





unheard. It was all still there. And now, louder still, over it,  
each wave of surf against which she would play the terms  
“happy” “aghast” “uselessness” “perfect”  
as if her mind could bend its dousing wand  
into those waves, into those waves’ waves, into the foreign part of  
the “soul”  
that was still – (there in each individual break on shore, each rise  
or fall  
in pitch) –  
what she could call “her” soul.  
Is there so much foreign matter in it? Doesn’t it *belong* re-  
gardless?  
Blurring but alive with separateness?  
To know what is coming, she thought, as if to pull the day-break on.  
That we are moving. She thought of the car on the highway’s  
dangerous and graceful resolutions –  
saw its static lights and *speed* as if it were just  
patience –  
the escape from “here” a resolute giving-in to patience –  
the patience of story – that we are moving  
(looking at the mullioned squares of black for story to break  
in them)(erasing  
the room reflected there, in all its parts, again and again)  
each pane placing her at a  
slightly different angle, yes,  
[somebody else’s car going by terribly fast  
down the main road]  
[a conflagration of utmost nearness, appearance and  
disappearance on either  
side] the panes in sets of eight where the window sill  
holds night  
[as if something out there is just waiting for you to laugh  
out loud][to break][like bending to take the long expected  
drink of water –  
the long “cool” drink of water she thought because of the shiny  
surface of the panes –  
our faces as if hiding in them, in the  
room in them, in the surface on the surface that must not  
be looked past].