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From THE OCHRE WORLD

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They kept capturing things in language and things kept escaping. When they found words for what was happening—when they applied them to the images—what was happening in the video began to change. When they kept looking when the words held open the frames when the frames were seen through the words when they sifted when the man when the time blinking when look into your hearts when look into your hearts came up on the screen when the evidence was in when the pain it was inside him it was inside him and didn't show he was far from his skin he was and the horizon was gone the horizon these lights flooding over the arm coming down all the pain down inside where the light was too low where the blur might have been a scream but he was so far down inside and everyone kept shaking an earthquake was happening underneath them hazards were all around you could almost see them they were shadows they were a vocabulary a lexicon of hazards smeared lights the indefinite approaching the indefinite armed with no words attached the indefinite circling on the freeways fear in a handful of dust the indefinite afraid of its own shadow the luxes so low now the traffic noises and radio waves the static crackling how could we measure all this where would we take the readings the light bouncing off the subject's face the lights dragging the sounds over the several pavements the bystanders waiting for narrative that would explain the bystanders waiting for the you've got to understand what it's like out there you've got to understand the families waiting up waking up the nightgowns and slippers the coffee cup held in two hands the sound of the slippers on linoleum the steam rising the smoke the scuffing sound of slippers the long hair pushed back from the face from where it falls around the face the indefinite circling moving in the shadows the money the water behind the dam the family values the man was not a saint the man's drugs were circulating in the neighborhood in the night air the family values were being loaded into a van the family values were inside them the family values kicked open the door the family values the ontological certainties kept shifting the relativity was not in the frame was in each successive frame was in the story we were making up was the meaning in the image in the close-up where the darkness was abso-

lute and the light could have been when they froze the image when the close-up when the computer enhanced when you stood back you could see the beauty of it the pattern the inevitability the softened edges of time of motion the nightstick the hand must have been soaking for a long time all the language gone the calligraphy stopped the pulse the anger off the screen the word unfinished the agony passing into history inside where the luxes are so low inside where the pain circles and circles on the dirt floor shivering and twitching inside and the dust blowing inside where the words won't go inside where the hazards where the nightsticks where the family values inside go inside but the light is so dim the torch the language the languages the window the lens scratched and scorched inside where they keep the pain where they keep the history the anger where they crush the berries where they keep drawing the glyph the sign in which we read our hopes our fears the hunters gathered around the bison the hunger which is us too the bison which is us too the fear circulating in the ochre pigments in the flame-opening down inside where we keep it where we keep the pictures of it shivering and twitching and calling out in our sleep—