at the quick takeover
of body by mind.
To be dead is not to see
the white flannel curtain
that is the world before the window;
it’s not to see the molecules of starch
on the freshly made bed
or the quivering boy
wondering whether the world
will soon end and how.
He extricates himself
from his environment,
studies history from
King David to Gaul.
He begins to levitate,
the way a painting begs
to emerge from two dimensions—
bruised skin and dappled fruit—
to announce its theme: the all.