

THE MIND/BODY PROBLEM

Meditation fails to conjure you up,
your face dissolves as I come near.

Frustrated, I sleep and suddenly
I feel you in the touch of muslin

in the small of my back. You come
to me as I shave; I wet my shirt,

to watch the way it clings to my skin.
You visit the kitchen, in the rattle

of the salad dryer in my hand, in
the smell of the white truffle oil

on endives. My dreams, oh so full
of missed flights, wriggles on reality,

the shutting of lenses by covers –
you aren't in them. But the other day

I stood outdoors behind a burning
glass; mind, they said, the focal point.

I knew I should, thought I would,
but then I saw someone who looked

like you, I waved my right hand, held
it a body's moment too long. There.