Perfect Motels

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When a bird dies
it falls through the air
like the ending of the sublime.

I read all day
until fireflies start
out of livid places
and trouble the twilight
like candles in the windows
of a woman’s home
flickering I’m here
I’m here to anyone
who will see.

At five o’clock,
as if the sun were a thought
in a thinker’s mind,
some master passion
of a taciturn heart,
I am of two minds,
suspending things
in small nacreous
twilight of consciousness.

Take anything
to the nth degree
and it dismantles you.
After so many movements,
small wonder
a thing must die.

To alterations blue
and phenomenal as this sky,
I wake at midnight,

keeping things I
remember close
at hand and disquieting.