

The Bardo Books

Gail Sher



NIGHT CRANE PRESS

2011

Bathing Suit

A woman begins, is the value of space, like a child
in a pool, shuffling air in which hard wood is air.

She breathes through wood, taking sharp quick
breaths. *I want the soft cloth of children*, she's saying.

Her breath has height and the texture of children
swimming, new swim, out and out, yet clearly
touching the bottom. *The mind of wood may rest
itself to completion*, she murmurs.

Wood and air is swimming there, in the space of
air filtered through a dark forgotten memory.

She is complete air. She tucks herself in air, as in
the taste of breath, the babysteps of breath.

She is anterior to her air and tries to tie air like a
ball.

Someone gives me a ball and I tie up the ball. I feel
certain that I want to tie the ball.

She calls it air because it's there like air, but
actually it's a kind of stupidity.

Swimming is like a captivity in its body. Every minute in a row I am swimming everywhere and wanting to spend my time swimming swimming swimming.

Because death, too, is an integer. I say 'grass' and it follows me into longevity.

The absence of time, like grass without time, or a lizard in its skin but outside time so that its purity lay in its body.

The brain of the sky snaps an instant to its purity because everything perceived is Buddha
Vairochana.

My mind vanishes then. Inside its skin it has its
male and female aspects.

A pool of mind is a passage of light, raw light, the
membrane between the watery part of light.

A person flows through wood and is the breath of
a swimmer, like two dead people in love.

Air in a heart is the same air resting there.