The Illusion of Perspective (translated by Carmine Di Biase)

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**The Illusion of Perspective**  
(Translated by Carmine Di Biase)

The noise of fretting breaks the silence  
of this dead railway station. I see its reflection in the fogged  
windows on my return to this city bleached white  
by age. Life’s every moment slays me.  
I have met my dead.  
I have met my deaths,  
have talked away the time, sweated away the game.

I have fought the moment and the memory of it,  
quaffed down the images gathered on these windows:  
that unhappy look, that burning star.  
Folly is a troubled comet, its concentric halo  
chokes the moon and leaves a bloodless white trail.  
So hangs the scene on my dreamtime wall.

The prospects, the illusion of perspective:  
two rails—  
we shall meet when we reach infinity.