

Your breath on a window pane  
obscures what  
lies beyond. Running  
child, you still hear it, the  
varieties of incidents  
discussed or not,

do you see what  
barely exists  
crinkle on a white

dress the lightest around  
you without  
a noun

no substantive  
no verb  
without an adverb,

with little.

Something glides  
around your language,

and someone else

talks through it,  
around your body

the casual gestures  
of to and fro  
without

it coming to  
something, exercises in  
nothingness. What

would you actually call them?

Those moments  
of the day when

little seems  
to happen and you  
do nothing either? Mental

leap to the Turquoise cloth  
(wood, linen) that no one  
mentions.

How long does doing  
something simple last,  
putting on a sock,

a blouse, tugging  
on your lip? The ink's run out,  
take off your shoes

or not, the breath of  
broad beans, of letters  
on the white around. Little

covers lots, nothing to  
attach yourself to, this fleeting  
sentence. Somewhere on

your wrist, there it breathes,  
not balsa but  
cedar, the hem of water and

air. Your breath when you  
wait ages for something without  
conjunction, no

preposition, just an image  
which doesn't need to be  
there, does

the paper rustle  
elsewise to how  
it breathes, the wood

wavers towards apricots,  
is every image really there  
and almost

not being  
wafted away from you  
on the strand

driftwood your breath  
when you laughed  
what will you do if

someone calls and  
you say I'll  
call right back

The things right in front of you  
have a time  
of seeing, is that

an apple or rather a  
drawing-pin lying there on a  
breathing

table? What shifts

within the unnoticed  
if something  
is noticed.

An orgy of the  
visible, don't  
look right now,

no narrative,  
the history of rust,  
the future,

which you're looking

at half-and-

half, without

direction. The faintness

in an incident -

let it shine.