

Questions

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I look at
the forest's indigo
fall into the river
& translate
the riverspeak
in silence.

She asks:
Why do you daydream so much?

Now, now,
don't you know
I never ask:
why the thunder cracks
like a rough joke
you climb up the steps
like a snake dance
a lone bird hatches
the stars in the night-sky;
the river crawls
on all fours
upon drinking
the first rain;
the earth changes her scent
in a moment
& how all questions
just cease to exist?!

(The
rain
drips
some
more.

My dreamscape swaddled in gauzy cloth.)

This scheming silence
strokes my hair
like the choppy breeze
in my dream the other day.

That I still remember
because
that's my favourite one –
we first met
in that dream!