

DOING THE I CHING
(For J)

The three of us are throwing pennies
to find out about love and work, how we can live
away from
if we have to, how long

and how can we live where we are? more
than not dying, deeper than the breathing they give you
to get you through, the talk *well you have yourself* ah

we have the three of us
doing our slow Sunday afternoon in October
drinking doing the Book of Changes. The trees
and the coins are the same color, the five o'clock
fall mist almost rain. What is the situation
with Mrs. K, writing, the midwest: we get thunder, a **time**
of year, there's fire
in the lake, and coming back
but not now. *I should have known, I knew it.*
What about X? And the children.
We're doing the I Ching like telephone calls.

It is so vacant here, so flat I have done nothing
since yesterday but think about

time zones between us. And some leftovers
from different lives
we still have to deal with *suppose I ruin this?*
like an only child, the other woman.

Maybe we're all alone
because we do it so well because we want to: a relief
like the laws of falling, their music
the small coppery drop of early stones:
pieces of bone that make numbers that make pictures
we're trying to read, look

we're in them. There's rain, darkness, and there *you are*
next year, or whoever that is, love
he's marvelous. I am afraid of what I'll do.