Double Exposure

In the aftermath nothing is impossible
nothing unthinkable
when the imagination redefines the borders
the countries cannot be found on maps
and people live between what they were
and what they imagine themselves to be
or between what they are
and what they are imagined to be
the high-school student wearing a Japanese army cap
and a cast-off white technician’s coat
is busy rummaging through the Signal Corp’s trash-filled oil drums
when he turns to find himself remade
in a book in which he will always be a scavenger
here his eyes can never smolder and they don’t
as they flicker over the face of the foreigner
who half-immortalizes him
he knows he is just in time to witness the art
by which he becomes the eater of trash
the user of refuse one of the lucky ones
and his only response is the leaden impassivity of his face
this accident he knows
but he is unaware of the accident of double exposure
whereby suddenly he is standing in a radiant field
that stretches for days
to reach some steeply-wooded mountains
ceremonially-banded by huge swaths of flowing white sheets
rivers of them flowing up and down and across the mountain slopes
a ritual by which the land is shrouded
for that which cannot be atoned