

To Be Two

i. Certainty

Between two who love each other
there is no room for doubt. Each breath
freezing : fixity is altogether [] text.
[] falling further [] farther
alone, I had thought : Subtext, what
is the fabric of estrangement? A veil
between what is and what I think? I.e. : I
can say what I like [].
I ask the barometer falling, Fahrenheit as it
charts [] disappearing : what fact
will the water hold as I walk? Sleeping
is []

[] was an error
I can't bear. There are propositions I
love with certainty and knowledge, both :
absolutely, in the dark, this hand that
thigh to thigh touches mine is mine;
the memory of fucking [].
Believe again this notion of my voice,
what it is to touch me. I ask because this

is [] walking [] the river []
[] falls inside it, []. Ice
is a skin that can't bear touching and weather
deeper than feeling : [].
I don't own any farther than guessing what
I have recorded : what's called emotion, or []
], a form of a failing of certainty. The world
is [] thinking. I remember the veil,
the sum of uncertainty. "I once knew"
isn't sentimental; it's eaves, ice. What I know
glitters in error's margins []
and descends intently. "Touching you
I know I [] you," you []. What you said
like snow holds my footprints : I will watch []
] where I've been to disappear—

ii. The love poem

- : is veil, thin as breath
- : freezes and holds what is.
- : finds itself afraid.
- : is itself far more.
- : is subject.
- : marks the line.
- : can say "The river slips shut,"
says the world is the totality of facts,
swallows the known sum down.
- : is the cause of distemper?
- : is the ear put in fear;
is an island of light;
is a statement of fact.
- : can't touch, can't—
- : is the ability to know.
- : touches mine; is mine;
is it certain?
- : can't find you.
- : remember?

- : isn't speaking this.
- : can't write itself, though.
- : shifts and clicks.
- : is an error.
- : can't speak in a form.
- : is more accurate.
- : is called intellect.
- : is what I confuse with what
is torn, but not sundered.
- : isn't a lie, and it
is split like everything
is mica-fine in silence.
- : is how.
- : won't be lost.
- : falls for as long as...
- : will walk again in thought.

iii. The Veil

Between two who love each other
 There is no room for doubt. Each breath
 freezing : fixity is altogether every text,
 of falling further and has gone farther,
 alone than I had thought. Subtext, what
 is the fabric of estrangement : a veil
 between what is and what I think. I.e. : I
 can say what I like, but what I read
 I ask the barometer falling, Fahrenheit as it
 charts the mercuric disappearing, what fact
 Will the water hold as I walk? Sleeping
 is thick arras or ambace, like an alcatraz
 across water. "There was an error"
 I can't bear. There are propositions I
 love with certainty and knowledge, both.
 absolutely, in the dark, this hand that
 thigh to thigh touches mine is mine,
 The memory of fucking is nothing if it
 Please, believe again this notion of my voice; remember
 what it is to touch me. I ask because this
 is a kind of walking to the river. A letter
 a life can, and snow falls inside it, hissing. Ice shifts and clicks,
 is a skin that can't bear touching and weather is an error
 deeper than feeling : I can't live like this,
 I don't own any farther than guessing what
 I have recorded what's called emotion, or what is called intellect
 is a form of a failing of certainty. The world is what I confuse with what
 is called thinking. I remember. The veil
 the sum of uncertainty. "I once knew"
 isn't sentimental; it's eaves, ice. What I know is split like everything
 glitters in error's margins, like ambivalence
 and descends intently. "Touching you"
 I know I love you," you said. What you said won't be lost
 like snow holds my footprints : I will watch what falls for as long as
 it takes for where I've been to disappear—will walk again in thought.

is a veil, thin as breath.
 freezes and holds what is
 finds itself afraid
 is itself far more
 is subject
 marks the line
 can say "The river slips shut,"
 says the world is the totality of facts;
 swallows the known sum down,
 is the cause of distemper?
 is the ear put in fear,
 is an island of light
 is a statement of fact
 can't touch, can't
 Is the ability to know,
 touches mine is mine,
 is it certain?
 can't find you.
 isn't speaking; this
 can't write itself, though
 can't speak in a form
 is more accurate :
 is torn, but not sundered :
 isn't a lie, and it
 is mica-fine in silence
 is how