DESIRÉE ALVAREZ

THE ART OF BELL RINGING

At his life's end, Roosevelt wears his greatcoat for his last meeting with the king.

Old snow in the diorama in Diekirch never melts. Soldiers in white bedsheets push the boat night after night to the river crossing.

What is forgiveness.

A smoking mirror in the war museum, a yellow field of rapeseed spreading.

I no longer want to know the human names of things.

Children picnicking in woods under big trees find the piles of metal helmets,

even boots with the tibiae of soldiers still inside. They take home a basket full of bones.

Brâncuși will not come again to work at his anvil, carve his oak, broil his steak at the stove he built.

In his Paris studio on a wooden bench rests the marble oval of a face.

On the Hudson River the boy writes his mother— I am in a great hurry. I found two bird's nests. I took one egg.