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When is the tide? When the work begins
the wind calls great. People from a boat
idle up the hill, *Liebestod* on the radio,
the world we choose is portable,
but this stays where this is, this is an island.

This is island. A woman's voice
explores the death in love. I stare
at red petunias, the invariant
actuality of thingliness, where can we go
to be free of being? A woman's voice

blooms across the sky. We are responsible.
The great work is beginning, a life is ending,
a composer hidden in the shadows
hears the empty opera house applaud his play
and music muscles past us, sudden gust

and it is gone in the dark with all its meanings,
leaves us here unsatisfied with light.
Lust. The creamy afterglow. A light spirit
interrogates her hair. What is the tide
that wends so blue among our broken barges?

It reaches sand and touches what we are
then runs away. Too many non-sequiturs
do not make profundity.
When the work begins
the bird flies in.
You feel it in
the meridians,
the channels of heartsease
it occupies,
it knows the skies
you hide
and soars
where you are rarest,
a leaf it seems
discharged from a busy tree
but its tumult

is no wind's raffling,
it is a door
swinging on its hinges
banging liudly on
successive states of possible,
impossible,
till a Stranger beckons
and the bird settles down
to sleep all day with open mind,

we stagger towards the dividends of rose.
People walk by pointing here and there.
Green between me and the sea a furlong's garden.
A plane's engine far away, a ship's bell near at hand.
Decipher me, I have been musical too long.
Now understand where all my ladders went,
my rooms and balusters and eloping prose.
Even now among the cracked shellfish of the world
their gleet and rot and iodine, I ask
some foggy miracle of comprehension
the way a man who woke too early
come midafternoon can fall on sleep.
Bell roar. Power saw. Helicopter over Nashawena
where Highland cattle amble through the surf
and lie there basking. Bee to my, flower.
So broad this ancestor before me,
all-womb, sole-sexed, ever-ample, fertile yielding,
ocean. Unharvested, says Homer surely,
not barren. Not like the music
locked inside the stone.

You are my luck,
do you know that?
You and the crows
and the wind and so
I am in luck in love
with you who are
and are and are the
the hope past hope,
do you know that?

And sure enough at five o'clock a man is whistling.

All this I heard when Pellam smote his shield,
long song of bronze and willow. And in that echo
all the pain men had ever sought
and all the comfort that they found were joined,
a bookish music but straight from the sky
simple as thunder. He struck the shield again
to summon seen and unseen enemies, whereof
was only I, who walk invisible,
my spear bacterial and vague, and where I go
you see the shadow of a dog passing on the grass
but no dog. My spear grows conscious of his flesh.
A crushed tennis ball, a robin's egg, and this
time I did not strike. A third time
King Pellam sounded, beat his shield and no one came.
Unenemied he grieved in willow shade.

The great work is beginning, of course
it's made of answering,

cries a gull's cold laughter
in the hot afternoon.

And then I know the wind is cold—
smell of naphtha — danger — people eating —
the fatal picnics of the middle class — the gulls'
shadows partake the roof. Part of laughter.
What will we eat tonight? All round the houses of the island
bluest hydrangeas like my mother's garden
lost fifty years. They come back to us, cloud-constant,
the harbor fills up with pleasure craft, yachts
nuzzle into the south wind. Evening soon,
a celebration. Out come the board games—
at dimlit dinette tables, on worn old ouija boards
talkative ghosts play Scrabble with us.
A sea-plane lands in the dark. Men are waiting.
I need to tell you. What color is yellow?
Those slopes are empty — through powerful binoculars
I see nothing but more sunlight on dry grass
and glacial outcrop, just like here. One looks
evidently only (always) at oneself. I also weather,

I also was born on this moraine. This hill is home.

11 August 1995

The great work is a plum or like it left
through the blue evening and found at morning
new-spangled on your table. Yours,
governors, yours, decipherers of leaves,
you living. The great work is beginning.

Phase purple. Hot blondage. The midday news
a glimpse of navel. Potteries at work below
mending the gap. Between mind and money,
the Bank Street station: two tubes in cross section
— study this engineering diagram, leave it out
all night on a table in Rangoon: the Empire.
A drawing so apt it makes you weep for sweet
technology, the gist of things deciphered by our hands,
red brick and iron work and comely prose, you
are weeping, bridgekeepers, noble governors,
o my lords and ladies, weeping for a clean tin thing,
a stucco dialogue. The great work is beginning
and the Raj like every décor changes overnight,
your navel's showing now, and her tattoo of a gull
flying forever down the nape of her neck. What seas
are hidden in us? You know, you conquistadors,
you who have conquered every morning
and wakened on an outbreath to rule the world
while little girls like me breathe in and sleep
the desperate never-ending dream of poetry.

The great work is an island. A tower on it
built of time round which the gulls
for some reason do not clamor, wheel or park
ever though the oyster shoals are just below.
Gulls go meekly there instead, and rare,
taking the cliff chances and the stripling bass
rather than negotiate at noon
the dubious geometry around that tower
as if some landsman built a sky from rock.

But not from your land, princes, not from the silken
touch of papal chamberlains, or nuncios of the Catholic king,
Portuguese lawyers with a taste for torts, not you.
That nostalgic settler who, I infer,
built sky villas in the shape that mattered,
house of the arrow, fewest dimensions
possible, to point to Far Home on the zenith
even you have on your heads, aldermen,
and you, boyars of the GOP, you too are briefly breathing.

Watch where gulls don't go. The great work
is going where no one goes. The great work is beginning
and gulls know. They could
be smart as crows but kill too much
for any steady knowing to arise.
There are no crows on the island,
the great work is beginning.

A tower where the gulls won't go. A place
where it has forgotten how to rain.
What color is blue? This miracle
is not for you, fullbacks and senators,
though I will let you taste the pudding
God makes from such stale bread,
but not for you, lansequenets and soldier boys,
though I will let the steam of it
sashay past your snorting nostrils.
This is for you, kind one, the wife you are,
or wise, or able to withstand
unhating if [] the sleazy politics of time.

For it was ever so, and so the great work is beginning.
Hags and faxes, dead children on the stoop, ambulances
and all the brittle metaphors we take for life,
hot crowded, and unfriendly — from this perception
of what is to be perceived I would rescue your perceiving.
The great work is beginning. The plum
in better light's a peach. Or changed to be one,
who can be sure what happens in the night.

Or does not happen? Might change. Things do.

The canvas stretches the wind
and holds it in. The wind
in its liberal will must needs then
struggle to be free, and from its throes
the boat in its measure passes
in jittery high-soul progress
towards the far shore. Last night
you sailed close to the rocks
and saw this time no cattle.
One island to another: all
our time is such journeying.
The cows now toss their long sharp
horns at the multicolored moonrise
on the other side of their hill.
They are closer to what happens
when the sky comes towards us.
Then you come back to me to tell.

Our lives are like this neglected tower,
one gets a little feel for what one's doing.
Pirouettes, gull wings beating, boat people
climbing past us for no better reason
than to see where they are, as if their feet
and all the sweet etceteras of their physique
had nothing to tell them of where they stand
and only eyes could make sense of islands.

But islands are not meant for looking..
(The great work is beginning.) if we just look
we lose the great part of what it's telling,
this living Earth that stores intact and ready
all the sequences of knowing. If we just look,
we shut out the myriad other knowings
by which the Earth is willing to instruct us
and be known, when the bones listen
and the skin knows how to hear.
It everythings so busily below.

Read

inside yourself the ancient shastras of the Earth,
read by heart-light and keeping still
and let the winds blow through you
preaching the calm of all Earth's evenings
in the storm world of your private weather.

What color is yellow? We dare not answer,
and least with the name of some flower,
maybe the coordinates on the beach shingle
between a rock and a rock it maybe grows.

But what language such things speak
you learn exclusively by listening.
Eyes unfocused, he writes down:
the great work is beginning

and has nothing to report about it,
nothing to say.
But it has, and keeps revealing.
Watch it with your hands.

Count the spaces,
they have meaning too.
Or more of it from time to time
than all my busy language means.

Through what arcane neurology
do we come to speak of roses, sea-roses?
While not a cloud exactly,
there is a lessening of brightness

in the early sun, a releasingness
where true colors seem,
unglazed by glare, colors
of their own, legitimate and soft.

The world needs some rain today
and it's Cawúk, day Seven-Rain
in the pre-Conquistador island lingo
when a calendar tried to tell you

when things are ripe for happening.
The world needs rain. My colors
are bleached from too much thinking,
mix sea and sky together bravely,

what color is wet? Better not to know
how busy you are, better let it rain.
Forget it, decouple wits from weather,
let it care what happens

and let me just husband what comes down.

No church. No commonpalce. No chord.
Unfettered by learned harmonies, the wind
picks up, your curtain tells me,
everything washed clean.

Filter coffee through an old white cotton sock,
read Auden with my feet in nice warm sand,
heaped nervously up around the astragals
and try to forget the sky. It's down here, stupid.

Bentham language, brokers disport in surf.
How did we get here? Single-engined Storch sea-plane
such as might have carried Göring to Bornholm
for the herring. Small ferry with its nose in weed.

Today is Lammas, Old Lammas,
Loaf-Mass of the Used-to-be's
when we celebrate the amplitude of Earth,

foison rich and all forms disposed
to be for us, and things
consent to be our patriots,

come soon, the Harvest.
Marvin's cutting back the mint. Renew
the miracle. From what

he trims and jettisons
we'll make spicy green podina
to serve with lamb.

Businessmen poets, offer *all* your sheep.

'Looks like rain,' he said affably.
'Who does?' asked Mr Braddock, puzzled.
—Wodehouse

Chirk Castle: a calendar
with windows
in a picture
of a castle. Each window
worked by wheel.
To tell the day and date
and even year.
Grey stone, the long
memory.

Two items
on the brick mantle. The second
a small card tray
from Wales: Pontcysyllte Aqueduct
carrying the canal
high over the big valley.

Things we find
in people's houses.
From some Renaissance
philosopher, meek
proofs of the existence of the world.

12 August 1995

The great work forever beginning is swaddled
in day wool , we wonder will a cloud

or then we falter sleepward on a hill of hope.
But the work is pregnant with us, and must,

must. The compulsion to be absolute
strikes many a sinner. From Elmira

to Dodge City there was a Reformation
in faith and morals. Words are dogmas

enough, isn't that so? Worth fighting for
like all the free soil of Missouri,

slavetraders in their Sunday best
exchanging theological excuses.

Why should the LORD live on a mountain?
Isn't He, of all, best suited to the prairies and the crowd,
swell of visitors idling round the fire

where the Lammas Evening Pig Roast
brought over more shorts and tee-shirts to the island?
Isn't God there anywhere, among the many,
vivacious, vere-moving? Not a single
cloud, of doubtful portent, afloat on some
far horizon, all alabaster abscondite,
hidden in the stony distances of self.

We did not eat the pig.
We did not dance
around the fire
just a slow
waltz in the kitchen,
I stepped on your foot
only once I think
the great work is beginning,
the Lunar Battery the Windclock
the Language of the Tides,
we walked around the island to the war
left over casemates, the far
pillboxes where they watched

to keep the sea from speaking German,
U-boat traffic and how they must
have idled in their khakis
among blackberries all afternoon
and waltzed the down maidens
in the gull dance common
to the west end of the island
where a quick abiding wind
has the property of making you love
the one you're with
when you stand into that wind
and watch the darkness gel on Gosnold Pond
until only a sort of silver
root of light is left in the world
to find your way back hom
over the moors and matted grasses where
some small grey deer slept
last night and the night before
made their bowges there but retreat
silent, invisible, discreet,
to hide until you've passed,
the two of them, of you, of us,
all the times that lovers ever had,
passing with that special wind's
entitlement still easy in their eyes.
It makes friends keep faith like water-fowl,
glad in the downy necessity of one another.

The great work is beginning in the leaf
—you do not know how many ring your house—
and in the footsteps of people who mean
no more harm than we, innocent, blundering,
prone to accidents, dangerous to self and others,
wanderers in a dream. The only hope is waking.
The great work is beginning, my eyes unfocussed
but my mind is clear as amber, clear enough to know
and know it isn't mine. What a strange
idea, that it could be me who's thinking!
And that all that wordless logic that I hear
is my mind or my deciding.

What color
is yellow?
Will the bell
start ringing
in a quarter-hour
to invite the wind
to Holy Eucharist,
the business of that white building on the hill
with a wooden fish on the top of it to tell the weather,
to clock the wind?
But the wind is not the same,
it's touched houses and owned things
before it gets over Lookout Hill,
it doesn't taste the same as on the cliffs
where first it touches land.
Where something invisible
comes from far away and knows us.

But it has magic and comes to church.
The business of white buildings—
why doesn't religion help us,
why is it always sleeping with the enemy?
Why is it always going away?
Will the bell
in all the liberty
of wind begin?
I'll wait ten minutes to decide,
and listen to the gulls
and up the hill a child has woken
and teaches itself to talk
loud and lonely,
the way language
has to be

lest anybody listen.
Language is what we do to keep from hearing.
The Chomsky shibboleth that keeps us from revering
the great work that is now beginning.

Heart over hand
a boy stands

to pledge his body
to quick white elements,
Na, Hg, Ne,
he would belong
to exposition,

be a semaphore
with all his limbs,
a walking crucifix
and a talking clock,
a mirror mended
and a child no more.

A boy pledges
all his selves
in one wild waking
the drift of meaning from the deep sea outward
till it reaches all our shores — he means
to bring you that, and wants the scout paths
through poison ivy and elder flowers to fetch him up
at length against Grail Castle
(Ben Franklin comes to Philadelphia)
from which he plans to bring you home, just you,
in his sudden and absolute convertible, red,
a car full of diamonds and a hidden medicine,
he thinks he brews it and you decant it,
that cures all ills.

There goes the bell,
the Protestants are on their way to
hear about heaven. 8 AM Episcopal,
8 PM Methodist. And in between
they go and slaughter fish, a kind of fun.

Whereas the Fisher King
(all stories are Grail stories,
there is only one cycle,
Anna Karenina is Guinevere,
the world belongs to us
by dint of finding)
whereas the Fisher King

(a king in name only,
like all the others,
people listen to the name
and bend the knee
— the bell again,
to Communion
come — and icon
painters can show
the colors themselves
in acts of genuflection.)
Whereas the Fisher King
sits wounded
in his little boat
all day long
trailing something
in the lake's waters
from morning mist
through brazen noon
—he hears a shield
clashing in the woods—
the bells of Mass
summon the crew
of the island,
the wind is true —
whereas the Fisher King
still there by twilight
trails his line
but is he fishing?
Is he listening?
He is the King who Fishes
but not catches,
the books never speak
of what he takes,
he takes nothing,
he is a failure there
as at everything
elsewhere, his limp
and dangling desire
draws no bream,
salmon, carp, seal,

whale, dragon, kraken.
Nothing bothers the mute
drift of his line

Below the level
of his language
curling and floating.
All day he fishes
and catches no fish—
each day he rejoices
at his fishlessness,
to have been blameless
one more time
despite all the instruments
deployed whereby
a life is taken
into his own. Back
he is carried
to his bedchamber
where over a fire
of juniper — branches
and indigo berries —
men cook his frugal dinner
and he sleeps,
worn out with his dry
study, his all day
not killing,
worn out with thinking
and not talking,
a king is all thinking,
worn out with knowing.
He sleeps now
warm and painless,
his dreams are an island,
a lucid coil
investigating
around the roots
of that conspiracy
called history
all the ascensions
into that fate called fact.

To know everything
and not blame.
To catch everyone
in the act
and not prosecute,
noli prosequi,
to trail all day long
your slender wits
in the endless water
of circumstance
and still at nightfall
be brave enough
not to decide,
not to name
yourself, not
to settle for this
fish or that
but let
the habitants
shimmer, free flash
below the lowest
horizon, preach
their rippling gospel up
and dazzle you, amaze
you and be gone.
And you watch them,
your line
(your instrument)
harmless with hearing.

A king is thinking. The great work is beginning.
Over the old Welsh valley a Nineteenth Century aqueduct
carries the transverse canal. Barges pass
over mock-Roman arches, pleasure craft float forward
with the determination to be amused, look,
a boat in the sky!

You can see from down here
the happy flags on the stern, the red
geraniums on the window boxes, lazy
husbands adore their languid wives, brunch,

a boat is passing. A boat in the sky
reminds us of something, old druidry,
all that stonework and engineering
to make Osiris's whaleboat cruise across the sky
and fetch our vagrant meanings home.
We also think.

Or do
that ooze
of light/

The wind comes back,
the tabernacles shake,
cloth walls of our quick house
shiver, my wife walks up the hill
her sea beyond her, comes home,
my wife of reef and south wind,
my wife with barnacle cuts on her little finger,
my wife my wife and the waves come in
big now on the reef off Barges.

13 August 1995

The great work is beginning, now we know it,
last night on the big bay easy floating
on the big combers coming from Bermuda
where a storm is brewing, serene it seemed,
silvery in a strangely textured light: a solitary
swan. You saw him fly here, a whir of white
over Colette's pond, coming from in-island,
and then you spotted him far out, at peace.
By the time we got to shore he was near.
We hobbled down the stones to see him
big, white, drifting, dipping sometimes
decorously to feed. To preen, neat
as a big duck, an ocean swan. A page
open to the merest sign. This is the island
where the wind keeps house, it is no
small matter to have the wind for your wife.
Chatter of fishermen in the dark. Moongloss
on clear sea. The avatars are busy

finding their way in us, downwind the schooner
fights for the far shore. Nothing easy,
everything beautiful, a centaur on the rocks.

No fog this time. No sweet evasions.
Full frontal sunshine and the wind falls—
sometimes the wind's a veil too,
that hides your eyes — face the sand,
the infinite divisibility of compound things,
the broken sign. Name this house.
We struggle all our lives to wind a broken watch.
Meantime the sand is counting.
Sometimes wind brings it here,
cool as a rain drop whipped against my bare arm,
I find it late lodged in the hair, blond in blond,
minute, a necessity. Compose myself,
nothing can be avoided. Compose myself,
one grain of sand rescuing another.

An hour after sunrise usually the wind comes up,
that's one way we know the wife it is, slow rising,
the long, long wife dreams that run the world.

(Most wives happen to be women
but some are men, stones, winds.
And the stars themselves are instances,
mute instructions stored for the earth
at the close of day disclosed
in bright erasures, wifeness far.)

I am no swimmer. The sea for me's a page
of endlessly renewing text, unfailing narrative
of the best kind: full of surprises and room
to let me in, to guess the drift of things.

Waves come from forever. From the contour
of each one intuit the mysterious core of ocean,
core of telling. Everything that happens marks it.
That storm in Bermuda sends its footnotes here,
the odd big combers that once in a while crash in

after a week of calm sea. I am no swimmer
but the great work is beginning, is bringing,
I have to get wet to be in it, to let it,
the sound of neighbors, those unpredictable galoots
who use this lovely language. How can people
like people ever have come up
with such a music?
And one that seems to know
more than we know
like a picture bigger than its frame.
It goes on meaning while they eat breakfast
next door and the dog keeps quiet.

The cause of all
is telling. Tell.
Once I dreamed
of alchemists
and their dangerous
daughters,
reprisals of art
against the mute
rule of matter.
Now I behold
with wonder
my wife and her mother
making peach cobbler,
the act is single,
various and free—
the transmutation
in us, signed
by the least thing.
I have seen
the grail, gull,
grain, green
of aspen and the sea,
cloud fall
sunburnt revelers
leap ashore,
sign upon sign.

Through a dark tunnel in the quaking leaves we reach the sea.
Fishing boat can be heard close, out of sight
around the cliff that closes in the cove.
Humans at their catch. (The Lombards caught
their 39" striped bass, their record ever,
lifted high on our lawn, let fall, a meter
of dead silver on the grass.) The cove
is private except for their language entering,
finding us, feeling us out, finding us out,
as if the sea weren't enough to say.

And the wind's caress is adequate, no charm
like what doesn't need us
to complete itself.
Even the jabber
of invisible fishermen
the words that come
so strongly over water
can release
into the sweetness of the actual.
Stand aside and see.
Stand aside and hear
clock tick in the empty kitchen
the magic
of my single life,
a sound and me
to hear it
maybe, a maybe me
to touch your certain hand.

The great work is beginning, stand aside
in moonlight, hard listening, divining.
We can see it at the ocean clearly,
now how to get it to the mountain,
valley, the virtual
unreality of the given, the holy opposite.
Weekdays and wheels.
The sea is always Sunday.

My eyes are tired with going away.

None of the usual symbols need apply.
The road is different,
is made of me,
all goaty and forgiving,
going, is made
of sharing
(I hate to share)
and of caring
(care about me!)
and a daring
(*lass mich schlafen!*)
and of dancing
(my feet are moss)
of going out
(let me in!)
and out and out
until I'm six inches or so
beyond myself
and then let go.
From the cliff called No Coming & No Going
it might one day be safe to fall.

So let's go out and see the cliffs again before we go.
Past the cemetery and the weathervane in the shape of a bass,
even the dead go fishing in this place.
We are their fish,
our Scrabble their devotions,
unifying our lives
in the words of the game—
plume, whine came twice,
ajar, tantra, mesons.
Their words come near us
telling, telling, get it straight
or set it crooked,
bent as a song,
the bread will rise
for all our lies.

The wind in the shape of our faces
meets us with delicious maybes.

Gulls over and under, a reef
peopled with cormorants—
ten birds fit. When an eleventh lands
one is displaced and floats about
disconsolate until he forgets
the exile all our life is, and just is.
Forgets the exile in the fact of it,
the wind world we share.
Then he rises to his usual ecstasy and goes.

14 August 1995

The great word is beginning, the pinwheel spins in the child's hand,
the birds need to be fed, a door is opening, rain stopped,
the flukes of Long Island, arms, reach out to the sun,
no, the self's mirror with hazy brightness, England, far.
The terminal moraine. The place I was born.

What you have to understand over and over
is the last glaciation, glacier shaped us
and everywhere we live is its long verdict.
It pushed before it and left behind it when it
as they say retreated (but really just receded
into the next gathering wave, when everything is sea)
a vast crescent of debris and rock and stuff
and left it on our lawn. The Terminal Moraine
and what it is, is Brooklyn, Cemetery Ridge,
north shore of Long Island, Block Island,
Cuttyhunk and the Elizabeths, Cape Cod and Cape Ann,
and that's it, that's one long rocky street,
that's where I was born. The long house,
the curve of consequence.

How can you talk
with the wind in your face?
—How can you talk
without it?

It was cooler in New Bedford after the hot crossing,
I walked solitary up those cobbled streets,

not a soul my mother would have said in the streets,
rush hour, passy the Fishlumpers' Union
to the Elm Street Garage, and there were some people there,
nervous pretty women with briefcases locking doors
behind them. Not even many gulls.
A bight in time I looped my fingers through and pulled.

After some prayer, the car started.
Then Union Street was full of cars,
going their ways. I wanted
to end on the island,
the geology understands me,
but end has to be home,
a home is not where you're understood
but where you do your understanding.

Or the last one house
is an island.

Why a church
has the shape of a ship
and the Holy Dharma
crosses oceans

to come to us.
"Cross me," we said as children
to grownups, meaning Take me
across the street
I am too afraid or too forbidden
to cross by myself,
please cross me,

take me
to the other

side
and they did,

usually,
why not?

They too were parents or had parents who said
wait for someone big to cross you
or an older child—

green fire and we walk right over.
The other shore. New Bedford
cooler than the island.
The schooner *Ernestina*
dried her timbers in the Coast Guard slip
where the tramp from Funchal
flying the Portuguese flag used to berth
but now is repainted and renamed
something like Susie or Sally and anyway is gone.

In the lost name of an absent ship
bearing the colors of a land I've never seen
I greet you, sea, my destiny,

you teach me my glad pomposity
and leach it away, out from under,
sucked out from under my heels
and back I go, beach sand, the undertow.

Memory is our only democrat,
it holds the secret of humility,
the mix of mind, the minister's old socks,
instinct with the hope of heaven,

the grace of being wrong,
the mix I mean and the mix I am.
They sell good beef at Giammalvo's
and good brooms, thick solid handle
you can get two hands on and whack
the dust out the back door
and scare the little snake by the propane tanks,
and what do they eat while we eat beef
and the folks next door cook their bass
and bluefin tuna and a creel of clams?
Crickets, I suppose, and crawling beetles,

or june bugs like the one I found on my nape
and let out the front door with a hope of heaven,

the great work is beginning, after eating
even the diners begin to dream, beginning,
the Geats ride over the hard sea,
the mysterious troubadors
are up and at it,
the ones who make the wind
in maple leaves sound like voices
then like some refined Strauss opera exaltation
where the soprano's voice, lifted high,
is seamlessly continued upward by the clarinet,
the leaves, or flute, breeze, crickets all
turn into voices and someone calls.
No, it's just the window walking.
No, it's just the morning, always.

A fat marmot grazing fast against the Fall.
The wall
I'll never breach and always must climb over,
o obstacle our intimate Everests,
to reach the sky where they're busy dancing
and not a rehearsal but the real thing,
just like the leaves and breeze and Charlotte coming through the door.

15 August 1995

This time I have a picture of it happening