

A Geologos

(Oh G.—)

This astronomical body has done something uncommon. It's hard to say when, but you see, ever since fall came, ever since the house on Occidental—ever since the leaves on Kales Avenue, and the Uplands and the blue night on Genoa Street—

what has been done is not unknown.

And the orange keeps happening, and the gold keeps happening, and the haze, the glimmer—we were not children, we were not new, we were just starting, the hum of the streetcar was just unrolling for us and they say the world is made real by our seeing, and they say that is precisely what it means.

And the world pulled and pulled and pulled, and the world ached and pulled so hard it hurt and—

the dry hills were rattling, and the colors of the sun leaked out at dusk— and we shook our bodies and we rode back in the cover of night— and the sky was pulling—hard

saying what it meant.