

POEM

someone i am wandering a town (if its
houses turning into themselves grow

silent upon new perfectly blue)

i am any (while around him streets
taking moment off by moment day
thankfully become each other) one who

feels a world crylaughingly float away

leaving just this strolling ghostly doll
of an almost vanished me (for whom
the departure of everything real is the
arrival of everything true) and i'm

no (if deeply less conceivable than
birth or death or even than breathing shall

blossom a first star) one