

Night Letter

Growth occurs
it can't be forced
tho it can be aided
some times
by a fertile darkness
always by moisture.
The soil is good in this time of the country
it is two o'clock in the morning
you have gone
you have gone to sleep
i suspect you are dreaming
dreams that cannot forgive
the insomniac decision
or his night thoughts
growth
or his acrid vision.
I've given up dreaming
i've given up sleeping
i've given up a great deal
just to watch this fascinating growth.
Tumours
are excessively rapid and
uncontrolled
growth
you can watch them grow if you stay awake.
Do not blink.
Remember
remember the past so well at night
at the lake
and why
you have gone to sleep
i do not understand i do not understand a lot
but i remember hard lines
at twilight.
Night is a wilderness
one is alone
streets may as well be tracings in the bush
i remember the soil
damp beneath my sleeping bag
and dead trees
creaking in that unsaid, black beyond
the fire
nearly dead
why are even familiar sounds made strange
by night
and why all impressions sharp as pain
yet somehow still blurred
like vision in a desert's heated air

when it is so moist here?
And why are you sleeping
i sleepless
horror or waking dream
a home
made a hotel room by its rest
hotel room
camp site
in the wilderness
people absent
the animals moving about
flashing lights outside
closed gas stations restaurants pubs hardware stores
more afraid of you than you of them
a wilderness
where the growth is totally uncontrolled.
Be reasonable
it is twenty minutes after two
in the morning i wish
you weren't sleeping
you could
build up the campfire
keep the wild
away
nightmares hiding
in the trees one doesn't see the forest for
hell.
Hell one can always be objective about the whole thing.
It is
twenty-five minutes and thirty-two seconds
now
in the morning.
Words are a firm protection
each word a particle of light
light is just excessively rapid and
disordered
waves
waves and the shoreline
of a northern lake
trees creak
the soil is moist and fertile
as is time.
Time is no protection
but i do not understand it i do not understand a lot
animals understand more
at night in the woods
my desk is wood
solid
wood is made of cells
cells
quite porous.

Growth occurs
in cells at rest
you are sleeping of course
you told me i would never get to sleep
unless i turned off the light.
I *must* leave the light on
to watch the growth
i must put you
out of my mind
i already am.
Mind's wilderness with deep shadows
you can project into
all things that you can never see
metaphysics is fearful
for similar reasons
you are beautiful
artful in your sleep
but much art is not beautiful
just as the soil is fertile
but stinks
like life rotting
beneath all those trees
damp.
No, dry stark
the desert flower is an outrage
why?
why are you sleeping
at almost three in the morning
a fence stretches across the painting hanging
over my desk into the horizon
and the sun is setting
in the picture
here it has already set.
There are birds
the artist's palette knife made look like skulls
surviving till the sun
is very hard
edged i must admit.
But I have lied.
The soil is actually dry
like my throat
not moist at all
water for growth
absent
sand drifting insubstantial sand
what matter?
I have decided
not to drink
and i *can* not sleep
this is stark
not tumourous

stark
dry
you are sleeping
you are sleeping
while before a dim fire
i am dying of thirst.

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