

## Apparition

Between lemonade and bales of hay  
your gaze  
again again again  
on me until  
inside of it  
I womaned. A moment  
of budding agape across  
you, man,  
and a dreamnight  
lit with love. I sat,  
for once,  
within distinction, grew  
distilled beside the form you stoke -  
I lie.  
No not night but me. Love-lit me whom I mistook  
for you,  
sharpened  
against softness  
and the beauty of your speech.  
Damn you. Did you  
not see the consequence  
of proper looking?  
How my body drew the boundary I seek?  
Do you not know the danger  
that is in dosaged tenderness?  
Or did you just forget all damage done  
in the name of temporary good?  
This is the consequence, this is the danger:  
instant manifestation.  
No ghost is dead, only unseen.  
You youed me into I, eyed me  
into flesh.  
There is a piercing quality in you that needles my surface, tingling,  
old blood rushing back from the depths,  
from compression.  
My skin shone like molten lead dropped into water.  
And in the cloud of your cigarette smoke exhaled on me  
you blew visible the rays of my edges.  
  
No not I but night -  
it lies.

Lie-lit night dims shadow.  
Dark deranges feeling.  
Though not the cat  
that caught the mouse  
that thought it could  
escape itself. Five minutes later  
I watched it collapse under paw,  
dangle limp and inconcrete  
from a stranger's mouth.  
I did not understand then  
how this combined with me.  
Only later, after dark, when dreamnight's latency  
had actualized as

day I began  
to grasp the game. Like a negative  
developing in stop bath I saw  
your real image  
emerge in real time.  
You looked so different exposed.  
Anyway, with you permanenting I etherized again.  
I did not know which one of us to mourn.  
If I stood in a sandstorm  
the lines left  
would be two vertical streaks  
in the air.