

i do not know where i am in the collection. i hear voices
from the places that are not there anymore.
i hear the voices that are in memory.
this is what collects me in all the separations that
are the single me.

whether i watch the dream beginning to dream or its changing from an equation of ethereal raw
physics with its angry shuddering stars and voids of cold unaccompanied emptiness
into the hand of a mother which is clung to in the presence of strangers.
i am included in the solution without an answer.

the universe is nervous consciousness shared individually. the collector and collection.

i reach into the mist of the heart knowing
that there is no reconciliation...

the terrible and elegant angels and monsters of what we are is in everything else.
a drum in a distant village with stamping feet dancing in a dance of a rushing river.

everything else.
wf.h.
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