

Infinity Diary

What lightning in a metal bowl of water collected by the window? A thunderstorm in the chest falls mostly on deaf ears. How to tell you I still wish I didn't have to wake up every morning? What's that line by Sexton again about carpenters, "they want to know *which tools ... never why build?*" It's true. It's true. Not from the usual reasons like despair or a haughty resignation, no, but a desiccation, a surrendering to nothingness like the closing of a book. What keeps me

dusty shoe cabinet, hairs in the drainhole, unkept underwear, a giggle when my cheek grazes your stomach

going is the unfinished business of chores, your face through the door in the evening, that kind of thing. Then there are others: a companion who is going blind and who once threatened to leave because he was terrified of hurting me; or one who loves me for the way I listen and speak when he listens; and another who used to be my best friend but is quietly packing away our history in boxes and moving away. We carry on.

rusty refrigerator magnets, slippers pointing in disparate directions, floor mat slightly askew, bulb of your shoulder in the mirror

What stirred the first archaea in deep oceanic vents or along the sensuous flanks of volcanoes? What is movement, this wish for more? I don't want more. Not that I'm obsessed with your departure, but you're my synecdoche, a symptom of everything I hoped would leave me alone to live a full death, commence my letting go. Without you, I mean, I can really go.

gentle foghorn still blows in the distance, the old ladies' qigong group downstairs is dwindling so maybe most of them are dead, some days there're just no letters in the mailbox

What scares me is this spiralling towards a simplicity nearly impossible to resist, in the direction of full knowledge that every colour belongs to the same swirly dress of light; that every value or objection reflects one another; living is dying is arising again in different form; while all that's left is what we do to each other and then we're done. What scares me is that with acceptance, I won't be able to grieve for long: the sweetness of rowing along a wound's unending channel; your face like a claw wedged into every limb so every gesture must hurt of you after you're gone. Do you fear

shirts that disappear from the cupboard and the laundry basket, insects mistaken for cockroaches huddling in corners of the flat and dying there, speaking wind chimes, crestfallen blanket on the floor

the same thing? Clouds smash their light bulbs against every window. Wind is a sentence of breath that began in the lungs of another universe, syllables mocking us now with indecipherable meaning, full of praise and warning. Then rain like a symphonic language all of its own, importunate and haranguing. Something apophatic when a stillness stands up inside me to take notice of inclement weather and reminds me of what it isn't; what can be negated without dismissal, like dancing on a bridge in the middle of a typhoon.

shirt draping the couch like a discarded white flag, lust-red pillows, water stains on the table from a weeping cup of ice

Symmetries our bodies align with for pleasure, conditionings of beauty, drawing and redrawing every impulse to belong and disappear, fucking strangers or rearrangements of furniture—no real difference in outcome, the older we become—before we fill up the body completely; I mean, fill it to the brim as breath tapers and the heart is no longer a metaphor; self and the body one and the same punctuation in time, a fallen brick or dense fog shimmering so brightly it's no longer separate from the light that fills it like an awareness of itself

washed pot not yet returned to the cupboard, beads of rice on the stove, gambolling ball of tissue

or a permanent forgetting. The second law of thermodynamics is the reason many believe time exists, moving forward not back: you can't unmix coffee, blood cannot be adjured to abjure its viruses, entropy or disorder the order of the day; when fog becomes light and the light no longer divisible—but maybe this is time moving backward too, first forward then back, from clear to unclear to clarified constituents, or one singular constituent; before dividing again, becoming

drops of water on the table and the floor you think make the kitchen unclean you scold me for not cleaning up

unclear, conflicted, colliding, converging; conditioned, born again: miasma, haze, fog, smog. I'm struggling to see the point of living, even now. Not even our bodies purling around each other in the reluctant light of evening can persuade me to forget the struggle: the struggle to talk, move, read; even as I somehow talk, move, read, even write. The point of the struggle is that it never goes away, even as I'm sitting here, not looking like I'm surrendering to any type of struggle at all. Maybe I've chosen the wrong word. Maybe the word

the empty fragrance of clean office shirts that I must fold to fit your suitcase as you prepare to go to India for two weeks, blackness of your work pants

is weariness. Even the rain conspires to make me forget you, beating the windows and blowing its many trumpets. Life is longer than any longing. It's what I've heard and now I'm told. If nothing lasts, it's nothing I'll return to, my farthest sanctum or highest castle; if the subtlest mind doesn't last, then it doesn't even matter. Two things I strive not to forget: the throb of love and the unceasing fact of its possibility—how separate, but also the same.

video CDs with lewd topless men on the covers, left in your drawer from the nineties, making me laugh instead of turning me on

In porn, the actors never go home afterwards to talk universe, Hindu gods, your overprotective sisters, office politics. Beauty is skin on muscle over bone is still beauty, nonetheless, that sucks us in because we let it. Your late father came to Singapore from India on a train then a boat with barely enough money in his pocket for a dream—I suddenly think of him and your mother as ghosts peering in through the rain we never saw coming; marvelling at your silver altar in the living hall; looking at each other as I lift your shirt to fondle your chest.

tiny metal scissors left beside the tissue-box for curtailing commas of your hairs swimming out of your ears

We are not separate from the movement of desire; no *we* distinct from want, which has never been a door waiting to be opened but wheels within wheels; such grinding music of uncelestial spheres; each moment we demand transcendence, wheels wheel faster, harder, more efficiently, when the *I* is already desire, wanting—for truth is something else; not separate, not any sparrow floating over a roof, but part of the warp and woof that might untighten; every wheel slowly slowing, winding down, given a chance.

framed pictures of your late parents on the shelf, you holding a friend's baby in your arms, two of us standing and grinning in front of a public statue I don't recognise with your arm like a bracket over my shoulder

Stopped rain only promises future rain. Then it's here before we know it; we didn't even hear it invade our periphery. After the fierce gossip of thought, bodies worn down and worn out, what is left: seeing without waiting, a touch losing its demands; words are houses for married silences. In a spontaneous picture of ourselves captured on my phone, your dazzling mezzaluna smile makes up for my closed mouth, which is further hidden behind my fist, so only my eyes are dominant, squinting as if I'm already foretelling the end of everything that I'd ever need to say.