

apres-midi très triste

for C.
July 1998.

The house is cold.
The blinds are drawn.
I live in the one room,
Working, sleeping, eating.

Your towel hangs on the door,
and your images on the walls,
defy gravity.
Both curling slowly.

Things fade away
only to be reborn ... and again.

Transient soundings and re-soundings
of works I'll never make,
spasm and accelerate
into evanescent visions.

Coming to me as in a dream ,
Your voice,
alone and exhausted,
speaks of dying.

Petit perturbations of unconsciousness,
vibrating voids and depressions,
fill the afternoon
with a meaningful meaninglessness.

Who are you,
European apparition,
like a shadow
passing over my life ... and again?

The end of the day is for comforting–
Too many stupid people with stupid ideas
occupied by fear and avarice.

Lavender, bay-leaf, lemons.

Don't talk to me at the end of the day.
Leave it until tomorrow–
The city was built just before I arrived
and pulled down just after I left.