

Things were astounding enough  
the passenger ferry the steeple  
enough to make you die of astonishment  
an empty river  
the swimming bench tips of trees to take wing  
if you did nothing at all

I like that feeling right next to the stillness being alive  
if one could  
could realize that clearly enough

If I don't eat there's a situation what everyone did was  
just a distraction from astonishment  
magistrate building  
sitting neatly as adults the body as message

I appreciate a riot let the hand down revering books  
and language  
charm amulet  
I preach practicality as a vision of the future  
pilgrim saint  
I am not John Dewey

The shrine of the *beyond* *that is within* sideways

next to the imagination one must remember it is there  
fluid Sometimes miracles were written on parchment  
twisted into a paw abracadabra shining in the pocket  
of a good realist to agree the minutes are a modifier

An emphasis falls on silhouettes

trenches lilies

substituting for an original body and voice

you recall treatments of nothingness *books were not*

*stories printed on paper they were people*

*the real people* silence was pictorial again