

EX POST FACTO

The baker's upstairs
delivering bread from
the ovens. Next he will

swallow cats. He will re-create
in pastry the turning point
of the Russian Revolution.

Lately, he's been magnificent.
The cobwebs taste better. He's
been punching down my

bulging eyes. If I always feel
a piece of hair on the tip of my tongue,
it's to remind me of what is forgotten.

Rain never forgets the river, but
always wants to be buried in
the overalls dropped silently over the side.

CONCORDANCE

An understanding of the past has set us back:
In our terraplane, throttle wild, what we see

Is what was dead. The spearhead flying in our minds
Retreats from the open field to the sepulcher where

The flowers planted take on their own life just once,
Show their life as single notes of an English horn

That is planted in our minds in a different,
An abstract way. Music, especially sepulcher music,