

The forest had risen above tracks under which
 pipes lead to structures
 that melted decades before, and the pipes
 still make the sound of people,
 the cornered blood in their structures.

Leave them at the edge of a town
 facing rows of tomorrows, absorbent
 and many-coloured.
 The roads are entwined.
 A trace of language is left on a wall.

”

NOTHING

My son asks what is inside an arm
 I say, bone.
 What is inside bone?
 I say, marrow.
 What is inside marrow?
 I say, cells.
 What is inside cells?
 I say, proteins.
 What is inside proteins?
 I say, atoms.
 What is inside atoms?
 I say, a neutron.
 What is inside a neutron?
 Nothing, I say.
 What is inside nothing?
 And he answers, nothing.

REPRESENTATION

I represent the thought of
 eternity, said the clock, and the rocks laughed.

I represent the thought of
 death, said the rocks, and the clock struck.

I represent the work of nothing, said eternity,
 and the words shook.