

## Fictions

Despair has a radiance, a hard-edge  
glare, like the finish of alcohol  
diffused over the whole synecdoche  
of the landscape like a shell of varnish

It is an Easter cactus with its flares  
of flower descending from a chlorophyl sky  
that marks where the plane my mind was vanished  
a kind of spectacular parody of hope

But it is here, the moment of total loss  
quake of future and past in which I am most  
my self, gleam, like the glozing world around me  
and know nothing whatsoever about

What you were to me, don't you see  
I had to fabricate, gardens, rivers for

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