Surf

There is no plural of "change" she thought. Or "thirst." All day there had been clouds and the expectation of sun. It could "break through" anytime, they said. It wouldn't be a large expense, they said. And can we still use the old materials remembrance (bright patch), the sound of the surf like a laden car pulling out over gravel, so slowly, in the middle of last night, headlights kept off, everywhere still expected to happen. She felt the gloom of that architecture: the plans of the as-yet-unbuilt, and how sad it was, the young feeling of the middle of the night, in it that pulling-away: as if it were really open, the elsewhere: as if we could pull right into it the "free" the radio had called it earlier before all stations but the one went off the air. The surf was also really there. Behind the gravelly pulling-away into the hope of manyness: many kinds [or will we all

be alone

together?], many outcomes, many luscious vacancies still happily clothed in the silky "for better or for worse." Through the windowpanes she thought she saw things being handled by long white-gloved arms, flowers placed strategically. The car pulls-out to "have experiences" [the gravel's motion with like-sound of surf in it, and

in it, too, the actual surf beyond]

until — once out the entranceway — the lights snap on and cast apparently frantic but actually (unfortunately) totally random

> (except for forwardness)

beams through the woods.

There is, of course,
a place this will
"end up." Even the mind in the house drinking this in
knows this, how the distance can feel "crossed," yes,
how the thinking tracking it quickens,
a kind of laughter, brushing all the carefully-made plans away
an abrupt exhalation — as if over dust.

Kind people, from time to time, at the edges of
things. Inside, a plain white wall giving one
a feeling of truth. Things waiting in mind to be placed upon it.
Like a cool drink upon it. Things laid on it in such a way

they come to be, finally, without use.

Soon day again (she thought) you can't just pick up in the middle.

She could hear the surf behind the wind-in-the-trees now that the car, in its secrecy,

had left [she had heard it turn, take the two curves and, like small

talk in

the distance,

become distance]. Then wind, the surf, and she was sure the car was beyond range.

It has disappeared, she thought, watching her lit room lay itself into the surrounding woods,

letting all the deviating paths and openings lead to the unrelenting surf

"ever receding, ever deferred" she thought, looking at the silk-black panes.

Was she meant to see in? Was she meant to look back in at "our"

selves (room, lamp, sea-green bedspread).

How should she spend this poverty, she thought, looking at the panes

across the room, as if they held the truth of night in the way
they faced apparently in (reflecting

us) while being actually a facing-out. They're representing each to each [she thought].

She listened over and over as if to see by that listening. She tracked backwards to the last audible bit of tire on gravel, listening for the trying-to-get-out-

unheard. It was all still there. And now, louder still, over it, each wave of surf against which she would play the terms "happy" "aghast" "uselessness" "perfect" as if her mind could bend its dousing wand into those waves, into those waves, into the foreign p

into those waves, into those waves' waves, into the foreign part of the "soul"

that was still – (there in each individual break on shore, each rise or fall

in pitch) –

what she could call "her" soul.

Is there so much foreign matter in it? Doesn't it belong regardless?

Blurring but alive with separateness?

To know what is coming, she thought, as if to pull the day-break on. That we are moving. She thought of the car on the highway's

dangerous and graceful resolutions -

saw its static lights and speed as if it were just

patience –

the escape from "here" a resolute giving-in to patience —
the patience of story — that we are moving
(looking at the mullioned squares of black for story to break
in them)(erasing

the room reflected there, in all its parts, again and again) each pane placing her at a

slightly different angle, yes,

[somebody else's car going by terribly fast

down the main road]

[a conflagration of utmost nearness, appearance and disappearance on either

side] the panes in sets of eight where the window sill holds night

[as if something out there is just waiting for you to laugh out loud][to break][like bending to take the long expected

drink of water -

the long "cool" drink of water she thought because of the shiny surface of the panes –

our faces as if hiding in them, in the room in them, in the surface on the surface that must not be looked past].