

Signs of, Proofs of

Some faint sounds
reveal it;
scattered notions of motion
are its tell tale signs: LIFE

The house is creaking, here, there
- but that's the wind, grabbing hold

Then the sudden white noise of water
gushing through pipes;
some ONE flushing a toilet; again: LIFE

Then, BANG! The door opens,
light falls in
at the speed of light (300 000 km/h),
rushing through the bedroom
like water through a breach
in the Dutch levee 1953,
very soon filling the room, bottom up,
like Baltic seawater the berths of M/S Estonia 1994,
TIME with whitecaps raging,
and a lovely mermaid standing over me: ANNA,
revealing life in its purest form,
pulling the cover off of me,
to hang it out in the snowy cold,
for airing

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