

CRAIG SANTOS PEREZ

[doesn't reveal seems to alter 'how much' is seen]

This dream & its approximation: walls of the house hold something half-built, its inlay scavenged long ago from carved figures. We watch it recede until a slit of light enters in the current & on the tide. It indicates the direction of the sun, she says, which her voice is occupying. The light becomes a gold wing on the table; this is so because memory is unfinished, an exposed nest, the fringe or inference of light, everywhere. I hear wind about to arrive, a choreography of parts, or the way a name attaches after the landscape is empty & imminent. Light doesn't represent an initial condition, but becomes a particular object or seam. Our hands fail to make a sharp edge in the sand. The shadow isn't hidden & the hand isn't hidden; yet what the body doesn't reveal seems to alter 'how much' is seen.