

FOR THE MOMENT

I accept this life.
Over the porch
Of my rented duplex a rosebush
Carries a flower through every season.

Once in a while
The wind blows a tune through
My skull, and I listen;
Dumb, honest student,
I listen.

Even the simple mechanics of a radio
Baffle me,
Though once, I put together
By myself
A crystal set, knowing only that
The universe, longing to be whole again,
Would recapture
Even the weakest electrical wave . . .

Tomorrow is free
From the history of every goddamn word
I am uttering now.
And the knowledge of the calendar,
First snow of the purest
Most innocent prayer, is only
Someone's calculated guess.

In the evenings
My hand floats like a branch
Over the moonlit pages
Of somebody else's poem.
I am getting older.