

## LONG TAIL

The narrow meteor that more narrowly misses my hip,  
the likelihood in space of colliding

with a person you love. Some number over zero  
which, you'll recall, crashes calculators  
but has never finished a life. What has science done

for me lately? At present,  
it is that cinematic trick: a bus passes  
between the actor and the audience

and suddenly the body is gone. Loss is an impossible  
transference. Just look at all this art. Ultraviolet  
light is visible to certain living things, you read. On the bus,  
a woman cries as if she's not crying. You'll discover a force

that displaces distances, or makes them  
obsolete. Houses and trees will break  
out of the sand and quilt together into homes.

What your mind cannot tolerate your body bends under, and every day  
like the day before becomes the day after

and again, until the sun stipples differently.  
It remains in the air. If not the ordinary light,  
then that which is out of the question--  
the impossible purple seen by bees.