

Brenda Hillman

## UNTITLED EPYLLION

In the malls new babies sleep beside  
dry fountains.  
The tiles predict the future like Aeneas's shield.  
Blankets from many invaded countries cover the babies with brief  
and darling pales.  
The war is forget forgot forgotten.  
Siblings run wildly around.

The mall is a square with bumps like a small epic.  
Through vents, winds swirl:  
(1) a sort of sweet lite rock (2) faded popcorn  
(3) infinity (4) a breezy o in the word *world*.

There is no ego. It passes  
through as residue of crowd  
or tone.  
Holiday t-shirt gold trumpets hang low.  
Past narcotic bells in the suburbs, loose mists (*loosatic*  
is the word  
needed here but Microsoft  
has rejected it) make brain-shaped clouds.

The holes where the children sleep  
are to be your work: what what  
what what what what  
why. It was  
a judgeless  
dream, including the very day it liked to provide.