



## many terrible dreams:

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swaths of nothing move in and out of my head  
if every year, in being an epoch blue and with that  
distant view

of the mountains can be measured in the color of the sky as it turns or the sun as  
sinks at those very mountains  
passes now without my living there which is like to not live somewhere which is of  
course a death of particular dimensions,  
what do i do now, go to the train tracks?  
for a final time or trace the setting light as though it were some divine thought as  
though it could be traced as though you did not live a little further down the river  
from where i live no longer am i to be ashes here and here on hudson unburied that is  
okay to think i might be part of the cracking of the unfreezing skeleton of water this  
february again and that this soul might cement some rim of that same unknown  
garden come spring and that in the autumn- well that was love

so is that sweet then, to know you are living  
which star could we pull out of the sky to put away forever  
is that sweet then, to think of the echoes you might leave and not in your bones only  
to think of the soft music of your form and every thought that forms in your mind  
whereupon you might find the world  
is it sweet then to mourn you thinking of the loss we've shared or of the loss that is  
you in just being though also you might be illimitable, i cannot trace anything not  
these dark regions of the heavens to go about from nether to nether and in the  
earliest hour to detect the first shadow of the sun to fall across the planet where i  
hope you walk unbeknownst to me  
there is really nothing sweet except to be thought of and in thinking i have  
abandoned you which is better as you might walk from one constellation to another