

A CHILD'S DEATH
for C., 1967

I remember the dark spaces,
black sand islands rising on the x-rays:
what I couldn't touch!

Not like this world,
our old solid,
where we multiply;

not this blurred body
merely her history.

REVOLUTION

Here is a man.
Behind him
dark, in front of him
dark. The fuse the world lit
races up his spine. Blows up
his son who holds by him,
his love of women,
his learning his wanting
late now to be touched to touch.
An ordinary man. Thou
red black white slight scattered

thing o women's animal-song o slant
blown up drift arch dead white
song white powder women rocking rocking
nowhere to lay your head
fox bird woman and man
o come and out of nothing whiteness
they come, tearing their shirts off,
alone, together, touching,
not touching, friends, who are the living
who were the dead