

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