

Thought

After he left I turned to my cold soup
for I was starving after so much talk,
and as a precaution I pulled the blind down and took
the phone off the hook, and I was using a spoon
that had to belong to an earl once, a pink
pig he had to be, for there was a spot of
pink in the heraldry, and it was three days
old and the meat was too fat but I can't start
doing that now; and as for music I turned
to one of the B's, and as for Thought—and you know
what I mean by Thought—oh prune, oh apple
with the flesh exposed too long, I turned to the beaver
who, by his chewing, given the way he chews,
and by the sapling he abandoned there in
the low-lying bush above my water I knew
he had to leave and his thinking was interrupted,
although he changed my river and brought the birds
out in his wake, and with his wooden chips,
one of which I carry to prophesize,
he made a dry path for his murderers.