READ OR DREAM

Idling, as though at a traffic light, thoughts keep rumbling. At night the refrigerator hums as loudly as lawn-mowers on Sundays: restless imagination colors the pitch-black room into persistence of memory. When I’m sure that I might not sleep till late tonight, I sit upright on the bed, reach for the bedside-stands for a romance (not harlequin, more like Ovid) and, under the penlight, read: alphabets turn the obstinate memory into a repository, like labels, like an archival reorganization schematized in private spaces. I begin to hear past voices, sins of my ears: I listen to recollect what they say, or mean to say, and in their afterlives, I live— I dream I am an Orpheus, singing to revive the inanimate. Those historical voices merge with mine: a metamorphosis exhaustive enough to alter even the cellular nuclei—a genuine rewriting. In self-replication and synthesis, I dream again of becoming an Orpheus.
THE REST ROOM, THE LOOP OF IMAGE

The rows of mirrors facing one another
reflected back
itself, and a self washing hands. Kaleidoscopic
in its vertiginous flare

of sanitary fluorescents,
I, for a moment, looked like a saddened
salamander trapped under a stone
in its thick membranous skin,

and, unable to move away,
thought of the stone-house in the field of
lonely trees, a windowless one that imbues
the interior with a night in midday.