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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

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“...and if you / undressed the sky”

**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