

Three Prose Poems

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peonies

the peonies you said you'd planted climb night and writhe into bloom, not knowing when these flowers are supposed to bloom and believing that it is now summer, not knowing if you have a garden, and if not that, not knowing if you planted the peonies in a flowerpot or how the flowerpot glimmers brightly, not knowing anything, the peonies you planted arrive dragging the dark, from under my feet and up to my head, and again spreading into my nose and inside my breath, blooming from my mouth, why are such round things so bright, and if not that, how do i explain this moment never having been taught how, spring passes like this and it is summer again, it is time to try sticking your body against the wall, and so, to call them peonies, i don't even know what those flowers look like, they are not me and even more so they are not you, the plant's name bobs up in my mind like a ball, i am so very curious about the thing you said you'd planted and i wonder why you are so sick of such peonies, you who would have brushed off your hands loudly after planting them, those flowers, the peonies you said you'd planted, bloom and creep

when you visit

and just like that, when i think you are here i shake out and hang the laundry out to dry—i take a break from my cigarette and sit exactly as i am after inspecting all the nooks in the blanket—twisting to follow the sun that tilts all day, sometimes i listen for you and lift my heels in the direction of your arrival—lift up and bring down my arms slightly—when you, no, even when a shape resembling you approaches, i am a lousy book that you spread open and put down—in that moment i wonder how to place my hands how to laugh how to mourn in the loveliest way, and so you, you, your ways fold me, me away like wings—spilling, i look over my shoulder—your image that suspends me in suspense, no, suspends me exactly as i am—if i could suspend and suspend suspension—recall, like a return among countless returning returns—if you could sit me down and sit by my side, lay me down and lay by my side—lie in wait and touch—a drawn loneliness pointing toward a plane in a realm of nothing—when i follow my hand and walk, it's as if i could simply pass through you, as if i could get to know you a little—the reason my breathing burns into a suffocating cinder that feels like stone and can only be felt as stone is not you but this pocket of reality—you, a maze always out of view, i stand behind my eyes and wait for you like i am standing by for an afternoon to be drowned in a deluge—i grit my teeth, grit until i pale with exhaustion—and somehow, at last, from yourself you make a visit

falling inside

the time of the hairstreak butterfly fluttering away as a tiger butterfly, the time of sitting with my back turned, the time of a day's sun before its heat, the time of dust dividing and drifting away its numbers, the time of dandelion seeds floating up and sinking and floating up again, the time of my aching eyes straining to see farther, the time of the houses stretching out faraway one by one until they disappear, the time that won't arrive, the time of snow slowly falling inside the soju bottle, the time of *ressentiment*, the time of trees locking up their shadows, the time of feeling enough time has passed while fearing that time will stop, the time that at any rate doesn't pass easily, the time of turning back again with a sigh, of snow falling still inside the soju bottle, of not yet being drunk, of my still aching eyes, of explaining away even the things too far away to see, the time that is you, the time that i am not myself, the time that i am not even me thinking of you, the time of discarding myself as such, the time that breaks, the time that melts, the time that blows away, the time that dissolves, the time of snow no longer falling inside the soju bottle, the time when there are no butterflies and only violets remain, the time of leaving behind the violets and returning, the time of no longer being there, the time when only time remains, when even time can barely stand to leave itself, that time

