

## Historical Girl

"Transmatistic" she said, quaffing the words  
with a neolooking solar in her eyes, that spoke to him  
with I've-been-there beautitudes.

The dubious demon rising on the picture  
swayed up to a peak and let us know  
the sheets that formed our walls were just for show

and people walking by were looking in  
for demonstrated attitudes: she there  
with black and white, a color-invested world

sewn in her mouth. It was hard to tell  
nighttime from day, the altitudes  
were soldered in this place, and there we were

and being there was what we were bequeathed  
to do, puppies lingering at our feet,  
or stealing kittens from each other in a unique relation

to opacity. It was a story of how one is  
with an invisible audience, evadant spires  
gleaming in a distance solely in her eyes

as if illusion were "to translate," as distance does  
obedience in disappearing ink