

I was named, with Leslie Howard playing a poet
sick of language. He wishes he could die.
Bogart is a killer who can't understand him.

He keeps saying, *I wouldn't know, pal*,
over and over, sounding minimal, savvy,
a genuine tough guy. He means what he says.

THE INTERIOR AT PETWORTH

Turner

After the mind is emptied
and the empty shell is glowing with light
paper-thin and translucent

after Goethe's theory of color
coffee and brandy
and conversation turned like crystal

after Claude's soft country
and the high plunging sterns
of the Dutch ships

after the mind
knows as fact that those
who have bowed from the drawingroom

will never be back,
when shapeless, dulled shades
drift in the hollow space:

What has it taken, to come to this,
a secret revealed
one could hardly think hidden?

How light it still is, with no hand
to kiss, no pulse speeded up,
no theory and no source.