

sleeping woman

I sit up in bed at night and listen to you
snore

I met you in a bus station
and now I wonder at your back
sick white and stained with
children's freckles
as the lamp divests the unsolvable
sorrow of the world
upon your sleep.

I cannot see your feet
but I must guess that they are
most charming feet.

who do you belong to?
are you real?
I think of flowers, animals, birds
they all seem more than good
and so clearly
real.

yet you cannot help being a
woman. we are each selected to be
something. the spider the cook.
the elephant. it is as if we were each
a painting and hung on some
gallery wall.

— and now the painting turns
upon its back, and over a curving elbow
I can see 1/2 a mouth, one eye and
almost a nose.

the rest of you is hidden
out of sight
but I know that you are a
contemporary, a modern living
work
perhaps not immortal
but we have
loved.

please continue to
snore.