

Fog, Bus

—after Charles Olson

On foggy mornings, the world
unveils itself from the center

out,
as though to feign a sense of newness
of just-appearing
of having slogged through that little slice of death
we call sleep. This

gauzy curtain floats over the city,
like the prestidigitator's sheet over
half-glimpsed buildings
moored in ether.

Sounds, too, are disguised,
object- and soulless, as if from another world
under or outside of
ours.

The bus terminal,
where you are,
is the new center
(as a locus, a focal point is)

strange in its newness: a permeable membrane whose borders
are clouds built from last night's rain
and warm wind, the air
saturated and heavy,
a container.

There is the road, bricked and familiar, curving,
but eaten edgeless.

When the bus

finally appears
you experience a sense of déjà vu.

Could it be that you have died?

This particular bus (light's emissary)
is like all those you have ridden,
formerly,

but what proof have you that this transport
has not been conjured by mere desire?

If you knew that you were to be guided
across the gray erasure,

would you board?

Would you be ready for the light,
knowing its deep hunger,
its singular ability to swallow you whole?