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[He sits in the car and stares straight ahead, blankly]

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He sits in the car and stares straight ahead, blankly
It is night
The wipers scrape across the dry windshield, scrape back
and forth, back and forth
It is the rhythm of ablation
He feels his presence as aleatoric
He feels her presence as absence
He hears the leaves scrape each other's brittle skin
He feels they finally had no new words
He feels that words come and go like breath
There is no solace in the constant sound of traffic
The only light is in the kitchen window, it could be waning
I am not cold he says or thinks
There in no motion though he hears himself say the word 'sudden'
He feels himself falling
He feels nothing, not even lack of feeling, nor feeling that
A perfect hole
She put a plum in his mouth once, round, smooth, yielding
The wipers clack back and forth, back and forth
Then he is 'here,' he realizes it
And again he realizes it, that he must have been somewhere else
He feels again the weight in his hands, of his hands
Smooth and cool he says or thinks he says
There are many hands he keeps folded
He hears the car fail repeatedly to catch its impulse
He hears the sound of the house, the sound of weight, looming
He knows there is something there he cannot quite reach
It is like an itch, like night
There is a great machine he thinks or says, it is unwinding
He knows what already happened waits to happen
He hears sirens

Paul S. Piper