

## NO POSSIBILITY OF ARTICULATION

I'd rather not talk about your pain  
or my pain or his pain anymore.  
Please, I'm getting bored.

If you insist on talking about pain  
talk about, for example, a horse, his lungs,  
the pain in his lungs after he's run,

say, five miles, ten miles . . .  
That's the kind of pain I'm interested in.  
Unattached pain, pain attached

to muteness, pain  
with no possibility of articulation.  
Understand what I'm getting at?

Pain that's gone so deep  
and spread so evenly  
that it becomes only a faint hum,

the blacker and blackest hum  
settling casually  
around the center of our lives . . . .

## You Could Be Wrong

Norman Dubie

In the poem "There Are Many Things That Please Me," I am interested in the attitude of the poem. The poem is a beautiful annoyance, its methods are a nuisance, are "euphuistic." Lux's use of repetition and alliteration seem as important as the repeating figure of the poem and the poem has chosen for its repeating figure the mere phrase, *I'm pleased*. Poetry, here, however, is not just speech framed to be heard for its own sake nor is it just speech copied and understood, copied to be understood. The little mannerist with his sack of disdain who closes the poem is such a specific source for the poem that he can't be ignored, though he ignores us, and his purpose which is original or mythical is the purpose of a real source, the sun. There is a kind of idiotic development to this poem that is balanced with motive. But I think the poem is to be believed, that is to say it's warming up. The poem happily accepts the responsibility for the invention and release of a new day. Another day, really, is what the poem admires and another day is what the poem chooses to hold in disdain. What could be more natural? Who hasn't cursed the morning?