NUDE SOMNAMBULIST

She's not multimedia. She's flesh in white cotton negligee
(Shedded like a dead thought on the spiral staircase),
And she is winding down the intricate halls of sleep
For the seventh night in a row, winding a respectably
Reasonless path through the darkened, boxy apartment
Air—her punctuated exits and entrances cauterizing
Themselves, instantly, in the passage of whatever
New steerage her subconscious relays.
And I am not a sound-bite, I'm a sheep dog.
My tongue wags behind. A believer in such Old World
Mumbo jumbo, I don't dare to awaken her,
Afraid then that she'll never return from
That private no-realm, and leave me dumbly
In search of an incipient gesture in which
To convey my register of loss blahblahblah
To the insuperable abyss I'll meet and be.
And it's not interactive. It's separate hemispheres
Of oil and water, and what country she occupies
Isn't registered on any map. I'll wager it's a tundra,
A democracy of white spreading out in all directions,
Where dream-bartering shadows roost on forms,
Where there are no sheep dogs badly in need
Of a haircut, a shortcut from that world to this,
Tracking her footpad indentations left
On the spongy carpet—toes I have kissed
In insights of passion few saints have known!
The path leading to the balcony, to the full,
Simonized moon and its ethereal pigmentation.
In such a way that makes me sort of loony,
Sort of illegal, in Alabama, Tennessee, and Missouri.
—To the balcony. Her hand unlatching the cold
Metal of the sliding door.
Against the mile-long
Rooftop of trees and bumper to bumper stars,
Her pale body throbs like a flag for nothing.