

The night is a sea.
The house is quiet.

One is everywhere,
everywhere feels one.

House, desert, sea:
each is already

within eternal space.
Space. Space.

The form is an icon
of space.

JANUARY 24, 1986

(moonset)

Oh on a certain morning I want to guarantee
my father did not stop. The neighbor stopped and on a certain day
I failed to say hello to him, he did not
speak to me for weeks. He was a crazy neighbor. Wound up dying

at a railroad crossing in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, with his wife. His not
speaking is not connected to his death, although I feel now there was
a time
when I may have put the two together knowingly or not.
I placed death close to the most personal events,

the ones I called queer, where I either reflected myself to myself or
simply saw this person I labeled fool, me, asshole. It got so bad
that at the end I would drive around in the truck by myself and call
myself
an asshole: for I had even had a kind of rhapsody

wondering how they did not hear the train in fog, although fog
explains it,
wondering why the trackside graves were made by locals for them, one
cross even hung the remains of a straw hat, and there was even
a mound and a cross for their dog Charlie. And wondering

what they ate for dinner the night before, if Raddy tried to beat
the train.

And why my father took photographs of the site then later destroyed
the slides. Oh he was a quiet one my father and I don't know if
the quietness lives on or not. I don't know if I can talk about it.

I can write around it, I know that, but to talk to it would be like
saying Yes, Death, I have some fear of you yet, I cannot pretend.
Yes, Life, Yes, Death, I want to love myself for I have waited so long to
love or talk as simply as that.

A SONG OF DEATH

It was the man
far out in the water,
on it, far away,

and looking like the
cloud beyond him
on the unused horizon

he sang I heard
a song of death
It was the purpose

of death he sang,
I could hear him,
him and the phrasing,