

I can't keep waking like this.      New blank document.      That break in the trees the wind slips through.      New blank document.      A fact I keep forgetting: the present is wide-eyed and constantly adjusting to the light. I was supposed to stop staying here another Fall. New blank document.      Why can't I stop staying here?      New blank document.      I was supposed to stop staying here another Fall, leaves pressed to drop by heavy rains. I keep waking like this, into the damp air, into the newly lit morning, the hour rolled back. Into the scratch in the bathroom mirror, I keep placing my left pupil.      New blank document. To those who liken the world to an oyster, why can't we stop rehearsing the pleasure of extraction? Little sphere, little white desire. Don't worry, says the radio, fracking is cheaper than ever. I keep waking like this, the ends of my hair in one fist.      New blank document. Do you ever turn it off, that sense      New blank document.      Why can't I stop staying here? Little oyster of the world,      New blank document.      I want to talk about time and work. Do spies ever take vacations? I can't keep waking like this.      New blank document. If you can't turn off that sense, does the mind make a pocket?      New blank document. That break in the trees the wind slips through.