

Yes, they are alive and can have those colors,
 But I, in my soul, am alive too.
 I feel I must sing and dance, to tell
 Of this in a way, that knowing you may be drawn to me.

And I sing amid despair and isolation
 Of the chance to know you, to sing of me
 Which are you. You see,
 You hold me up to the light in a way

I should never have expected, or suspected, perhaps
 Because you always tell me I am you,
 And right. The great spruces loom.
 I am yours to die with, to desire.

I cannot ever think of me, I desire you
 For a room in which the chairs ever
 Have their backs turned to the light
 Inflicted on the stone and paths, the real trees

That seem to shine at me through a lattice toward you.
 If the wild light of this January day is true
 I pledge me to be truthful unto you
 Whom I cannot ever stop remembering.

Remembering to forgive. Remember to pass beyond you into the day
 On the wings of the secret you will never know.
 Taking me from myself, in the path
 Which the pastel girth of the day has assigned to me.

I prefer "you" in the plural, I want "you,"
 You must come to me, all golden and pale
 Like the dew and the air.
 And then I start getting this feeling of exaltation.

Hasn't the sky? Returned from moving the other
 Authority recently dropped, wrested as much of
 That severe sunshine as you need now on the way
 You go. The reason why it happened only since
 You woke up is letting the steam disappear
 From those clouds when the landscape all around
 Is hilly sites that will have to be reckoned
 Into the total for there to be more air: that is,
 More fitness read into the undeduced result, than land.
 This means never getting any closer to the basic
 Principle operating behind it than to the distracted
 Entity of a mirage. The half-meant, half-perceived
 Motions of fronds out of idle depths that are
 Summer. And expansion into little draughts.
 The reply wakens easily, darting from
 Untruth to willed moment, scarcely called into being
 Before it swells, the way a waterfall
 Drums at different levels. Each moment
 Of utterance is the true one; likewise none are true,
 Only is the bounding from air to air, a serpentine
 Gesture which hides the truth behind a congruent
 Message, the way air hides the sky, is, in fact,
 Tearing it limb from limb this very moment: but
 The sky has pleaded already and this is about
 As graceful a kind of non-absence as either
 Has a right to expect: whether it's the form of
 Some creator who has momentarily turned away,
 Marrying detachment with respect, so that the pieces
 Are seen as parts of a spectrum, independent
 Yet symbolic of their staggered times of arrival;
 Whether on the other hand all of it is to be
 Seen as no luck. A recurring whiteness like
 The face of stone pleasure, urging forward as
 Nostrils what only meant dust. But the argument,

That is its way, has already left these behind: it
Is, it would have you believe, the white din up ahead
That matters: unformed yells, rocketings,
Affected turns, and tones of voice called
By upper shadows toward some cloud of belief
Or its unstated circumference. But the light
Has already gone from there too and it may be that
It is lines contracting into a plane. We hear so much
Of its further action that at last it seems that
It is we, our taking it into account rather, that are
The reply that prompted the question, and
That the latter, like a person waking on a pillow
Has the sensation of having dreamt the whole thing,
Of returning to participate in that dream, until
The last word is exhausted; certainly this is
Peace of a sort, like nets drying in the sun,
That we must progress toward the whole thing
About an hour ago. As long as it is there
You will desire it as its tag of wall sinks
Deeper as though hollowed by sunlight that
Just fits over it; it is both mirage and the little
That was present, the miserable totality
Mustered at any given moment, like your eyes
And all they speak of, such as your hands, in lost
Accents beyond any dream of ever wanting them again.
To have this to be constantly coming back from—
Nothing more, really, than surprise at your absence
And preparing to continue the dialogue into
Those mysterious and near regions that are
Precisely the time of its being furthered.
Seeing it, as it was, dividing that time,
Casting colored paddles against the welter
Of a future of disunion just to abolish confusion
And permit level walks into the gaze of its standing

Around admiringly, it was then, that it was these
Moments that were the truth, although each tapered
Into the distant surrounding night. But
Wasn't it their blindness, instead, and wasn't this
The fact of being so turned in on each other that
Neither would ever see his way clear again? It
Did not stagger the imagination so long as it stayed
This way, comparable to exclusion from the light of the stars
That drenched every instant of that being, in an egoistic way,
As though their round time were only the reverse
Of some more concealable, vengeful purpose to become known
Once its result had more or less established
The look of the horizon. But the condition
Of those moments of timeless elasticity and blindness
Was being joined secretly so
That their paths would cross again and be separated
Only to join again in a final assumption rising like a shout
And be endless in the discovery of the declamatory
Nature of the distance traveled. All this is
Not without small variations and surprises, yet
An invisible fountain continually destroys and refreshes the previsions.
Then is their permanence merely a function of
The assurance with which it's understood, assurance
Which, you might say, goes a long way toward conditioning
Whatever result? But there was no statement
At the beginning. There was only a breathless waste,
A dumb cry shaping everything in projected
After-effects orphaned by playing the part intended for them,
Though one must not forget that the nature of this
Emptiness, these previsions,
Was that it could only happen here, on this page held
Too close to be legible, sprouting erasures, except that they
Ended everything in the transparent sphere of what was
Intended only a moment ago, spiraling further out, its

Gesture finally dissolving in the weather.
It was the long way back out of sadness
Of that first meeting: a half-triumph, an imaginary feeling
Which still protected its events and pauses, the way
A telescope protects its view of distant mountains
And all they include, the coming and going,
Moving correctly up to other levels, preparing to spend the night
There where the tiny figures halt as darkness comes on,
Beside some loud torrent in an empty yet personal
Landscape, which has the further advantage of being
What surrounds without insisting, the very breath so
Honorably offered, and accepted in the same spirit.
There was in fact pleasure in those high walls.
Each moment seemed to bore back into the centuries
For profit and manners, and an old way of looking that
Continually shaped those lips into a smile. Or it was
Like standing at the edge of a harbor early on a summer morning
With the discreet shadows cast by the water all around
And a feeling, again, of emptiness, but of richness in the way
The whole thing is organized, on what a miraculous scale,
Really what is meant by a human level, with the figures of giants
Not too much bigger than the men who have come to petition them:
A moment that gave not only itself, but
Also the means of keeping it, of not turning to dust
Or gestures somewhere up ahead
But of becoming complicated like the torrent
In new dark passages, tears and laughter which
Are a sign of life, of distant life in this case.
And yet, as always happens, there would come a moment when
Acts no longer sufficed and the calm
Of this true progression hardened into shreds
Of another kind of calm, returning to the conclusion, its premises
Undertaken before any formal agreement had been reached, hence
A writ that was the shadow of the colossal reason behind all this

Like a second, rigid body behind the one you know is yours.
And it was in vain that tears blotted the contract now, because
It had been freely drawn up and consented to as insurance
Against the very condition it was now so efficiently
Seeking to establish. It had reduced that other world,
The round one of the telescope, to a kind of very fine powder or dust
So small that space could not remember it.
Thereafter any signs of feeling were cut short by
The comfort and security, a certain elegance even,
Like the fittings of a ship, that are after all
The most normal things in the world. Yes, perhaps, but the words
"After all" are important for understanding the almost
Exaggerated strictness of the condition, and why, in spite of this,
It seemed the validity of the former continuing was
Not likely to be reinstated for a long time.
"After all," that too might be possible, as indeed
All kinds of things are possible in the widening angle of
The day, as it comes to blush with pleasure and increase,
So that light sinks into itself, becomes dark and heavy
Like a surface stained with ink: there was something
Not quite good or correct about the way
Things were looking recently: hadn't the point
Of all this new construction been to provide
A protected medium for the exchanges each felt of such vital
Concern, and wasn't it now giving itself the airs of a palace?
And yet her hair had never been so long.
It was a feeling of well-being, if you will, as though a smallest
Distant impulse had rendered the whole surface ultra-sensitive
But its fierceness was still acquiescence
To the nature of this goodness already past
And it was a kind of sweet acknowledgment of how
The past is yours, to keep invisible if you wish
But also to make absurd elaborations with
And in this way prolong your dance of non-discovery

In brittle, useless architecture that is nevertheless
The map of your desires, irreproachable, beyond
Madness and the toe of approaching night, if only
You desire to arrange it this way. Your acts
Are sentinels against this quiet
Invasion. Long may you prosper, and may your years
Be the throes of what is even now exhausting itself
In one last effort to outwit us; it could only be a map
Of the world: in their defeat such peninsulas as become
Prolongations of our reluctance to approach, but also
Fine days on whose memorable successions of events
We shall be ever afterwards tempted to dwell. I am
Not speaking of a partially successful attempt to be
Opposite; anybody at all can read that page, it has only
To be thrust in front of him. I mean now something much broader,
The sum total of all the private aspects that can ever
Become legible in what is outside, as much in the rocks
And foliage as in the invisible look of the distant
Ether and in the iron fist that suddenly closes over your own.
I see myself in this totality, and meanwhile
I am only a transparent diagram, of manners and
Private words with the certainty of being about to fall.
And even this crumb of life I also owe to you
For being so close as to seal out knowledge of that other
Voluntary life, and so keep its root in darkness until your
Maturity when your hair will actually be the branches
Of a tree with the light pouring through them.
It intensifies echoes in such a way as to
Form a channel to absorb every correct motion.
In this way any direction taken was the right one,
Leading first to you, and through you to
Myself that is beyond you and which is the same thing as space,
That is the stammering vehicles that remain unknown,
Eating the sky in all sincerity because the difference

Can never be made up: therefore, why not examine the distance?
It seemed he had been repeating the same stupid phrase
Over and over throughout his life; meanwhile
Infant destinies had suavely matured; there was
To be a meeting or collection of them that very evening.
He was out of it of course for having lain happily awake
On the tepid fringes of that field or whatever
Whose center was beginning to churn darkly, but even more
for having
The progression of minutes by accepting them, as one accepts
drops of rain
As they form a shower, and without worrying about the fine
weather that will come after.
Why shouldn't all climate and all music be equal
Without growing? There should be an invariable balance of
Contentment to hold everything in place, ministering
To stunted memories, helping them stand alone
And return into the world, without ever looking back at
What they might have become, even though in doing so they
Might just once have been the truth that, invisible,
Still surrounds us like the air and is the dividing force
Between our slightest steps and the notes taken on them.
It is because everything is relative
That we shall never see in that sphere of pure wisdom and
Entertainment much more than groping shadows of an incomplete
Former existence so close it burns like the mouth that
Closes down over all your effort like the moment
Of death, but stays, raging and burning the design of
Its intentions into the house of your brain, until
You wake up alone, the certainty that it
Wasn't a dream your only clue to why the walls
Are turning on you and why the windows no longer speak
Of time but are themselves, transparent guardians you
Invented for what there was to hide. Which has now

Grown up, or moved away, as a jewel
 Exists when there is no one to look at it, and this
 Existence saps your own. Perhaps you are being kept here
 Only so that somewhere else the peculiar light of someone's
 Purpose can blaze unexpectedly in the acute
 Angles of the rooms. It is not a question, then,
 Of having not lived in vain. What is meant is that this distant
 Image of you, the way you really are, is the test
 Of how you see yourself, and regardless of whether or not
 You hesitate, it may be assumed that you have won, that this
 Wooden and external representation
 Returns the full echo of what you meant
 With nothing left over, from that circumference now alight
 With ex-possibilities become present fact, and you
 Must wear them like clothing, moving in the shadow of
 Your single and twin existence, waking in intact
 Appreciation of it, while morning is still and before the body
 Is changed by the faces of evening.

From II

Old heavens, you used to tweak above us,
 Standing like rain whenever a salvo . . . Old heavens,
 You lying there above the old, but not ruined, fort,
 Can you hear, there, what I am saying?

For it is you I am parodying,
 Your invisible denials. And the almost correct impressions
 Corroborated by newsprint, which is so fine.
 I call to you there, but I do not think that you will answer me.

For I am condemned to drum my fingers
 On the closed lid of this piano, this tedious planet, earth
 As it winks to you through the aspiring, growing distances,
 A last spark before the night.

There was much to be said in favor of storms
 But you seem to have abandoned them in favor of endless light.
 I cannot say that I think the change much of an improvement.
 There is something fearful in these summer nights that go on forever. . . .

We are nearing the Moorish coast, I think, in a *bateau*.
 I wonder if I will have any friends there
 Whether the future will be kinder to me than the past, for example,
 And am all set to be put out, finding it to be not.

Still, I am prepared for this voyage, and for anything else you may care to
 mention.

Not that I am not afraid, but there is very little time left.
 You have probably made travel arrangements, and know the feeling.
 Suddenly, one morning, the little train arrives in the station, but oh, so big