

Anathallo, Noni's Field

When I closed my eyes in Noni's field
We were lying on our backs.

I dreamt that the ground splits a seam,
our spirits, floating.

When no longer tied into our bodies,
We left them (wrapping)
As a sign, to slip into the crack.
Tired and ready to go.

But I don't know what goes on.
I touched my grandfather's face,
He lay fixed in his casket.

He lay sewn shut and folded
So that none could refuse it.

They had posed, they had painted him.
I laughed. I let him go.
His cheeks washed like watercolor sunlight, evening time.
I could never put my hands back to them.

Still, I don't know what goes on.
Will my thoughts burn in unseen patterns?
Form a dim glow in your mind,
Long after you remember who it was that I looked like?

We saw the sky, swarming full with the light that the fireflies made.
An accidental constellation.

You, how will you go?
Out through your mouth in a sigh?
Into a space we don't know.