

& so I left my place for the party, & it was night, & I without car walked through the park which was really a solid mile of nothing at all, just a swing set, some benches & pavement, & thinking beyond where i was & of the houses dim lit in the distance that looked like submerged oil fires that suddenly appear or the ocean's pleasing color getting darker.

They were the immediate empire waiting for tomorrow: a suburb measurable in its capacity for comfort, & I stopped there to look at it & felt something though I can hardly remember what it was. Maybe feeling sometimes is like a ladder used to see out over the fence into some boundless waters where small fires are on the beach dying out, until they finally do & are gone, & then the ladder right out from under your feet, & you're on the ground, & there's no more ladder though you know it must have been there because you remember looking out & over once. Maybe that's how feeling is sometimes, & I didn't even want to go this party I thought then I wanted something else. I wanted something overhead to just pluck me up & put me home again, maybe a bird, a big one, with an almost human face.



Moonlight as Liason