

SALT 1974-2020

sliding into time
feet first
on something like a slab
on something like the ocean floor
washing over
spilling its female like salt
some question of why he was there.

THERE WAS SOME QUESTION ABOUT THE MAN ON THE TABLE
CREATING HIM FEMALE AS HE APPARENTLY HAD BEEN

what did it take
this move into limbo
the moon
short circuit of tides
the sea
salt
in his veins female like salt.

tears pool and thread their way sideways from his eyes
mapping the distance from anterior space
determining the formula that will prove him logically divided
sweat
breaks out
pours
finally the sea won't hold as a theorem.

it is later
we are all somewhere else
from every angle the question is divided
faces gloom over the possible distance of an answer

why do we go through this someone asks
and I am thinking that one of us has salt
not veins for tears

DER MEISTERSINGER CONDUCTS THE PROCEEDINGS
BUT WHY DO WE PLAY?

i am coming down this infinitesimal web
hand over hand
my lack of substance in the picture is the only pull
against the loss of gravity
a tear follows me down the web
salty droplet
I reach up and grab it
chew it down
it rolls in my mouth like mercury
swallowing I become aware of my heartbeat.

now mirrors that defy gravity
that don't show me I exist
vapors
cloud them over
where did the mirrors come from?

before this invention that
before being the negative pull of time in my thoughts
i walk across great longitudes of space
dogs come and wag their tails
sniffing me out
the world presents itself as uninterestingly small
the dogs
skip at my heels
I have only this track to go on.

Anna McLellan