

Nothing stops — Closeness, closer. I thought —
Eden as a withdrawal, the space opened behind one, space you know matters because it was only
just
not there — Instead
of *tomb*, I was practicing saying to myself, *the possibility of tombs* — To see
what happens. Matter
floats, each thing that exists dreams itself something that doesn't, then
becomes that possibility. That person, that claustrophobia of lens buried in an architrave
of star — You
look further and further up the wall
for so much interiority's source. *Die geträumten*,
the dreamed ones, there are those so good at being thought of, you love them — This is what I
meant when I read it — Already
the next language could not be a language of images
in the room you dress in but an image of language, an image of thought, what it means to have an
idea
in language, in other people, intimacy — I said to my friend, just now,
I think the best place to put a crystal is writing, nowhere else does it look so sharp, so brilliant —
Like
at Herculaneum, dark red walls of cinnabar
when the ash dreams, dark blonde grapefruit glittering in a bowl you can almost winter under,
gathering insideness — Some
rooms are so inside inside steals away, insidelier. Lovelier, inlovely, some houses *are* vision.
Are filled to the brim with swarms of vision. And lush — Once
you emanate a gentleness you will
come in.

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On the roof I was flipping through a long Spanish novel but it was so dark I couldn't see a single
image of page, so dark I read a page by shutting it
against another — I read —
Norton thought: *I have to get out of here. And she scanned the room, trying to pinpoint the exact spot
where the woman was, but it was impossible to see her. In order for her to be reflected in
both mirrors, she said to herself, she must be just between the little entryway and the room.
But she couldn't see her.*¹

¹ Robert Bolaño, 2666.

We lay down on the floorboards with the window and furniture behind us —
Look at the moon. Every single smell. You read me
a love poem by a soldier, not a love poem. Which war? *Yes,
perception will save the world.*²

² Michel Serres, *Malfaisance: Appropriation Through Pollution*.

The six of swords.

The lizard biting the boy's finger in Caravaggio's painting, not the one he painted, cracks in the wall filled with magma when dawn breaks —

Does it exist? Walks at night. We agree to try as hard as we possibly can to walk backwards while walking forwards. This straining —

Like metaphor. And, on the counter, clean, empty glasses. Mugs the cat drinks from. And everywhere else —

Bright walls in a dark room. Bright walls in a dark room. Bright walls in a dark room. Bright walls in a dark room. *What's wrong with my eyes. What's wrong*

*with my eyes. They are open and they don't see. They are open and they don't see.*³ And

I —

love	love	bright	bright	dark	dark
being	being	walls	walls	room	room
here	here	bright	bright	dark	dark
love	love	walls	walls	room	room
being	being	bright	bright	dark	dark
here	here	walls	walls	room	room
love	love	bright	bright	dark	dark
being	being	walls	walls	room	room
here	here				

It was an erosion. It was like an erosion. It was like an erosion I felt so close to dream in. Chandelier turned inside-out and only then lit, then served on a platter

with vermouth, essence of hibiscus, vinegar. The white lace of the curtain. The closest I've felt to understanding what a voice porous and loving, someone's and not someone's would sound like. Saffron

in orange juice — Do

not go away, do not put mercury in it. I

made breakfast for you.

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*The idea of a screen concealing what's in front of it: opposition between onar (the common dream) and hupar: the grand clear dream, the never believed prophetic vision (Pythia.)*⁴

³ Apichatpong Weerasethakul, *Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives*.

⁴ Roland Barthes, *How to Live Together: Novelistic Simulations of Everyday Spaces*.