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# The Floating World

The huge quick bursts of light grow like time lapse photography  
and dissolve into darkness and embers trailing into black water.

I will find you here, sudden as fireworks blooming  
above the river, the light rail blurring through the empty street,

past the grand hotels along the waterfront, where you stand  
momentarily breathless amid brass and thick carpet, I know this,

while bellboys rake the vast ashtrays, stamping the hotel insignia on white sand.  
Amid the corrosive rain of fireworks, I wonder who would ever leave you.

Who could bear to bloom and fade from you? Earlier in sunlight  
we found a demolished building between two skyscrapers.

A boom truck, yellow and toylike, balanced on the collapsed floors,  
everything coated with the fine pink dust of crumbled brick. I know an anchor

must be here, amid the world floating with all its lights and teases,  
the carnival spread out like a strip mall along the river, the highways

forming concrete orbits, tracing the many paths we've taken to arrive.  
The parking lot off Burnside fills with the Japanese woodblock of the King of Hell

surrounded by his Attendants. The anxiousness of people waiting for the bus.  
Finding *now* is the cult of the floating world, but now we are so poisoned

and drowsy from perfume and fear. Even my body behaves like a question  
increasingly impatient at no answer. I am the firefly-catcher in the woodblock

where my mistress in the starry robe holds her fan and paper lantern  
with two crooked pinkies as I lunge for the veined night sky

with hand raised to grasp, beak-like, at moonlight's three-dimensional  
—moonlight's clichéd now—at the haloed black insects, five of them lazily floating.