

Tucson: A Poem About Wood · *Jon Anderson*

Jesus, the wind blew, hard, for the 1st time in ten hot days tonight.
We opened windows & doors. I tried to read.
I wished my son, 3, was awake so we could have perfectly talked.

I don't start to talk or read the way I start to write.

My best friend, who I'm pleased to live beside,
& three young men are enclosing his porch next door:
Four upright beams, a top, then a window or space for it—

Wood. I would like to have helped that fragile, gathering shape,
Especially to have hammered the frame that will hold glass,
But then I wouldn't have seen it, or my friends, working.

I write for something to do, so I do it;
It tells me how I am or it sometimes lies.
I hate it, I do it for pleasure, I'm not

Even part of it. Though it's something like
A frame & I see through it. I see you carrying on.
I see the part of your labor that must be your pleasure.