

118

Uuo

294

By all accounts, we are closer
to a certain grasp

(lash, juncture and midst):

the monarch inherits coordinates;
a subtle loosening makes us tick.

Wait long enough

(mimeograph)

and the carbon comes back to you.

Everywhere one turns:
remarkable likenesses.

You speak to the dresses
in your closet as though
they were children.

The subconscious goes
and makes a deliberate mess
of things; and theory...

theory will have to suffice
for now.