A word, necessarily,
from down a throat and to the left,
to take the place of me in certain rooms;

a drawn-out symmetrical whisper
like a moaning cello: blatant in nature
but less important. The scent
of week-old solipsism hangs

like smoke lodged in clothing—
sometimes there is only the past.

Later, which will then be now,
someone will hear something through
a wall—or at least say they did—
and then two things will be true;

it will be impossible to tell them apart;

bespoke realities, conveniently
structural like the language
of exotic numbers, intentionally obdurate.
Beyond all this, the quotidian—

its elements so unmistakable and pure
they become intolerable: inflated pedantry
woven through like irrigation.

On a slate grey Sunday, leaves at their last,
in all their not-long-for-this-worldly
brilliance, prostrate themselves (you imagine)
at your feet. As you stand motionless

tracing the paths of each of their falling,
you resurrect your faith in someday.
All the while, through a window,

which is not really a window,
you are watched by someone whose name
makes the sound of equidistant stones—
a perceptive architecture that *allows you*.

The wind blows; it begins to rain.  
Overhead, a flock of geese passes.

Everything, and the leaves that lie dying (rejoicing)...

Nothing has ever seemed so alive; nothing has ever seemed so already gone.