

## Tsvtat Night

Tsvtat night  
all light out  
except tv  
burning  
and the sea  
pressing gently  
over the edge  
of where we  
ready ourselves  
to dream.

On the screen  
man with beard  
neatly cut over  
century old  
cravat begins  
to paint  
as I rest  
my bed rising above  
rocks and sea.

Through half shut eyes  
I see the  
likeness of white wings  
half open, angel  
carried  
on a stretcher  
by two peasants  
exquisitely drawn.

Then I float  
on the salty stream,  
foreign tongue  
lapping against my ears  
as I drift  
in and out of  
angel's wings  
my soul in strange  
hands.

How prescient  
I wake to think  
seeing suddenly  
the painter has  
threaded an enfilade of  
black skulls  
with gold embroidery  
which must (I reason)  
signify life  
in the painter's mind.

And weaving  
my own stray  
thoughts into  
the design, I wonder if  
perhaps this room  
where eventually  
I will sleep  
is where the corporal  
slept  
in the last occupation.

But now it's only  
I, seeking  
peace, a sea view,  
watching  
the aperture widen  
then shut  
as still  
one more moment  
is conjured and then  
passes into memory  
redemption  
affliction.

*s*  
*u*  
*s*  
*a*  
*n*  
  
*g*  
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