

**White Bits**  
*for Helene*

night after night

the sky filled with stars

pattern after pattern

working itself out

going on & on

this restless mind

on & on

profound

empty

impatient:

life goes on & on

working itself out

like a splinter in the finger

working itself out

slowly

like history

like the white

bits in our fingernails

by which we cling

on & on

over & over again

dying, being born

over & over again

filling the sky with stars