

Rabbit. Rabbit. Regret.

Solomon dreams of a river.

Of lying down in its undulating fog. Solomon dreams of bodies falling in the swollen waters.

And of the kingfisher's call.

She crouches by the water to dig its clay. To form a red dome and a white dome and sit between them.

A red dome and white dome.

This to make her place.

—

Solomon between the domes -the water lapping- sees the glint of a glass cylinder buried in the river's banks. She removes the clay around the hollow object and turns it in her hands. The interior clouds.

With moisture? With smoke?

No. With words that spore.

That fall slow.

Words that fix upon the water and float.

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—

Solomon dreams of an enclosed garden and a simple brass key. It is placed on a glass table inside the garden's walls. Three words are cut into its surface. Solomon is under the table looking up.

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A copy of her face floats towards her. Bubbles distort its image in the glass. It grows and grows larger, removes an eye and speaks. Said the copy...

Life is not possible. The world could not.

The world is not gold. And life could not.

Solomon dreams of a fen and cavern hidden deep in its waterlogged woods.

A hollow whose dark, sweet metals are lit from within. Of surfaces polished in geologic rest.

She awakens with the thought.

Do words dream of letters?

Do numbers dream of sums?

The words press forward and come forth from her mouth like pitch. She awakens with the knowledge that change is meaningless.

And that in dreams the mirror is a door.

And Solomon says...

—

I am Solomon the Quiet

and Solomon the Closed.

Of Ostrakon Slumbers

Who Walks upon the Shores.

I am Solomon of Transmissions

and Solomon of Electric Storms.

—

Solomon dreams of weaving the river. Of casting a shuttle -over and under- throwing lines of clear filament to construct a net.

She watches the water and the words that are pooling at her feet.

What have I sent for?

What has formed?

What is deep in me?

—

Words rise through the filaments. Words that ask to be born. A thin and fragile network like foam. She works them. Sounding them out.

And speaks.

*Say, spirit.
Set the dream that cannot swim.
Turn the key and exhale, spirit.
The dream of water is yours.
Pour yourself, spirit.
Your words are like water.
Pour and let them fall.*

—

Solomon mending her nets. Dreams of approaching hands.
Of hands getting closer but never seeing them move.

Solomon speaking to her hands.

*Hands, how unknown you are!
How silent and obscure.*

—

She dreams of her copy. Of waking and running. She dreams of her copy as it swallows the sun.

There's been a suicide in the night market.

The wild boys are outside.
Scratching for their coins.

—

*To dream of red flowers
who weep when picked.
Of marks like leaves about her.
To dream of letters - fallen and scattered
and maps flung from a moving car.
They are gathered to her body.
They are heavy in her hands.*

—

Solomon wakes in a musty hotel, brushing the tallow and crumbling mortar off her skin. She hears a shouting from the towers and the sky.

A cracking like a sheet.

Solomon wears an eyepatch. Dreams of a virus which causes the deepest melancholy.
Of water flowing over tile.

—

*No work today, harbinger.
Still waiting for the arrival of your body.
True Gem.*

You have a heavy skin to shed.

—

She dreams of crafting synthetic bivalves and gentle turtles. Of the green scent of butterflies that trail in their wake. Of wrapping her creations in carpets.

Pack what is refused into the vault.

—

Solomon dreams of being flat as paper.
And of a gauzy, pleated neck.

—

Shards of thunder are raining.
Their voltaic fragments
turning the river
to dust.

—

Dreams of pictures.

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...and spirit walked the spirit

SISTRUM