

### Who Remembers

The sky endures in its unhappiness.  
They said it was a brain that unravels above,  
shot with white lights, rolling like smoke or steam  
around the blue bridges that erect themselves and dissolve  
among shifting islands in the space  
of an electrocution or an enlightenment.  
They said, "This is no drama: where is the denouement?  
This is today like yesterday, even if yesterday  
was pure and now it is filthy poison or storm.  
This is your confusion." But it is misery on earth,  
and of the earth.

As the thunderhead draws up  
and engraves itself in twilight over the isolation  
of a late bee, the warm air embalms  
this new rearrangement of the elements.  
There is no end to what is possible.  
Now, as the bee changes flowers in a spike of phlox,  
crowds move in Asia, a shot leaps on the hills,  
a girl with a blue eye and a brown eye  
passes beneath a bridge.

And now all is changed.  
But there is one who never changes, one  
who remembers what is never remembered  
and who calls to the possible, the unfolding,  
who longs for the griffin, the sphinx, all beings that might be,  
longs for the one that comprehends.  
Again his head on this day like every other  
falls forward in the grass. There in the future  
a barren circle appears, where all that is possible  
has come to an end, where salt was sown in the earth.

—A.F. Mortiz