

Your face is most difficult,  
the head is extremely hard to get.  
Already your face is not the one  
I remember. My own fingers confuse me  
as I trace the curve of your forehead.  
Your eyes confound me. They fly away  
as I touch them.

My bed is breaking  
with the weight of this problem.  
I am lying on splinters.  
I want you to know that all this  
means something. It is my life's work.

## Old Records / William Matthews

Les shows me his new Braun  
tape deck. "After I've played them  
three or four times I can hear records  
begin to grind down. Now I play  
them once, to tape." He's got a wall  
of them, uncirculated coins.  
Things go by, the summer draining  
into the fall, breweries consolidate,  
there's a golf course where the woods  
were. We're like a fire  
and save things from ourselves.  
Furtwangler's too fast fourth movement  
that I love, Coltrane breaking  
his breath in the hissing rapids,  
Janis in heat, Janis in scratch,  
Bjoerling's beautiful voice  
ruined by whisky—  
fuzz on the ripe notes and fuzz  
continuing to grow.