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Anode (20 XII 94)

Michael Palmer

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Michael Palmer

Anode (20 XII 94)

By that fractured lion in the park was it, our latent memories recombined so that even the smallest of them—

the one of musk, the one of a quartzite pebble on a gravestone—were irretrievably lost.

As sounds in the mouth get lost. As a traveller—a visitor—may grow silent in the spaces of a house.

Sun-flares drape the page now with the purest of lies in place of desired rains.

Yet it has begun to rain after all. Is that what you said? Begun to rain after all?