

The slow workings of this fiction, which didn't shy away from ridiculous or insignificant detail, were taking on the meticulous traits of familiarity. I was winning A*** over to the possibility of such a relationship. Its incongruity, its danger was dissipating in the soothing quietude of our constructed fable. Repetition and habit tend to diffuse excess. A*** was no longer systematically imagining the worst, no longer predicting disasters at every turn; the scenarios were becoming less catastrophic. Our union, by dint of simulation, was no longer inconceivable. The game of "and if" wore down A***'s reluctance; every day, we already belonged to each other in our imaginations. My desire was gaining power through a trick, was gaining life through a fiction.

from Calligraphy Typewriters: The Selected Poems of Larry
Eigner (2017)
Larry Eigner

(c.1952-53)

The midnight birds remind me of day
though they are out in the night
beyond the curtain I can't see

Somehow bedrooms don't carry
tradition I
and the boxed radio
is off. But what am I reading

inward performance

Has relevance. Allows me to hear
while something speaks. As for the bed
straightened by visible hands
only it is huge
when I feel down in darkness