

I float through the city. Night-lamps hold halos with a purpose: to shine. I plub curbs and fly down slick sidewalks, airy but aimless. Wet leaves form new clumps behind my steps; I'm as indifferent to the new shapes as I was to the old ones. I'm spinning, heavy-limbed, feverish, and then fine in quick succession. Busy people in ponchos pass through me, and the rain passes through empty space. I make believe I can evaporate, dissipate, and become caustics playing under lamp-light. Instead, in the pit of night, from the pit in my stomach, I just wish I were asleep.