it. Believe it. Things come again. That’s what it means to be round, it comes again and the sky only is never the same.

The delegates have all risen and gone, new ambassadors arrive. She is tall, twirls above you offering a future embedded in this moment.

Eat.

She brings you the names of food.

Inhabit this dream this touch. and if you undressed the sky, what then? she asks, you stumble with certainties, nameless, wind
of the planet’s rotation,
we turn round and we go
round an other and much more,

she’s looking at you
with the more in her eyes.

1 June 2015
What would we find?
And would we all find the same?
Or is the sky, that seems so public, so common, actually peculiar to each beholder?
Under my sky I reach out to you.
Is that why what we call love is possible at all?

1 June 2015
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Something wanting
to be me.
Shadow across the living room
I thought was a bat.
A moth close to eye,
the ceiling also
is an inscription. Read
the figures in the white paint.
Where is my hope
hidden? I love this cold rain
on June’s first day—
do we still live in Rome
Does the invisible Emperor still rule,
Xi and Putin and Modi and Merkel
his sleepwalking satraps?
The rain told me: All war is civil war.

1 June 2015