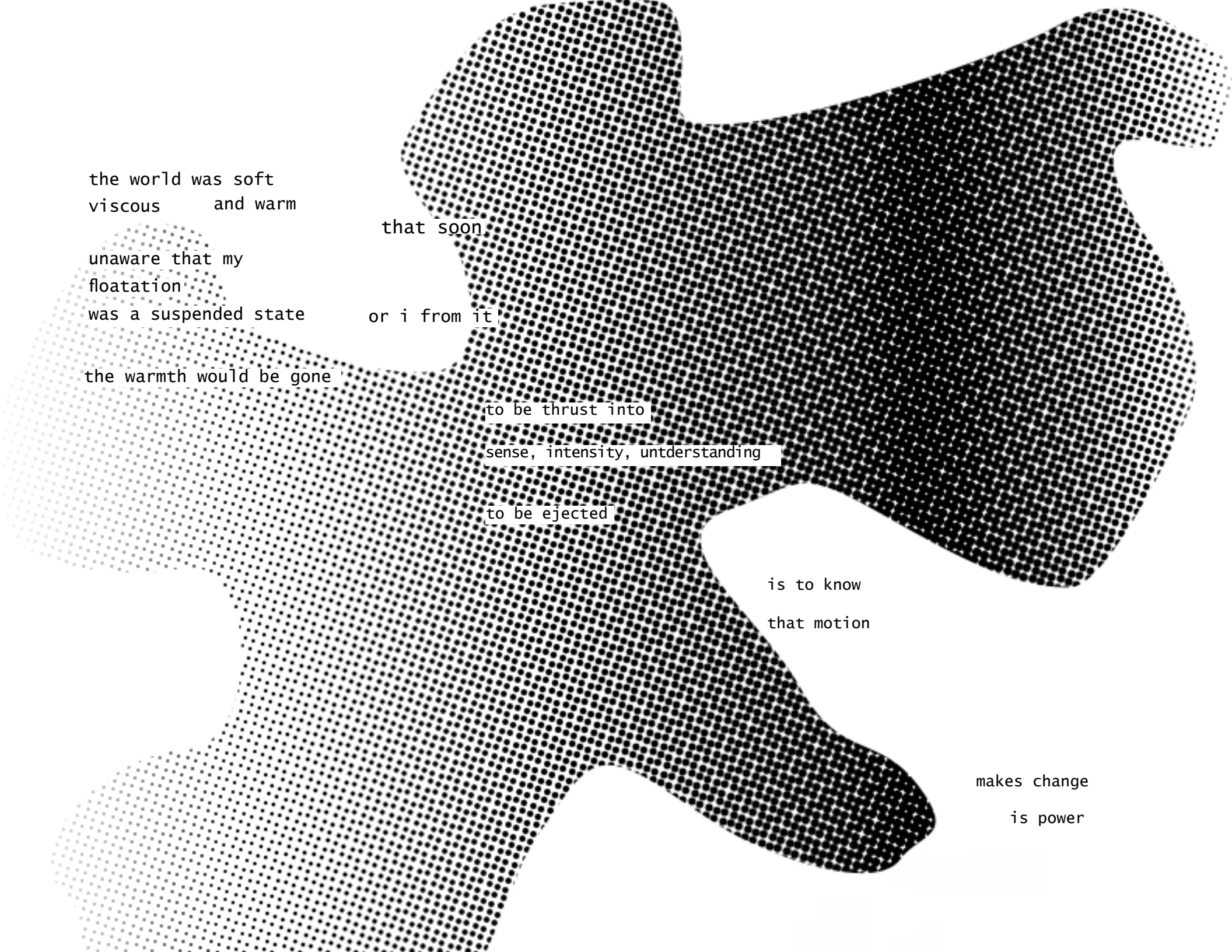


H A L F

T O N E

D A Y

D R E A M



the world was soft
viscous and warm

that soon

unaware that my
floatation
was a suspended state

or i from it

the warmth would be gone

to be thrust into

sense, intensity, understanding

to be ejected

is to know

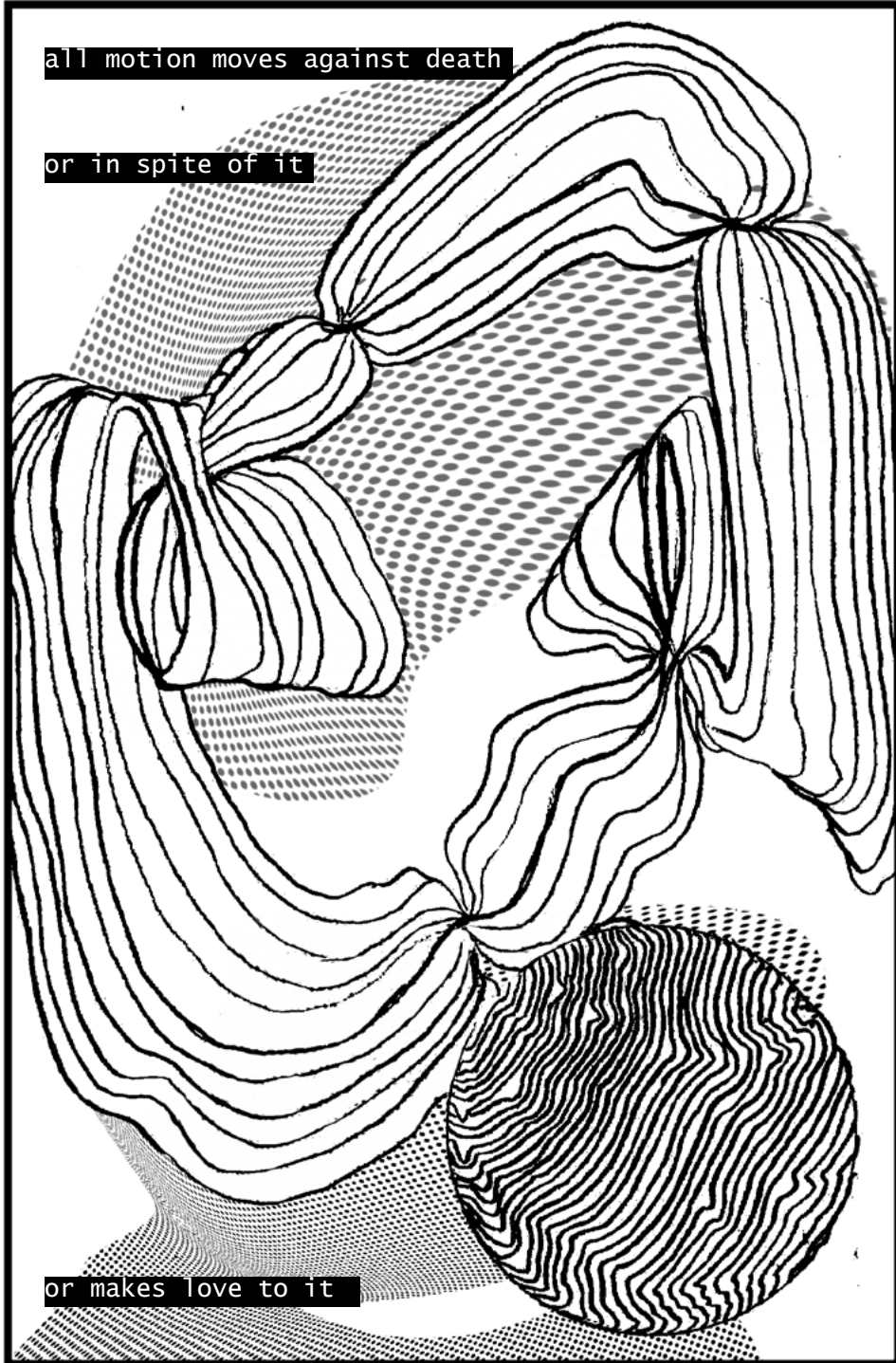
that motion

makes change

is power

all motion moves against death

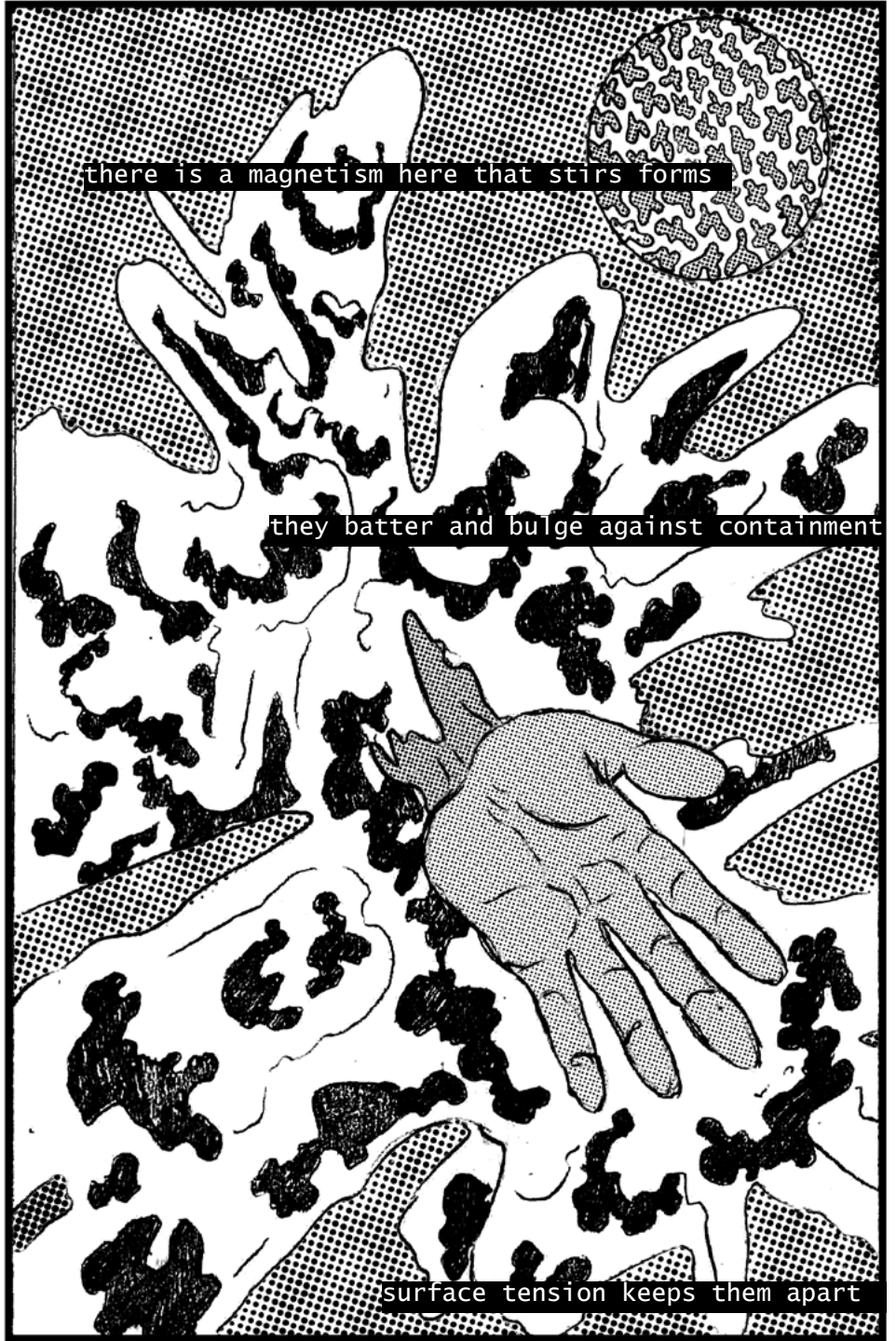
or in spite of it



or makes love to it

there is a magnetism here that stirs forms

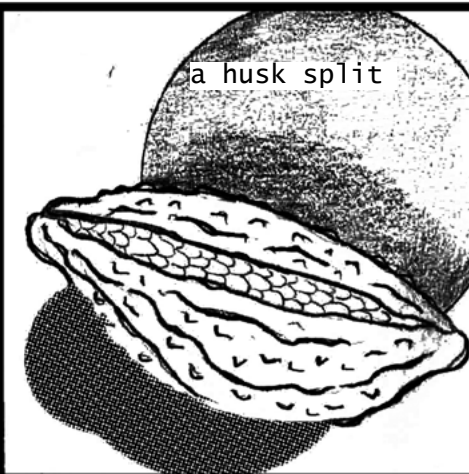
they batter and bulge against containment



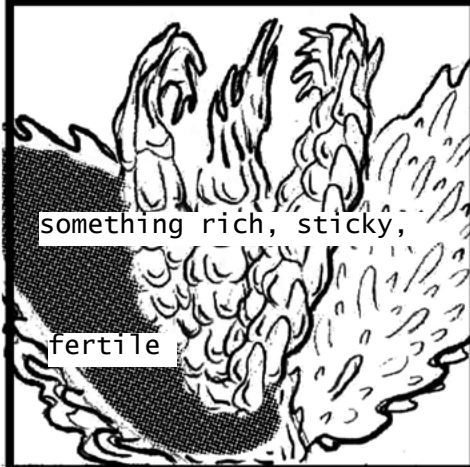
surface tension keeps them apart



something was bursting



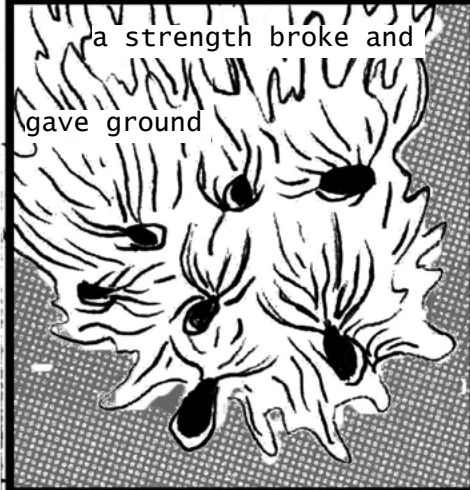
a husk split



something rich, sticky,
fertile



flowed into being

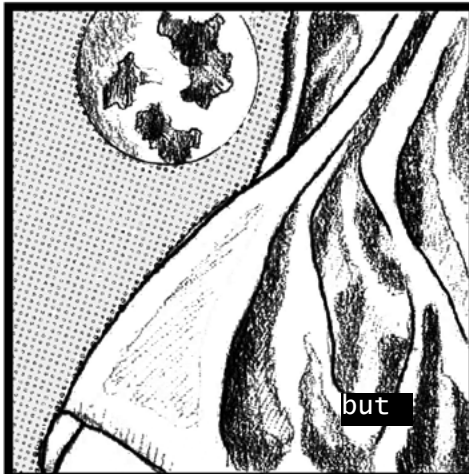


a strength broke and
gave ground

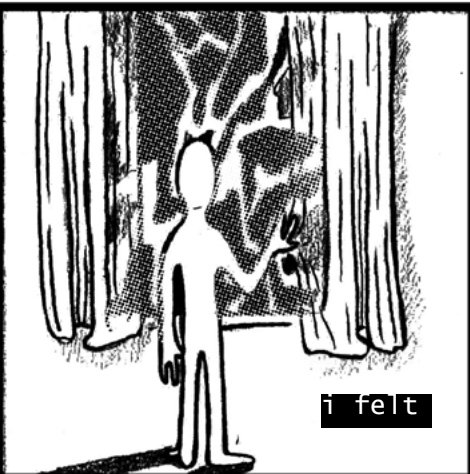


to naive life

and electric growth



but



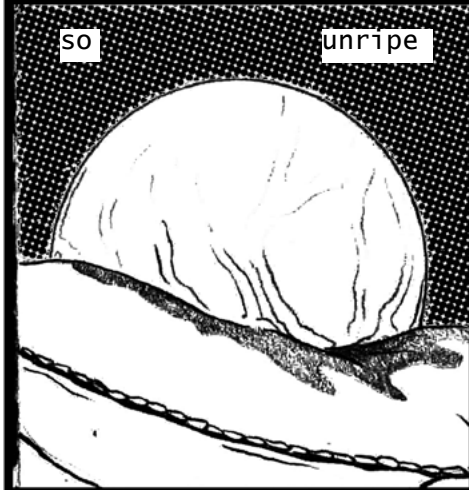
i felt



brittle



barren



so

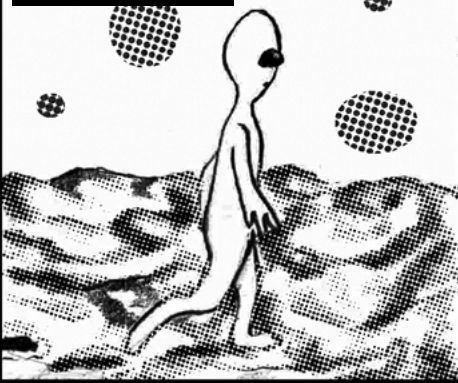
unripe



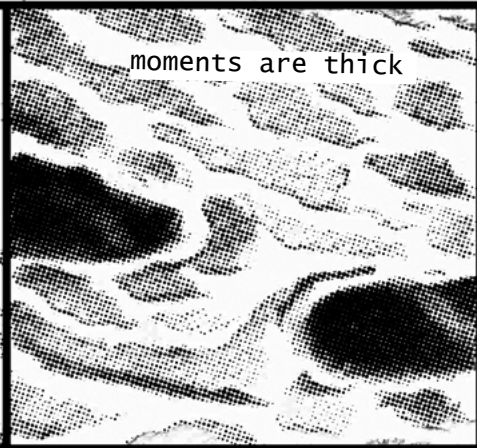
so terribly

intact

outside time,



moments are thick



i become minute



i become global

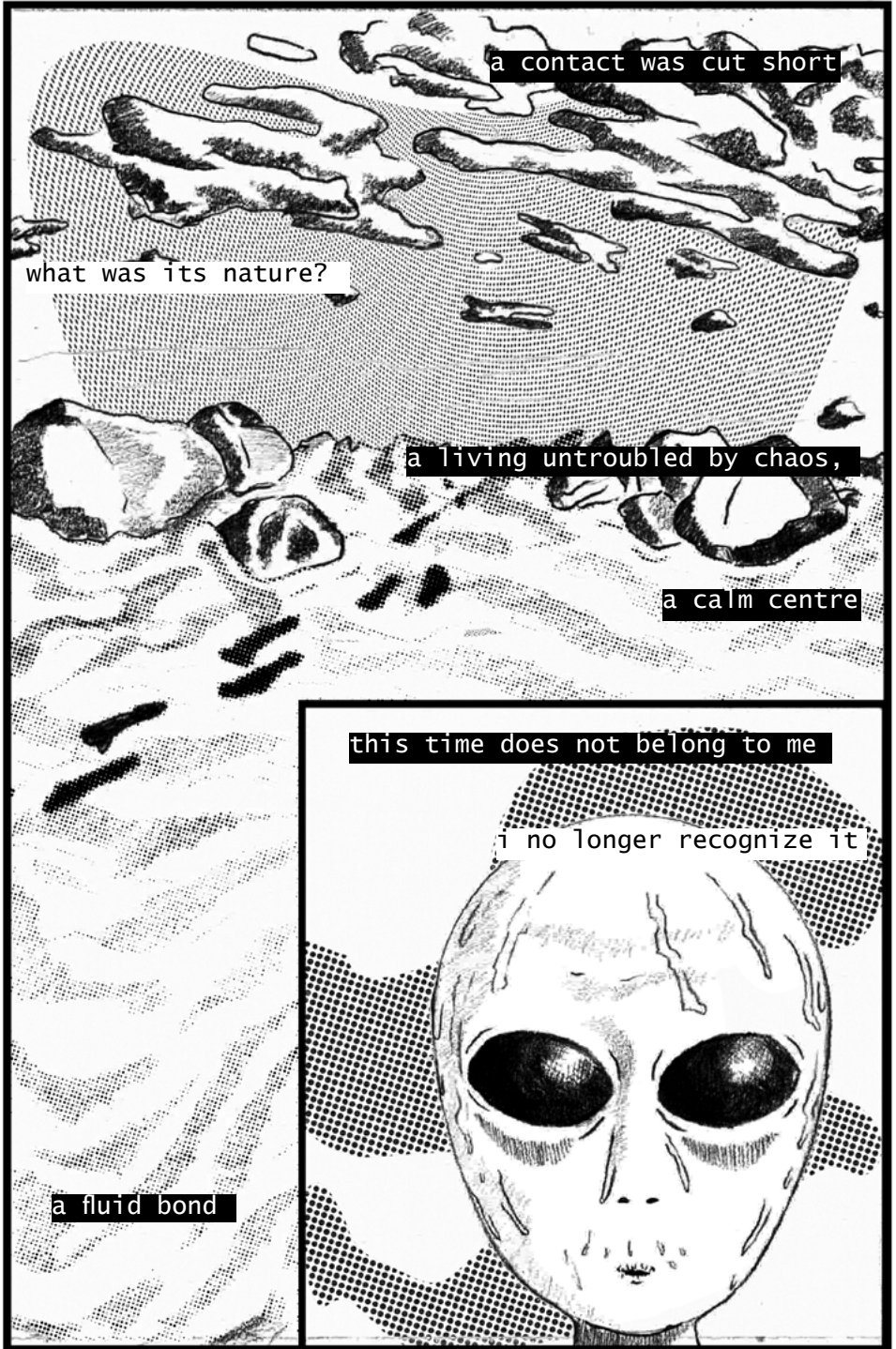
i become a process

a contact was cut short

what was its nature?

a living untroubled by chaos,

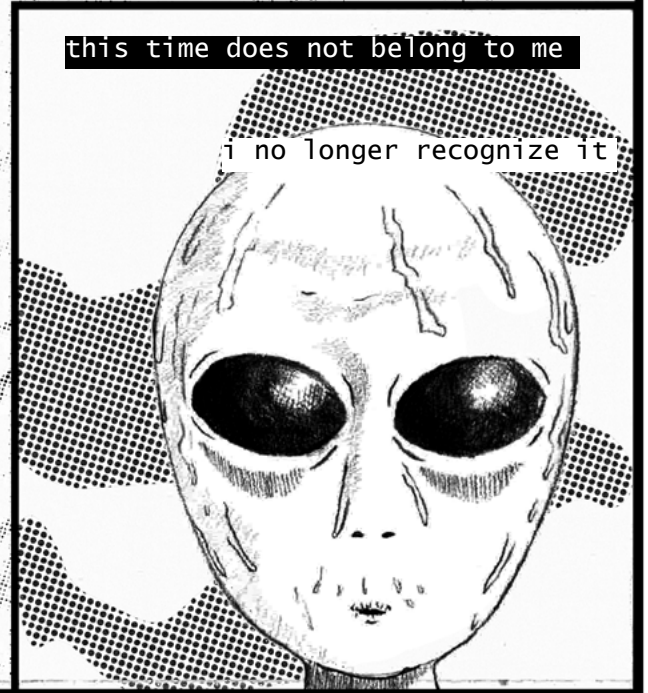
a calm centre



this time does not belong to me

i no longer recognize it

a fluid bond

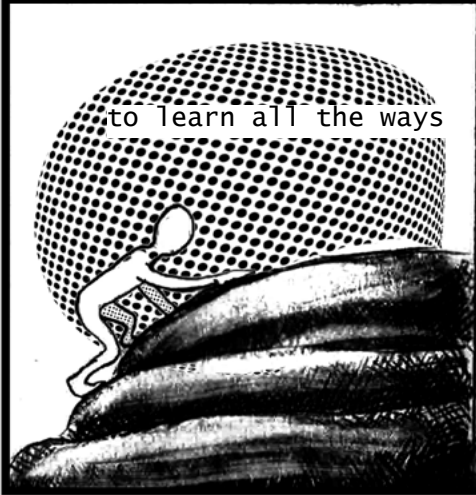




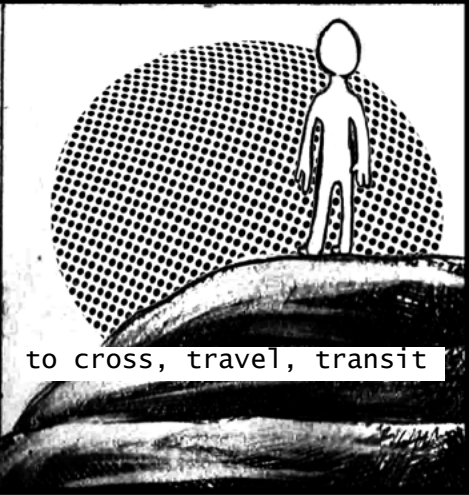
i could ask how i came to be here

but it would not answer

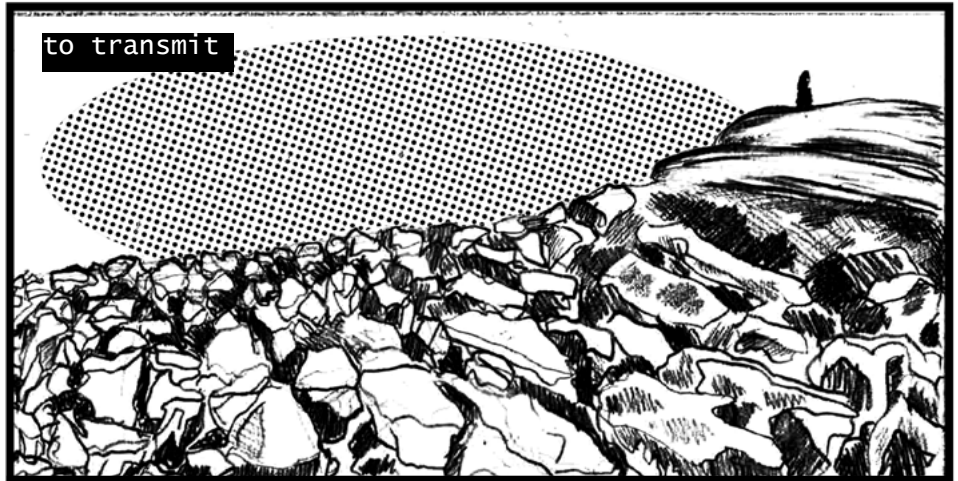
why i am meant to be



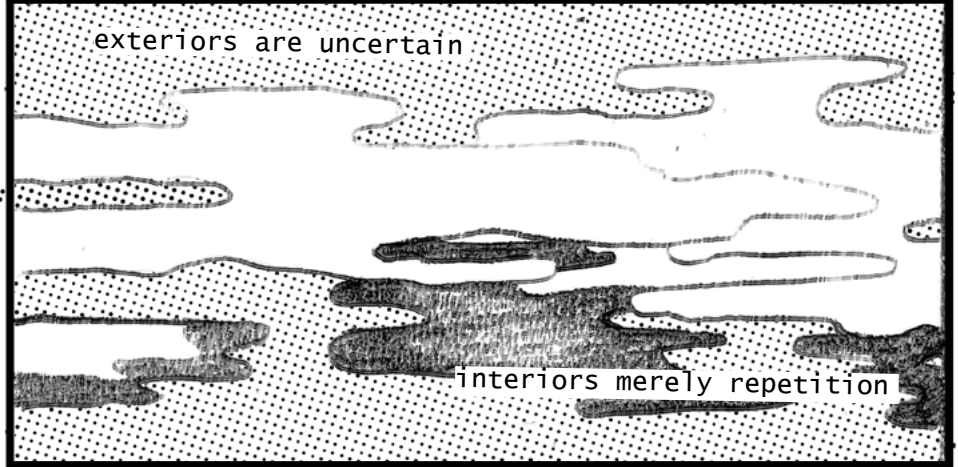
to learn all the ways



to cross, travel, transit



to transmit



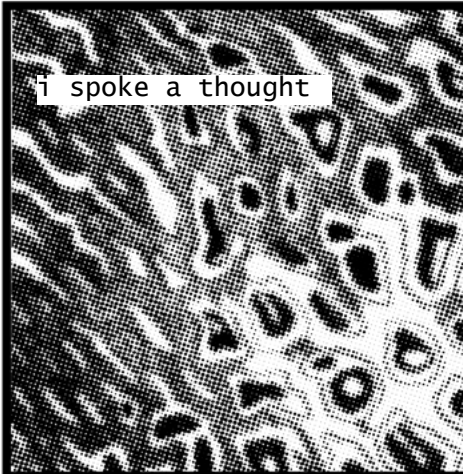
exteriors are uncertain

interiors merely repetition



i have chosen to have no place to turn

to move without reference to direction



i spoke a thought



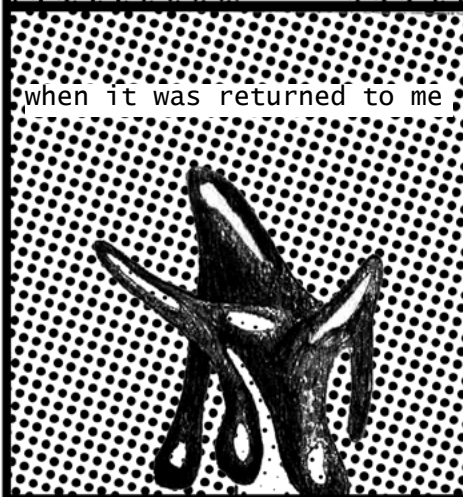
and made it real



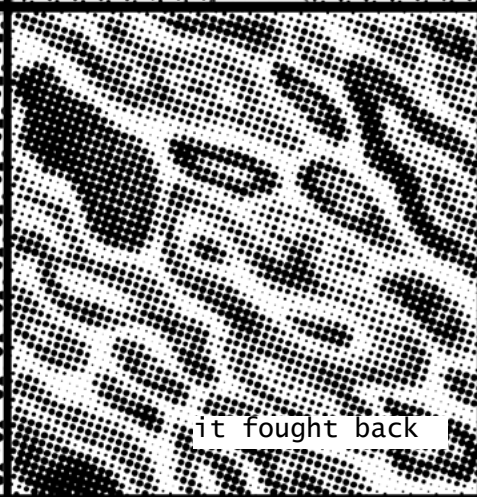
but the world flipped it



bent it out of shape



when it was returned to me

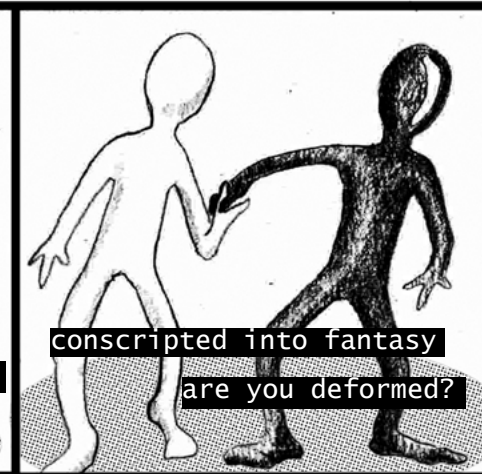


it fought back



is longing an intrusion

on another spirit?



conscripted into fantasy

are you deformed?



stolen?

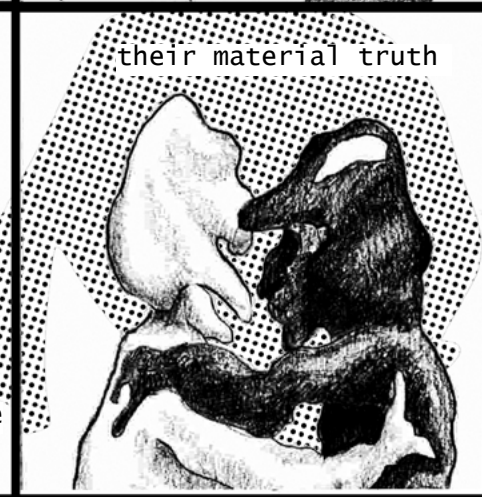


my ghost kisses your ghost

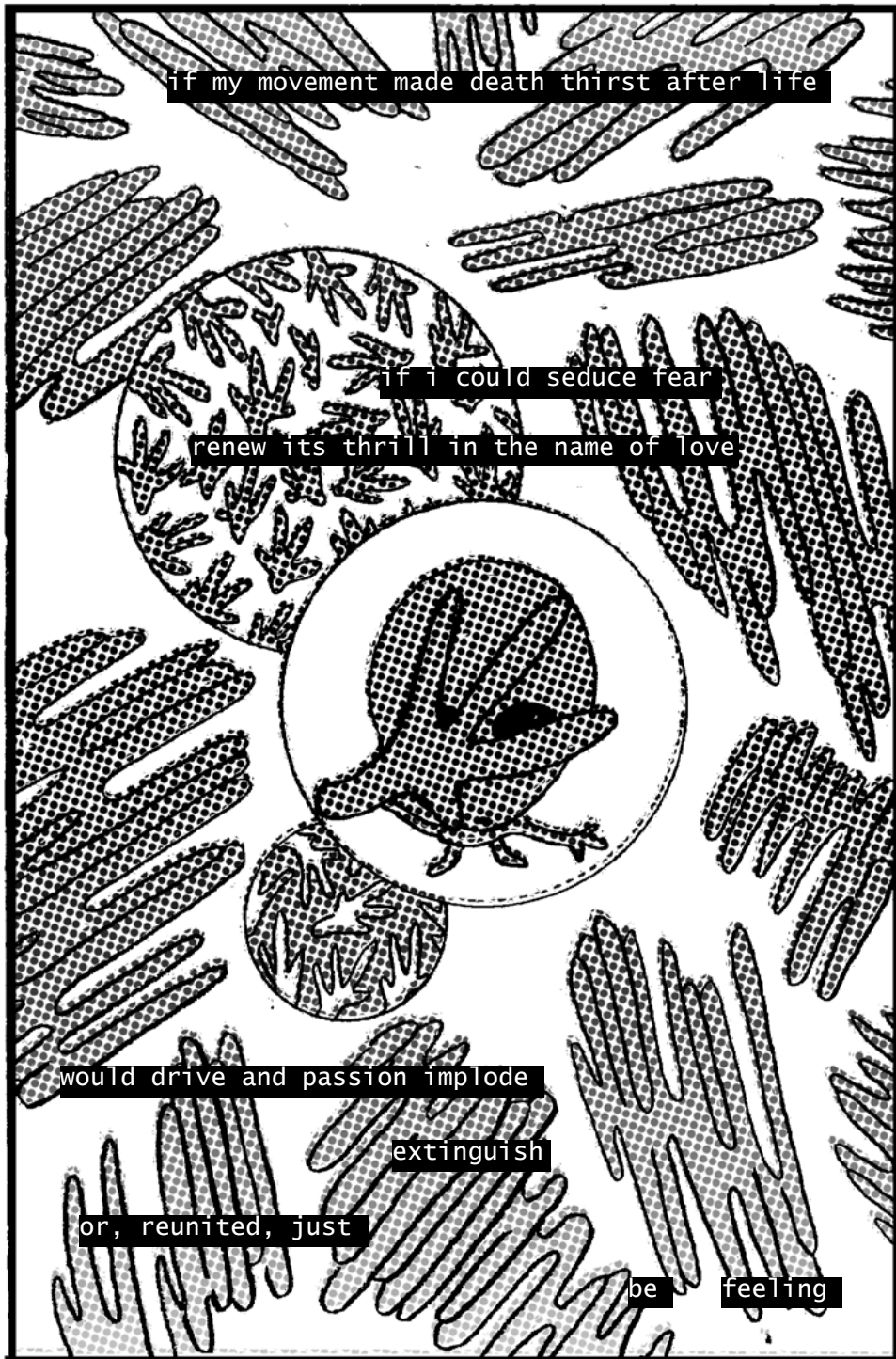


as if this contact could

restore



their material truth



if my movement made death thirst after life

if i could seduce fear

renew its thrill in the name of love

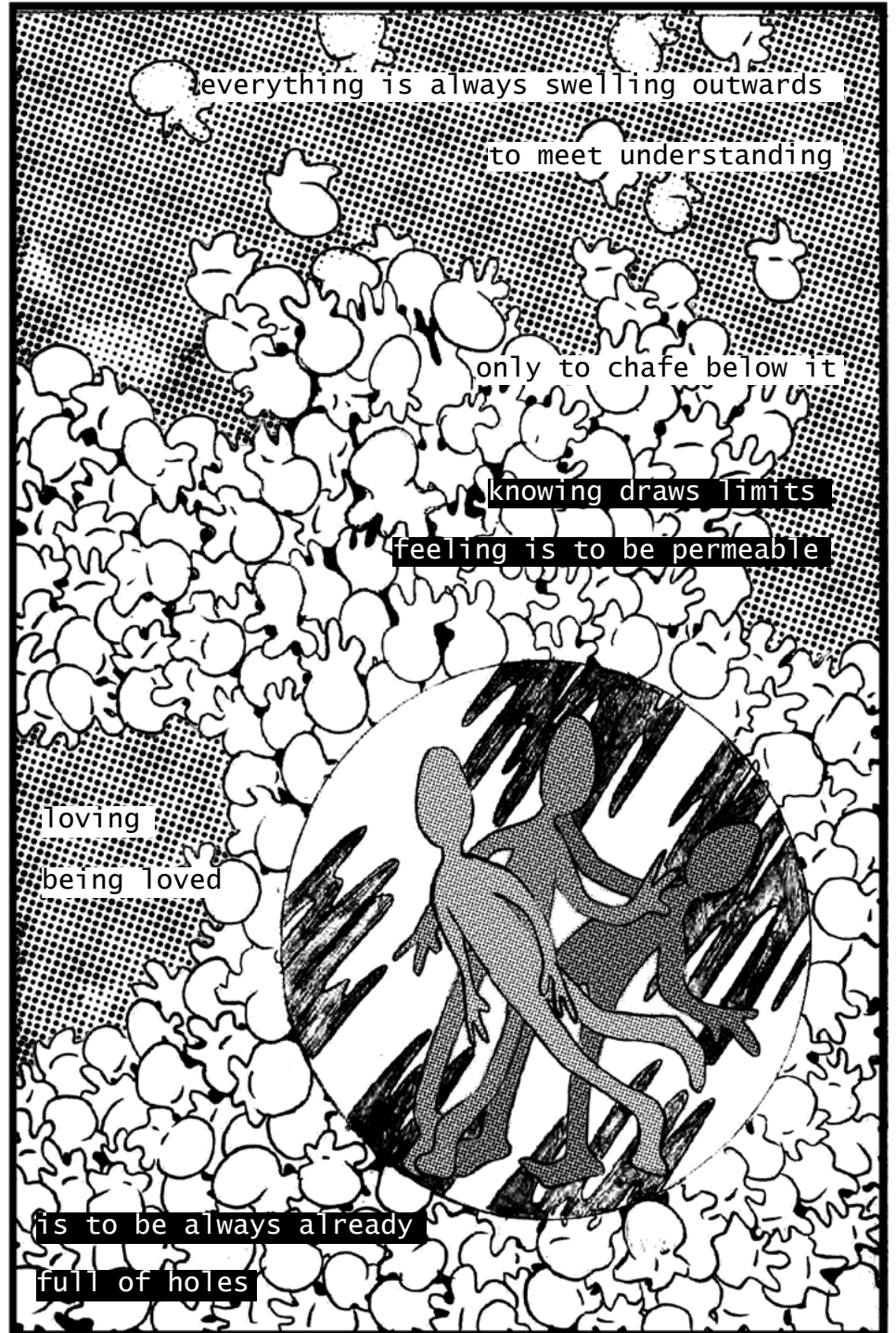
would drive and passion implode

extinguish

or, reunited, just

be

feeling



everything is always swelling outwards

to meet understanding

only to chafe below it

knowing draws limits

feeling is to be permeable

loving

being loved

is to be always already

full of holes