

CATARACT (II)

Marni Ludwig

I was dead, but I still wanted to fuck.
Six and seven and eight o'clock in the morning.

Afraid of the bed, I took my ear to the floor,
but the story got dizzy, even at its origin.

Illness born of anger born of lust born
of distortion: I was laughing underwater.

You were nowhere: a bus station or the horizon.
We slept and this sleep seemed beautiful to us.



Photo by Kristine Morfogen