

When he awoke brain dead he had wires and tubes coming out of his gauzed arms wires and tubes coming out of his legs he was passing under the overpass the rust painted gray the dusk shadows cast he passed under the arching frames. Overpasses and streetlights again and again then irrigation lines enormous fields curving flats rows and rows curving into horizons at the hours before sundown and from the hips great spouts of water hair shooting everything turning incandescent with the sun going low

When he awoke brain dead he had his nostrils filled with plastic sprouts potato shoots and the guitar began like an itch in his ear until it pushed the rim of his universe outward and underneath the obvious chords progressing towards the annulment of noise raced eight desperate lights. He knew the christmas bulbs had been left stapled to the skull and everyone knew where to arrive when they were on and they were on when the third switch from the eye was plucked to the sky

When he awoke brain dead he had metal bars pierced through his femur thighs like crossbows through the cartilage of the nose and his knees were slightly bent lifting the sheets so he was a tent with something to hide. The answering machine was playing messages but he couldn't identify the callers. It was not his machine and it was not people he knew and what they said did not have anything to do with his life then or now but there was the slightest possibility that it would all flood back and then he would know that it had just been forgotten

When he awoke brain dead he could smell his hair and the grease and sores of a body that hadn't been cleaned or moved for too long. It was already dark. The day had passed and the bridge was full of people going home like they'd always gone home. He felt the dust settling on the windowsill and he watched the notes paint the ceiling and drip to the floor, the room flickering with the sound of mixed pigment and the crackle of burning oxygen.

When he awoke brain dead he had a premonition that his foot would soon move and that there was someone waiting in a theater who needed his advice. Caravans had assembled to travel without destination to the promised land. He was to join them but he didn't know why. His hunger told him he would be the cook--a great composer of vegetables and fish and sauce. And so he would have his alibi.

When he awoke brain dead he held a rolling pin and a geometric map tightly in his hands.