

The Paradox

We know it exists. (Dark Matter)
because of its gravity on the visible
stars and galaxies. It speeds things up.
Here is a man on map. Here is a man by
himself. Here is the self trying to mark
what happened. Here is the man who was
a boy watching the shadows. Here is an exert from 1985,
We were on our way
to the airport, and I start
talking crap at the checkpoint.

*We are made of oil, water and dirt,
and time
is the liquid through which life and death pass through.*

*And I heard a man sigh at a losing hand,
Kalashnikovs being slung as the strap falls off
his shoulder, another man using a coke can
for a toilet, a voice telling each of them to
quiet down and from a car window the wind
on an upward turn making the banana leaves
wave. The driver's palm on the handbrake,
his eyes in the mirror. To the left and empty
field. To the right a road bending. My mother
used to pick cotton in red fields barefoot, her
body bent in the middle of a day clothes
smelling of smoke and the days heat, shaking
her leg because motion is part of the action of
listening talking to the air or whatever dream
replied.*

Notice how the reds are not really red they too will rust.
Look how they spread across a dawn.

This was years before I could drive, before time flowed
with respect to something else. Before my home became
two cities, before I made a decision, I thought was mine.
Before we lived like birds, in the human hours when
we were a part of it, the mist that forms, the trees that watch,
and the stag that grazes. History is arriving.