

Kashmir, Petite Machine

I could sink to the bottom of you
with a stone on a chain
without breathing in
I could tell you and tell you again
that there is only one
though many have been

lie down
fall in
pass out
while I'm wide awake
with the lights out
you're in safe hands
of that one man
who can fix his petite machine

you're not lonely in seconds of doubt
and the doubt is in me
next to certainty
back and forth as it always has been
and ever will be
as long as we're not in between

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while I'm wide awake
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