

The Possibility of Being One Person

*I had this dream (planted dead in a weekday) that I was laid up in
the hospital. And people kept coming into my room by the dozens.
And each dozen had special handshakes for each other
and occasionally current dance moves.*

*And they would kick my hospital bed from time to time to let me
know that they would be dancing from this hospital room on out to
my grave. Strange cha cha's and soft shoe shuffles. Disco spins. Like
they were dancing for a white sundial marking numbness in their
feet-drum-race-riot.*

*And I was ready to die, because you know, ask a musician
in the tombs after court:
It's the surroundings that is the uniform.*

. . . But I just couldn't bring myself to visualize against God.

*One of them stood over me like a conductor waving their arms over
my body, directing my heart to beat fainter and fainter. Directing the
tubes to turn the fluids back. And I faded from consciousness with
thud after thud on the legs of my bed as they
danced wilder and wilder.*

*Well, wild but meek. Or artificially meek. Like an artificial pastor
told them to be. I was to be a projection or some kind of character
to be laid at their feet. "You are the only one participating in the
revolution today," they mocked. And I was ready to go because, you
know, there are plenty of pianos that could use a new soul. And I'm*

thinking we were supposed to be in the revolution as long as it takes.

*So you can punch me out now. I was born with one foot
in a lime pit anyway.*

*But, check it out, no one bothered to ask the doctor if I was really
dead. Too busy strutting. Too busy kissing. And I kept fading and
fading. With only enough breath and sweet consciousness to count
their smiles. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. And then I heard a voice.
A whisper. And it was counting with me. Six, we said. Seven, we said.*

Eight . . . and then another joined us. Nine. Ten. Then another.

I haven't been eating, mamma.

I've been in a trance.

I haven't been sleeping.

I've been washing my hands off of the Port of Charleston.

There is blood on the fog.