

Pagorsky, sitting numb, upon this day: nor breath nor eyes
nor will have caused the lake a stir, empty of visualization...
undisturbed reflection...

and now

tired of walking

tired of sitting

tired of being of,

of mental images, lavatory graffiti

of serpents, pigeons,

birth, death

tired of diva divine mens and dominus,

dull worms

swamped driftwood,

rests.

Whatrest is not

andof this day,

for even in this wholesome awesome dullsome wholiness

(she said the world

would break up in two,

one for the each of us).

When?

His eyes ask. Mother.

When.

Upon that time when

one eye closed...

and even then

was once a story told

by childlight

of a certain Oromasis

and his gold-laying hen,

which labored all day

nestled in iris root,

balsamic oil, and sun of rose -

twice named to the holy! holy! -