

# Melanie (5 a.m.)

Michael Schuval

I can no longer touch the sun  
where the sun ends  
I can no longer touch the sun  
there

I can no longer spit the light of the tongue  
into the meat of eternity  
because there was a drop in the price of roses  
and gasoline has dreamt itself away

these hands are like razors that cut air  
into trembling children pieces  
but this was yesterday, when the people  
got out of cars on the street and in silence  
watched the sky tremblingly

this was before sleep stole the stone that  
kept my heart awake  
before I entered the park in a blanket  
of dawn greyness  
when I fell into the hole of dark grass and  
naked river and could not disappear

these people exited cars and looked to sky  
but I walked along through realms of oaks  
and poured scarcity from the wound of edom  
there is no end to this thing that hides

I can no longer touch the sun  
where the sun ends  
I can no longer touch it  
touch it there  
there where it  
touch it where  
there

