

# Brenda Hillman

[little breath circles all across town]

i thought i saw a man bent over but it was a road sign;  
i thought i heard *deploying data management systems*  
but it was just sounds in the mind—;

Dr. L woke early  breathed & put on  
a blue sheath; Dr. M woke on earth, logged in, & counted  
a fringed flight of numbers. Some woke old & alone & when

they died they were ours. Unprecedented was our word.

C closed the shop & the books read to each other, as we have written,  
the data driven...,

the yellow dress left at the laundry  
recalled its one body   
& the single lemon on a branch hung like a Wednesday. Radiance,  
what is your intention. We lit a single candle, not twelve;

& the world soul floated over  
the bored children with their handhelds & the adults with their own  
own beasts & their own apocalypse  
while the sickness passed by  
 going the other way in a yearning chorus of fragments.

Intention, what is your intention.

Wasn't there meaning  
among the jeweled threads? A ~ C ~ G ~ T ~

(you can buy the RNA sequencing kit on line for 4,000 U.S. dollars) —

we could hear the great dead with fires far off,  
we could hear the ones we love, the singing flame—

3-20-20 258,003

4-29-20 3,127, 519

[: :: at equinox, same 12 squares, window : : :]

short logics:

what was hoped for?  
— sun & mist!      Down garden stairs

where immensity  
is low, crenulate    (to send an anxious  
thought, to workers,    masked)



if radiance persists: say yes... Then a crow  
 crossed through    the death breath siren's path,

over mosses    a color from a book sent by  
a friend: & you think *celandine*    back to her,

(a green from which  
amethyst could be launched...)

3/21/20    305,202

4/22/20    2,290, 125

for KK

[stayed busy inside      moments of not]

—stayed busy inside      the moments of not touching,  
(irregular chirping      in the rosebush:      a tiny broken  
coffee maker, maybe a towhee) —. Planes sat idle        
(please, let's stop calling them birds)...rat, owl, fox, newt,  
raccoon, squirrel, bee, finch, skunk, flea;  
each family had its own beast  
blue skies returned to Los Angeles,  
water recovered, the moon forevered. Roses stared in at us  
as if yearning,      belief is not irrelevant to this.  
Silence of the violence, what we were made of,  
 weeks into it, changed little, though  
more people were cleaning their own houses.

There's still time for the moth of history to fly        
through snow-stars falling  
from events we remember clearly  
standing under the magic & tragic blooming of proximate trees  
in our centuries Beijing Berkeley Berlin  
the apex of blossoms  
& the ache of our love beneath them inside each silence  
the being of numbers  
breathing with us until we nearly could not bear the immensity  
but we had to  
inside longer numbers right  
to the edge of their suffering

3-23-20    379,236  
5-6-20    3,835, 831