Today I tried to open the river. But when I pulled, the whole river disappeared. I used to think that language came from the body.

Now I know it is in that group of mountains in the field beyond the fence. Yesterday, I saw a red-tailed hawk. When I went near it, it took the wind with it. I was left without air. But I could still breathe. I realized everything around me I could do without. I could hear the mountains but nothing else. I saw a car start up but I heard nothing. A gray-haired woman said hello to me but I heard nothing. I stood and watched the hawk. It never looked at me but knew I was there. Neither of us moved. Finally, it flew to the top of an electric pole.

I realized the pole is all the years of my life, the mountains applause, the hawk, what I have been trying to tell myself.
Marfa, Texas

Here, there are grasses rolled into dry moons, then carted off on trailers to the edge of the rain. Here, there is so much sky that even birds get lost. Oh to be loved the way the day loves the night. See how slowly they separate? All day long the trees move, each leaf in a different direction, as if by the work of fingers on a body. How many times our bodies imagined by another mind. How many times the day imagined the night. Once I loved a man so much that when he didn’t love me back, I closed my eyes and drank a whole bottle of night.

How I felt night rush into my body, then out through my skin as envelopes. At the time, I only felt pain but years later, all I remember is joy, the kind of love that seems grinded off of a moon. Perhaps such love cannot ever be returned, just returned in the imagination.
Marfa, Texas

Today, I saw art objects left over by people who are dead. They have forgotten us. Do they know they have forgotten us?

Or are they actually watching us? Once my heart sat inside the bell. It rang only when something touched it. Lately every shadow is my dead mother. Lately the bell rings all the time but the bell is empty. Lately I have forgotten how to love the surface.

I only love the drowning. Do you see how beautiful they are? Those people without shoulders? Without hesitations? Is it possible to stop loving everything? The owl. The hawk. Every person I meet. To see everyone as my mother. To have a heart like this is to be made of midnight. There are always too many questions to answer. To love so much is to live within birds.

I have been waiting for this heart to fade or at least to kneel. Maybe the heart is not inside me but I am inside it.