

CONSTRUCTION

“everything that’s happened
has happened before
and is happening right now and will
happen again?”

drunk
i rub my blood-shot
eyes seeing weird
designs

my room has no curtains
my shoulders are
cold:
eyes closed i wonder
what windows
are for . . .

“there is no space
no time: everything’s
too wide: infinity’s
in a square inch: the universe
stretches
endlessly”

i stand up naked
in this vast and
meaningless universe
(the neighbors can’t see)
i close each window
slowly: the night
sky
filled with stars!

i lay back down:
the absurdity of it all:
tomorrow i go fill
in a lake . . .