The Book / Or / The Woods
The terrible thing about ghosts is that we know they are not there.
— Keith Waldrop
The book is
The woods &

The book is in
The woods &

The woods are
In the book

†††

In the book
Is a structure

A small shed
Larger inside

In the book
In the woods
In the shed is a flame, a piece of the larger fire, the light ahead & the light cast back. The shed is in the woods & the woods are in the shed. In the shed, before the flame, is a book.
In the shed of the woods where the monster slept
In the woods where the monster cast its shadow
As space is shadowed place
The shadow of the monster keeps to the shed
As place is packed in space
The shadow & the shed flicker in the light

†††

As the leaves in the trees cast shadows
On the shed & in time the leaves are cast
On the shed & in the shed is the shadow
& the shadow rests in the shed
& the shadow keeps the shed of the woods
& the monster is nowhere seen
An ecology of shadow, tree, pulp, glue & string. The shade & the shed & the shades. The ghosts of woods without the wood of ghosts. The braiding of the efes.

1 enters the forest tied to a tree. The binding is a path along the efes. Tied 1 & 1 & 1. A tapestry. A forest woven on the woods. The efes a backdrop for the noise.

The noise conflates what is inside with what flows. A traffic in the trees. A running in the leaves. The stream goes underground & comes back, as though what descends ascends at once.
In the shed

Is a wood

& that wood

Holds a fire