

Michael Ruby

from VISIONS

It's the first moment of dawn.
We're not going to see anything here.
Some shoes and clothes
strewn on the floor.
Some glasses and plates
left on the table.
This plant
reminds me of a ladder.

The ticket office
is quiet.
A cup of coffee
cools on the zinc counter.

His car
is stored on blocks
in the shed.
A cloud
presses against
the sole small window.
A tire
hangs from a tree
outside.
An elephant
sits
under a tree.
The elephant
has never been so young.

On a flat embankment
above a river
denuded by the Army Corps of Engineers,
a pair of glasses
glints in the grass.

A purple bottle
sits on the middle of the table.
No one comes
and sits at the table.
It's funny,
for some obscure reason.

There are pink and purple flowers
at the edge of the garden.
A blonde girl
comes partway out the screen door,
stops for a second,
and returns to the kitchen.
Light
coats
a giant white fungus
on the side of a tree.

Purple waves
spread outward from the man's head
in the black room.
Purple sky
fills the deepest cranny in the valley,
turning it into a reservoir.

A mountain
at the end of the night.
You can see it
if you lean
very close
to the aquamarine water.
The lake
has extra coves,
extra
crenellations
at night.

The lake water
is purple.
There's one light
across the lake.
A single light,
not a lit house.
I want to say
it's a red light.
But it isn't a red light.
It's a white light,
a light light.

The sky
comes down to us
tonight.
The sky
touches us.
The sky
gets between us.
A little bit of the sky
runs into a storm drain.
I don't know
where it goes from there.

You won't ever net
this pink flying fish.

He sees
the side of her leg
in the doorway,
her left thigh.
That's what he sees first.

Round tables
fill the rooms at a club,
on slightly different levels.
He waits for his friend.
His friend and his friend's friends.
He waits for the waiter.
The waiter
waits
for his friend and his friend's friends.
The room quietly turns orange.

The fireplace has nothing to do with it.
The fireplace is fake.
A tendril
climbs the wall
and runs along the lattice ceiling.
Will it drop something down to them?

The sun rises over the far side of the lake.

Fossils
at the bottom of a pit,
visible
in the
pale brown
mud.

Shafts of light
try
to penetrate
a forest,
but fail.
You can see them
failing
at different heights
above.
Now, a waterfall of light
drenches us.

A hut with a
bright blue
thatched roof.
Two floodlights
at the top
of long poles
light up
most
of an empty parkinglot,
but an area
between the two lights
remains dark.

Steam
rises

off the lake
in the sunlight.
A rowboat
is half-hidden
in the
reeds
across the lake.
It's the only boat out.

Several kinds of lettuce
are lit by a psychedelic light.
Everything white
turns purple.
And everything green
turns black.
And is
immediately forgotten.
But the purple
cannot be forgotten.
It is the light
of our
illusionary,
illusionist,
elusory,
elusive
world.

The true light,
the blinding light,
comes from
over there.

A tall polite man,
the next visitor.