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Knitting the Sleeve of Care

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KNITTING THE SLEEVE OF CARE

Swept to the surface by too much light, I wake
with my head in my hands. Cars across the river
veer through the green
night. Creak of the floor over my bed, beside it
the patient shuffle of digits, and overhead, the four
feet of the stroke victim's
aluminum cane.

The hounds' long leap
streaks past my window under No Trespassing signs
where the current calls the other way, and the red
glare of sumac flags a jogger upstream. Better to go down
gasping for air, your whole life flashing before you
than fall under the wheel of the trucker
making up time as he goes.

I am making up ours
from channels under my eyelids, insomniac
drives, the moonlanes of traffic
rising up in the vertical night. Now the highway
unravels and lets down the ropes of a swing
depending, fragile as thread, from scissoring
branches I see through

as the bulk of my body
travels the track of a comet
released from unbearable height. These faraway
rumors, these emanations: are they
fear or vertigo? Such animal grace
dissolves along the borders towards the deep
ending we dream at the close of every day.