

*Une brèche s'est ouverte  
dans la réalité*

Freed up in the afternoon  
by the cloudy foreign word

the sudden allowable  
sense at last the éclair

the hailstorm on the local  
window then a break

opens and the sky closes  
there's combustion back

in history I can see it's  
deep red and the light

off it is walking across  
the field outside.

*Sur un air de Scarlatti*

A tune a breath a lift  
of tale feather a strong  
wind come to light  
habitation of the old  
head room the long sun—  
sequestered afternoon.

## *The Last Four Minutes*

For all the times the world has ended the world is full of holes.  
Public augury. Private ends.  
For all the screams the world is silent.  
Any gust at any moment.  
Pure pleasure. Last cause.  
Mountainy seas overreach their walls.  
Walls let got their roofs.  
This has been the Hotel Terminus.  
Welcome.

You'd be out on the marsh on a winter's day.  
Swelling with emptiness.  
Very thin music plays off  
reeds on mud that would be bottomless.  
Apotheosis for string orchestra and two soloists.  
All-singing, all-dancing, all-silent.  
Love, Death and the Last Four Minutes.  
Honey, this end is yours.

I wasn't out on the marsh, I was in the woods with KB.  
Thin air. Thin ice. Transmission will end in four minutes.  
Love will end in four minutes.  
Extraordinary, electric, final and four.  
Be prepared. Be catapulted. Be held. Behold. Be there,  
anywhere, with Him, fully alive and then dead,  
all wishes realised and then everything stop.  
Dazzling. Everything. True.