

New Year's Eve, 1979 · *Charles Wright*

After the picture show, the explanation is usually found in
The moralistic overtones of our lives:
We are what we've always been,
Everybody uses somebody,
In the slow rise to the self, we're drawn up by many hands . . .

And so it is here.

Will Charles look on happiness in this life?
Will the past be the present ever again?
Will the dead abandon their burdens and walk to the river bank?

In this place, at year's end, under a fitful moon, tide pools
Spindle the light.
Across their floors, like spiders,
Hermit crabs quarter and spin.
Their sky is a glaze and a day . . .

What matters to them is what comes up from below, and from out there
In the deep water,
and where the deep water comes from.

Laguna Beach