

disdain, nevertheless a disdain, and
who is beginning to spill it,
spill it in the same way the sun
climbs a hill early in the morning:
gradually, with a determined heat, leaf
by leaf and branch over branch.

LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE: HART CRANE

If we knew the exact
longitude and latitude
of the *Orizaba* the moment
Hart jumped from the bow

we could go there
and still find in the air
the delicate curve
his body made. It's there,
you've got to believe me!
And Hart's still around,
probably smooth and calm
in some current travelling

the Gulf Stream, or else
swimming occasionally up
river into America,
close to the banks, close,

close.