

CLEAR AND OBSCURE

End of snow. Dim outlines. Quiet signs of life possible, of orderly progression of natural phenomena. Seasons, solstice and equinox, youth and old age. Dissolve. With the speed of evening.

Distance in his eyes. I'm watching a man "lost in thought." Even a part of the distance is more than I can conceive. Visual evidence is not logical. I don't know (watching) if in cause or consequence. My eyes slide off into "the early dark."

An open window. The man is smoking a cigarette. A nod remains hanging. Easy visualization is ground for preference, not for repeating. Tangled smells. The knob turns, but the door remains locked. Sudden match struck.

Sleeping in one bed, they are not intimate for years. Only the wind. The confident demarcations of natural law. A single child. (This is why I tell you.) So quiet, so secret an understanding. Light in itself not a source of knowledge. The space of real objects. A cry breaks it open. The complex art of measurement. His young face seems exaggerated.

Outlines only. "Upside down." Without explanation. Simplicity too, is not a criterion. I watch him cross the yard. Clothed, this can take a long time. If the deviations are very small and not observable in everyday life there is tense silence.

—Rosmarie Waldrop