

With Music

More footlockers, more trunks, and the violin abandoned on the bed,
black and white both in dense crossed rhombuses
and the first crone with the fat riddled rear end
and roses and cigarettes and a blind pearl
and a small gold-laced embroidery on the piano—
in the smoke the noblest hands floated,
trucks heavy with military supplies rumbled along underground passages,
you sitting on the floor shelling peanuts
and BAM and BOOM, and the dead were farther in and farther up.

Desk Calendar

Months on months, weeks, days—unlearnable year.
April with myopic glasses on the garden bench.
July forbids you to sleep alone.
September remembers the locked houses—
two paper flowers and a black large-toothed comb on the table.
In November some man holds a stone on his knee.
January, February—everyone has gone abroad.
Desperate gestures by the wind
in front of the closed hotel's glass door.
Then the silent charwoman emerges at dawn
with a large sponge to clean the windows.