

Pacific Coast Highway

by Marissa Perez

My friend died on Wednesday.
Here is what I now know.

I can tell you that after dusk
the headlights of an ambulance become small fists of suns

And I can tell you that a single day on the planet Venus
is longer than one earth year.

If you are rooted to a planet for what it perceives to be three hundred and sixty-five days,
you will begin to notice

that
everything

is
because.

A brook suggests the presence of a fish
a salmon, the presence of species.

The disc of the letter *o* is followed by the paternal letter *p*.
And sometimes, during your time on earth,

you, as a multicellular organism, will not know what precedes what
Will not know if the click precedes the whirr

Will not know that the presence of seedlings indicates the inevitability of roots.

My friend made paintings.

In each, a pearly corked bottle that contained a single item:
the word

life.

My friend,
now,

bridges the gap between what was and what will occur,

can fit his body like a comma in between a planet with years and a better macrocosm

where there is more than one dimension of time,
where Io is tame and Venus is no longer the second brightest globe.

Where the bottle is uncorked.

Where we, here on this province in which time is an immovable dimension,
who have never been blessed with the capacity for foresight,

will know that the event of water rising above mountains
will precede the day of judgment.

Star-bellied beasts will dance between trans-Neptunian objects.

In which universe is preclusion foolproof?