

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

