

人莫鑑於流水: YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR FACE IN RUNNING WATER

listen chen

in the dream when one falls down to die the other leaps into the air

covered in dew bounding away from the scene toward her own

inevitability in the dream we are dead

w/ incandescent fingers clasped to all the wrong dead digits what's missing

having been scattered beneath the foliage while the eurasian magpie preens dirt
from her specular throat *self-directed*

& sootily twinning over the course

of a single revolution around the sun the shape of any single death is fashioned by
many dreams & the *colour* of any single tree fluctuates in hue saturation & lightness
therefore it is better not to ask questions about the merits of lying *what colour is a
mirror?* or

when a fish turns into a bird that fills the sky & the blues & the greens of the world
recede—see how the little pink-throated creatures guffaw! *this is the difference*

between small and big—a quail mocking her poverty or her wealth a cicada
hungering for failure or victory a dove

who cannot touch or who can only be touched *What is Colour?* when memories float

like weather balloons into second skies the disparate surges of each daybreak
turning language into polish & clouds into unbroken vessels *u shouldn't pretend like
something that u r not* alas

we are less interested in where zhuangzi ends & the butterfly begins than how monarchs migrate from canada to mexico

over the course of five generations *We are tolerant toward everyone They behave themselves mostly Why wouldn't you be nice to them?* assimilation being intelligent the toxins in milkweed become part of their bodies thus *causing discomfort in potential predators* aka 以毒攻毒 or *using poison*

to fight poison as tongues teeming w/ dark confetti make strangers blush *Shade*

said to Shadow, "A little while ago

, you were moving; and now you are standing still. A little while ago, you were sitting down; and now you are getting up.

Why all this indecision?"

Shadow replied, "I awoke

with unfamiliar sap in my mouth thus losing parseless visions of the jungle to dim morning light therefore in the dream

you say time otolith polyphagous & I am not afraid in the dream

a bird finds her loneliness in a mirror Spreading her wings

, she rose

into the air once and

died while we watch her

form the shape of our forgetting Don't I have to depend

on others to be what I am?" which is to say *silkmoth*

plexor

pappus : one dies

& the other leaps away