In the dream where the telephone call
comes again as the receiver speaks
I’m tonguing teeth
loose from their roots as I
listen and when it comes
time for me to speak to say I
understand my mouth is full of blood my other
hand the one not holding the phone is full
of my teeth like
those of a cartoon idiot-grin each tooth
the size of a piano key colored
like candycorn except
red and white where candycorn is yellow
orange and white I mumble
I understand this is a dream
I understand
The act absolute and aporetic,
and yet there it stares, detective,
the intractable case, final
in its aorist glare. The signal flare
riding on bay waves, marking
the recovery-site.

[The act absolute and aporetic]
[No datum, fact, or actuality—]

No datum, fact, or actuality—
men in white hazmat-suits hauling
his body up—pasted
here as special pleading,
but to instance and to substantiate
the given as it is
and as it is, it is the law
that must be shouldered, under-
gone, struck out into, then struck through.