

Lottie Limb

Phonecall

HAMLET Do you see that cloud? That's almost in shape like a camel.

POLONIUS By th'mass and it's like a camel indeed.

HAMLET Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET Or like a whale?

POLONIUS Very like a whale.

Odd things have strewn the floors today: quicksand clumps, capsized melon cubes, stranded sea monkeys

Maybe they patternize to someone else's eyes, affirm a thing, touch a cord
'umbrellas meeting sewing machines on (animated) dissecting tables', as it were.

But *yesterday*, waking early, I observed
open-a-fraction doors, down the corridors, sent shivers of sunlight in criss-cross rays
wedding chimes of line and light that got through to me.

I don't always want to be having this conversation with myself.

For years—for, rather, rare nights between inky uterine nights—I'd dream:
my index finger extended in front, walking in a straight line, tied to the inexorability of pace and
surety of pressing the phone on the wall miles away
in a world of digit meets digits,
space and time exploded
to a single
point

Could this induce a comparable feeling in you?

Who's there? BANARDO