I want to wake up from something like sleep—
something in which the events of sleep,
which move too fast to be seen, mingle freely
with the knowledge that I am not asleep—
and read a poem I remember reading somewhere
about a boy sleeping on a bus in Madrid,
on a bus going away from Madrid, actually,
out into the Spanish countryside at night,
countryside I’ve never seen, filled with night,
another country I’ve seen little of,
and write a poem no one understands,
that moves too fast to be understood,
that thinks understanding is a color
or an aromatic soap, that understanding
may be what the grass does all summer long
or light putting itself down slowly toward the end of day.
On the far side of the mountain, someone
is writing a sentence that has neither beginning,
middle nor end. He sits by the window and lets
the sun look over his shoulder. In the words
are the meanings of the words, but he prefers
to rub them together. That way, they murmur
things they would never understand, or need to.
Strange Terrain

The people across the street go into the house. They go inside as though it were the natural thing to do. He opens the door with the key, and she follows. They are living a life, trying to live a life, the color of moss, clatter of ankles and grass. They have an idea about the future. The future as a sprig of jasmine. You can see it in their dress, in the way they approach the door. Hesitating, languid, they don’t yet know who they are, and it hurts them to know that, to have the sense that something is near which they can’t see, and that it might be themselves. He moves in a slumbrous, water buffalo sort of way. Smaller and tilting to one side, she, it is clear, will be blown away, as birds are said to be blown off course, into a strange terrain. Strange terrains are everywhere, to be sure, and the strangers who make them strange, so she will not be alone. It may feel like no one is there, or no one who knows the avenue’s flow. I have no reason for saying it, but I say it anyway: Nothing is ever without its principle and being. Even so simple a thing as walking up to your door does not go unnoticed. You, for instance, think you are walking along a street. But no. You are becoming the way another has often thought. Is beginning to think. Storms of happening sleep beneath the cambric of the hour, and the key that rattles in your hand or another’s opens doors forever shut forever. You will not go there without
someone saying, there are fields of drenched feather. And the man who is sure he knows, and has the key in his hand to prove it, whispers the word here.