

dowsing

25 April 2019

Bad Oldesloe

everyday i wake up in the wrong place.
this week the compass leans on the distance
from Tottenham Hale to Tower Bridge, where
Zoe sleeps in a hotel bed. quiet outside
noisy inside, or otherwise. we are almost
and never quite here, right here. just there,
over there, every day

for a least a year

every day i wake up in the wrong place.
even this side of the bed is somehow a mistake.
you won't hold still, neither can i but
the once colluded orbits get out of sync and
i can't predict the next eclipse. it's too dark and not
dark enough. the distance, displacement
has no edge, never completes. with every arrival
there are new ways to be refused entry.

he asked what i was running from.
untrue, i said. you lose. i run for home,
that place just beyond.
i'm always late. I get to the steps
with the stone lions just as they close the
church doors. all the books and everything i want
is inside. i'm waiting on the steps with my sandwich
in my pocket and of course like anyone i fall asleep. like any
one if i hold still for too long i close my eyes. like every
one i get so tired i miss the morning call. i miss
the unlocking and the open moment. when they turn the
key, swing the door, sweep the steps down, shake the rugs,
i am mistaken for what i have become:
homeless. it would have been the right place
if i had woken up. but i slept
in the sun, fighting back the light, clinging to
insolent dreamsong. when finally
the footsteps passing by my face become alarm
bells clock chimes nudging me up and out i
find with my haggard and ardent eyes the place i was in,
where i had got to, all that travel and my
feet so sore. the place was wrong.
I'd missed it again.

every day when i wake i find i am in the

wrong place. i should have been with you. on the horse. in the attic. waiting in that field of corn stalks green and inedible for the tornado to finally pull me apart and away.

today i am here where they build a thing they call community. they do it by laying brick on brick of like-you-ness. the walls appear solid but can be shifted with the application of a little force a little focus a little wiggle and thrust. if you dance wild and hard enough you can change its shape. tomorrow they have decided to parget their hamlet with not-like-you mortar. after tomorrow any new movement will require wreckingball/earthquake/smartbomb/cyclone even a slight shift in the border between themness and usness will be called a crack a fault a fissure a break a bad thing that needs fixing.

i will have to leave tonight.
my feet are still sore but i won't wake up here again.

every day when i wake i find i am in the wrong place.
the quadrants of my heart are called
Portland, Chicago, New York, and London.
I will not anneal my borders. there is no one i am not like.
everyone is not like me. my stone-step sandwich is too dry
to swallow without the moistening song of informative aching.
my heart must become enormous, planetary.
or it will break.

there are no other options.