

Professional Poet

The last word, the last hasty swallow

you get up from the table, after your working day
and catch the first bus to the kitchen
you tear off a hunk of bread, inhale the good oven odors
Your body, leaden with weariness, the mold
you cram with rich food
Switch on the set
 and inspect the back yard
through another screen
 with a wet finger
you flip the pages of the sky.

Nothing will come of nothing.

Clematis tendrils

float in the void . . . THEY MUST BE TRAINED ON A TRELLIS
your daughter brings you a chair
The table is set, your wife calls
through the window of a parallel world.

After dinner, you walk in the garden
alone in your pressurized space-suit,
stars all around you
even beneath you. Your antennae must be redirected.
The pear tree, newly pruned, requires manure.

Back to the module:

Daddy, what does it mean

to be a monster?

Suddenly, the chain of command dissolves
bits of paper whirling in free fall
around the table:

untouched paper
and your pencil, ominous as a revolver.

Translated by Carolyn Kizer

