

## 13 & God "Soft Atlas"

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A vision:

Your ghost blowing up globes  
tightening them off with an X-axis esque c-clamp  
Then setting them down through the clouds  
onto empty department store shelves.  
Where they sit faving all sorts of islands  
out toward bead wee-hour isles

has the earth come loose from its galactic neck  
beneath  
you. Let go from the space surround it

cut off above the clouds  
dropped down done to the sun syystem's floor  
crooked pearl of the one universe  
cleaved, tell rolling toward a corner of the cosmos  
in the blacked and quiet of some time

"and you are all lamb, for this."

Spring is at your back again

this time rare with your calrity. . .  
while patches of you thought whole  
had turned up still.  
made a tar of your woe  
and flesh where in

Have you gone half dead. . .

yet. . .yet have you to let the worst most be  
as if it were atlas to your world of cope.

And no one is out there scared you'd set your eyes off  
on the ceiling  
in the dark  
think of a song or maybe breastes  
or missing body parts.

"without a universal law this is no gravity  
without a gravity there is no atmosphere  
without an atmosphere thre is no chance at life

and with no chance at life . . . I don't exist"

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