

DENVER BUTSON

drowning ghazal

first line by Vicente Huidobro

I am absent but deep in this absence
asleep but asleep in this absence

glasses rattle a tongue remembers rain
how long can one keep in this absence

the waves from far off lisp her name
the brooms of dusk sweep in this absence

rain on driveway stones is my one morphine
forget counting sheep in this absence

last night I woke in some hotel outside Denver
tried but couldn't weep in this absence

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first line by Claire Malroux

then to return with your pittance of sky
to bow deeply and bid *good riddance* to sky

there is a café outside the dream station
threads of avenues ribbons of sky

this is the kind of rain that cities drown in
notice the flooded streets witness this sky

a can collector woke me this morning
screaming *twenty francs for love sixpence for sky*

in one *arrondissement* there is *rue Denver*
a few moments of tree an instance of sky