

He is the kind of man who could say  
Of a certain author, his genius lay  
In his stylistic defects, in the agonizingly  
Long sentences, the irrelevant tangents  
Which seem to march forward in thickets  
Of foggy sentiment, in the obsessive concern  
With impression to the near total dereliction  
Of plot . . . and be speaking about himself with such  
Candor, such exactitude, that he blushes, falls  
Off, confesses that he's happy just reading  
A sentence or two a night, because there is  
So much in them which connects so sublimely  
With what is so little in him. He sits  
Among Moroccan rugs, opera, television.

## ROAD

I have a—possibly false—recollection  
of a donkey parked near a gas station,  
with trees beginning to sway,  
heavy with rain. It brays.  
Its wet coat is dirty yellow  
like the clutter at the base of hollows  
of leaf and paper, or, in our rooms,  
the tinge of tea. Nothing blooms  
but cabbage and nettle.  
The fanned flow of motors in the rain  
is punctuated by what seems increasing pain  
as it winds tighter on its cord and will not settle.  
Whether it is the beauty of categories,  
or the beauty of complaint . . . we pass by.