

Even literature could not
Manufacture such hubris
Nor mathematics foresee such errata
As with these three short-lived men
In three piece suits and a wicker basket

Balloon of silks

Just in case	Of a High Arctic dinner party	In gleaming gold
There was room in the balloon		The hold a seam has
For sweaters and stoves	8	They seem micro or mega
Homing pigeons and hams	million	The hiss of hydrogen
Champagne and pocket watches	holes	Ambition, flammable
The pressure, vast and white		The space, so close to where
Expanding by compression		We will never live
Momentum without mass		Squeezed compact
Ropes dragging		The fact of flight
Twisting buckling		The ship of the slave
Skew lines like lonely		Invisibility sealed tight
Knots by bonds		Viruses traces scars
Ballast of betrayal		Everything preserved
The weight of light		Canister of film
The broken letters		Metallic leak
The wait-long kiss		The hearts of ash
The Golden Hangar		
A photochrom of Andrée's station		The dome some say is sacred
In the foreground a man taking a photograph		Against time
Of two men. The camera is on a tripod.		Fantastical warning
All that is ever left is image		No declination / no magnetism
A copy of reality / anti-form		Extra-terrestrial
The men the camera and the hangar: relics		Alchemical knowledge
Of an obscure vision		Flaccid exodus
Preserved by Ice		The ever elder
The only witness to the		Interstices in which was
	The decadent wind of 1896	
	The void whistle of 1897	