

THE DETECTIVES

I dreamt of detectives lost in the dark city.
I heard their moans, their disgust, the delicacy
Of their escape.

I dreamt of two painters who weren't even
40 when Columbus
Discovered America.

(One classic, eternal, the other
Modern always,
Like a pile of shit.)

I dreamt of a glowing footprint,
The serpents' trails
Observed time and again

By detectives
Who were utterly desperate.

I dreamt of a difficult case,
I saw corridors filled with cops,
I saw interrogations left unresolved,

The ignominious archives,
And then I saw the detective
Return to the scene of the crime

Tranquil and alone
As in the worst nightmares,
I saw him sit on the floor and smoke

In a bedroom caked with blood
While the hands of the clock
Traveled feebly through the
Infinite night.