

## *We Arrive from Other Writings*

Let us come to other faces, reasonably.  
Let us be a box of three.  
Let us be astonished by the difficulty. Plaid or puzzle,  
Separately. Simply. In cautious movements.  
Seeing a bell, a teacup: a violent languor in recognition.  
If I say *cloud* I really mean something like *organ*.  
Or *carafe*. Carapace. Caprice. More than this  
A kind of vague yellow, a likeness  
Between meadows. In rooms there is  
A center, a serenity of small bridges  
After battle, at certain hours  
Of inattention, when blue is an equipoise  
Of sky and river. Frame, urban  
Extract, syntax: an alleviation of pattern  
From the noise of ubiquity. The word, without.  
The word around, only. Traveling  
In grains, like clouds of locusts. An interruption  
Pioneering through minutes advertised as *Now*.  
The eye is an organ, a camera. Mounted  
Like a fish on spider legs. On closed-circuit television,  
All these things oblige like a tablecloth  
Or a turntable playing cake.  
The world assembled in a garden of folders.  
Music for elephants. Confessions. Separated  
By interglacial events. Did I say church?  
I meant to say the opposite, weightless, from my tether  
Above the Earth.