HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT

A star-house. A film amid trees. Each
star in your dream dresses the black
and feeds a constellation. Her arms
embrace crowds, perform domestically
strenuous acts. Activists transmogrify
into a bundle of calla lilies, so you think
of a painter. Bright yellow-tongued
trumpets, so you think of torchlight.

The road by the star-house dead-ends.
A street sign reads: 000. The road intersects
namelessness, disrepair. Without a coordinate,
how will you — in the *f*uture — orient?

If numbers can reflect unverifiable time, an intersection
between the physically knowable
and the imaginary *must* exist.

IN THE ERA OF RAIN AND FINE MIST

In the era of rain and fine mist, the character for zero 零 meant

bits and pieces, *scattered remains, etc.*

Down under, a triple-zero alerts hospital staff to

"irreversible biological death."

It's the ending of a pattern and the beginning of chance:

a sea shell : an inverted bowl : a closed fist.

Tang Dynasty Empress Wu coined the O, mirroring naught, a full
stop, the roundness of a bright planet moving

through borderless dark — a star torch.

You notice stars piling up. Votive lights flickering between pines along
the ridge-top.

How can *not being* be in a photograph of the landscape?

Even honey bees understand *that* as they fly

backward toward a blank.

Parenthetically, among the lilies. Ash and astronomical bodies.

A car full of young men trundles past. Ruffians or river rats?

Contemplate the nature of unborn awareness, said Atristi.

Within the umbra of the gods, swirl the gods.

The swift grenade — or is it a pomegranate – of fortune.

YOU ARRIVE

where your husband -- a young river guide — lives.

Before you knew him.

You see a large *nicho* in the wall, lit by tiny electric stars.

Inside the *nicho* and secured to its walls are photographs. Groups of smiling people on river banks, surrounded by canyon rock.

You love the way he has replicated a cave he and his friends are in.

Then, now.

Next, you see a catalogue for outdoor gear.

On the cover are three hiking boots.

Their dark soles and cavernous treads *f*ace out, face you: ◐ ◐ ◐

YOU & YOUR BELOVED

leave the medical center hotel to walk and orient yourselves.

In no time you are *dis*–, like a heliotrope lost in the shadows of spikes.

In the city of your grandmother's childhood, you round the corner of a multi-storied building.

Outside, a throng of people wait. Many in wheel chairs, some missing an arm, others an eye or a leg.

Several lean on crutches, a *f*ew have blistered necks, one or two have staples clamped to their skulls.

The air a miasma of despair among the uniforms.

(*It must be a new disease! One they don't understand and haven't revealed to the public yet* —)

You rush past the contagion through a break in the greenery, take a short path to an intersection —

Look up — surprised — to see your hotel.

Behind you — must be — *is* — the hospital.

The people you saw were cancer patients.

Cállate.

They are not them — o origins of a river, o thrice expression of a gulf — they are us.