Paul Auster

EFFIGIES

Eucalyptus roads: a remnant of the pale sky

shuddering in my throat. Through the ballast

drone of summer

the weeds that silence

even your step.

The myriad haunts of light.

And each lost thing — a memory

of what has never been. The hills. The impossible

hills

lost in the brilliance of memory.

As if it were all

still to be born. Deathless in the eye,

where the eye now opens on the noise

of heat: a wasp, a thistle swaying on the prongs

of barbed wire.

You who remain. And you

who are not there. Northernmost word, scattered

in the white hours of the imageless world —

like a single word

the wind utters and destroys.

Alba. The immense, alluvial light. The carillon

of clouds at dawn. And the boats

moored in the jetty fog

are invisible. And if they are

there they are invisible.