Hurricane of what must be
    only feeling, this painting’s
sentence circling to black

on blank, ever-
    tightening spiral
of words collapsing

to their true gesture: meaning
    what we read
when not reading,

as the canvas buckles
    in the damp: freckled
like the someone

I once left sleeping
    in a hotel room to swim
the coast’s cold shoals, fine veils

of sand kicked up by waves where
    I found myself enclosed
in light: sudden: bright

tunnel of minnows
    like scatterings of
diamond, seed pearl whorled

in the same
    thoughtless thought
around me: one column of scale
turning at a moment’s decision,
    a gesture I
was inside or out

of, not touching but
    moving in
accord with them: they

would not wait for me, thickening
    then breaking apart as I slid
inside, reading me

for threat or flight by the lift
    of my arm, as all
they needed to know

of me was in the movement:
    as all this sentence
breaks down to O’s and I’s,

the remnants of someone’s
    desires or mine so that
no matter if I return

to that cold coast, they will
    never be there: the minnows
in their bright spiraling

first through sight, then
    through memory,
the barest

shudderings of sense:
    O and I
parting the mouth with a cry

that contains—
    but doesn’t need—
any meaning.