daguerreotype of sleep

Mong Lan
Would there's sleep
a cat cleaning herself
or an idea of one
thought enters the way
a person enters

before a line of one-handed mercury I stand
wish the pages could be turned
leave it untempered
its time has passed its time passed

should I have stayed?
should've slept and laid my head on the table
a thousand white dresses a million soarings of the heron
the wing of an orchid on my plate
& then I thought of the ordinary life
a handprint something made something forced
something betrayed
on a mountain range of mid winter
a slaughter we’re sleeping
a shirt full of laughter

your future in space
& a line (it will not happen)
a blue jay an odor
i suppose tonight is the end

a word with you is a season entire

alone go to the mountains

in an awkwardness
with no way out the spell of life
take something a pill

we’re not sleeping our hands
wringing