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Gene Zeiger

HEAVEN: A DEFINITION

Heaven is like air, open your palm. See? Empty. Heaven is like this—you can put something in it, but since heaven is weightless, the thing will fall. Nonetheless: place a long green couch in front of a large window. Night. Lights in the house out, no one but the two of them. Take two pillows off the back of the couch and have them lie down. Have him love her in a blind and elemental way, sewn a thousand times together by need and sex. Have him confuse these. Have them both suffer this confusion. Have her love him equally. Have them think "unto death." Have them both believe this. Have the stars brilliant, like ice in a blue/black sky. Have their bodies jiggled, beside and around each other into a perfect and mutual solipsism. Have her forehead beside his high Periclean forehead. Have him stroking gently, gently, the hair from the side of her forehead so that skin absolutely touches skin. Have her know that the stars can now enter her body because they are him. Have her feel entirely at home on earth because of heaven. Have him be the shape of the beech tree outside the window barely visible in the dark. Have her transmuted into the music entering his ears, able to move him past his own muscle, tissue, organs, in and upward without disturbing his heart. Have this evening framed, let the frame be gold and round, neither thick, nor thin. Entitle this evening: "Brave in the Face of Death Wearing a Grecian Mask."