

OR HOW ABOUT IF I PUT IT THIS WAY

All winter it's  
winter, which  
is only reasonable,  
and then suddenly exactly  
like summer outside, which really isn't  
quite you know . . .  
This is the day  
that is strange when one longs  
for the correct number  
and the exact, exact address—  
day you see clearly the awful  
details on the faces of salesgirls.

For me—I wish I could enter the ash  
that rests on every tongue,  
and the silence  
so fine inside that ash,  
and never have to walk  
again through the night  
of the first day of spring  
down a long residential street of great trees  
and houses in which the people do not feel compelled  
to explain themselves to the air,  
explaining myself to the air.

“THIS IS THURSDAY. YOUR EXAM WAS TUESDAY.”

It is a fine, beautiful  
and lovely time of warm dusk,  
having perhaps just a touch  
too much

enveloping damp;  
but nice, with its idle strollers,  
of whom I am one,  
and it's true,  
their capacity for good

is limitless, you can tell.  
And then—ascending  
over the roofs, the budded tips  
of trees, in the twilight, very **whole**  
and official,  
its black  
markings like a face

that has loomed in every city  
I have known—it arrives,  
the gigantic yellow warrant  
for my arrest,  
one sixth as large  
as the world. I'm speaking  
of the moon. I would not give  
you half a balloon for  
the whole moon, I might as well tell you.

For across the futile and empty  
street, in the excruciating  
gymnasium, they  
are commencing—  
degrees are being bestowed  
on the deserving,  
whereas I'm the incalculable

dullard in the teeshirt here.  
Gentlemen of the moon:  
I don't even have  
my real shoes on. These are some reformed  
hoodlum's shoes, from the Goodwill. Let

me rest, let me rest in the wake  
of others' steady progress,  
closing my eyes,  
closing my heart,

shutting the door  
in face after face  
that has nourished me.