

...december 9, 1985...

slow of slow awakenings
i float without my eyes –
sleeping beyond motorbikes
and credit cards and shops –

last night i moved the countryside
underneath my feet
but still cannot connect with flesh
that moves this walking street –

scenes hallucinate and spin
around me in a cloud
that carries me a thousand miles
a dozen blocks from home –

where i have been – where i will go
all happenings combine
until i barely recognise
the where of where i am.

