Guidelines

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And on and on. Perhaps this is the most measurable day, this life. The waiter is bringing drinks, gin & tonic on a round tray. Beside each glass he sets a book about trees. You can look at sketches of leaves and decide. Or you can move your way through the words and the little maps with their blue bands for winter, pink for summer, waves of migration up, more or less, and down. You can imagine it. Also, some clear advice about which constellations are approachable after ten, and how you might orient yourself, relative to this river. There’s very little here about the smells of things, though of course these matter—remember her hair, remember the boy’s head, and bending beside him to kiss once more, though he’s already asleep. And there’s some confusion about noise, which is sad, because what a world there is in the night, even here, parking the old car near the sycamore, near the moonlight. Even bones are a quiet music, even bones.