

Even this long after, the falling continues inside me.

*H.L. Hix*

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Not sequentially, many of me falling one by one,  
each once and briefly, that's-thatted toward those previously,  
but with similar suddenness and finality, fallen.

Not events, but a condition. Even for those of me  
who are falling yet, the recognition that we must fall  
creates a falling before the falling, anticipation  
through which we fall into falling, the *but soon will*  
that follows any *has not yet*. Fall, falling, fallen.

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In multiple universes, nothing can remain quite  
exclusive to any one. Nor is any one world  
isolated or distinct. A hallucinatory  
quality follows, any one world made unquiet,  
animated by others, given by this, the multiple,  
hallucinatory energies that haunt this world.

Any plea I made for help would only prove  
no one can help me.

*H.L. Hix*

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If this my desolation had a name, what would name it?  
Not the lisp against leaves of half-hearted high-desert rain.  
(It's light here even when it's dark, dry even when it's wet.)  
Not the owl commiserating with another distant train.  
Does my sleeplessness mark this early morning or late night?  
That shadow scratching at the compost, in different weather  
will be stealing vegetables. (*You* try to be quiet  
at this hour, in this place.) I won't be sleeping then, either.

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The more willingly I accept how perplexing life is,  
the greater the tension between a thing and its context.  
That plastic cow I dug up from the garden: what's it doing  
on this kitchen sill? Who knows where the boy who lost it is.  
Who knows if he finds his life, as I find mine, perplexing:  
ever more routine events, ever less familiar context.