

ground, there is a funnel of water rising
dreamily out of the sea to no purpose.
And though on the horizon a ship has appeared—
ghostly, four-masted, story-
book—it cannot save the doomed man,

it is irrelevant to his story. With what
composure he stares off the canvas,
indifferent to his fate! As if, long
ago, he'd memorized all the forms
of the Gulf, now it is time to forget.

MUTABILITY

The candle flames gutter
but don't go out, we're
saved again. How we love
one another at such times!—
this evening, yesterday.
Tomorrow morning when we cross out
today's date on all our calendars.

SHRIVEN

After you've been hurt, pierced
to the bone, what
innocence!—you could live forever.

SILENCE

How we fear it, like this—
no warning and now
murmurs of interior life,
our own, ease forward—