

## PK 754

The city glitters  
and in some dim light you, too, are sleeping.  
From these heights  
the moon's surface is closer.  
But, no –  
no one knows  
whether the air is swift or cold here,  
whether this is a floating smoke of clouds  
or the dust of companionship.  
Is this the quivering wave of the final call  
or the unsteady vessel of flight  
or the lurching earth below?

Who was it went to sleep holding sand in his fists  
became distant even to imagination and dream  
disappeared in the tangled hair of straying night?  
Are the stars moving with me?  
What regret is it that has not yet been soothed?  
Heights, separations  
even intimations of death have not eased it.  
Fellow traveller of depths  
of altitudes  
tell me –  
on earth  
in the air

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the path that never took shape  
what came of it?  
Tell me  
what kind of sleep is it  
that can cross the wall of night  
and transform into morning?

What kind of dream?  
Tell me, what is this cry of pain in the air?  
What is this restlessness?  
The journey is coming to an end  
and the noise is deafening.