

WAKING UP IN A CAR

Half-awake.

The car is like the bluff bow of a tugboat pushing the quiet water aside.
The sunlight moves away to both sides.

The earth is turning over; a man wakens;
mountain grass rolls up
toward the space-sun!
Going at sixty miles an hour down the road, perhaps my body
is trailing luminous particles behind it!

And I am not afraid to die . . .
The days are around me, protecting me from death,
like those old tires that cushion the sides of tugs.

When I woke, I could find no one.
Ambush, the brigade
scattered. Now I walk around with my flute
and triangle, barefoot in the long ditch grass,
sleeping in haystacks,
asking in barns for fresh milk.

FROST

It is glittery, excited, like so many things laid down
silently in the night, with no one watching. Through
the two lower panes, the trunks of the maple can
dimly be seen, sober as Europe. The frost wavers, it
hurries over the world, it is like a body that lies in
the coffin, and the next moment has disappeared. In
its own skin the mind picks up the radio signals of
death, reminders of the molecules flying all about the
universe, the icy disembarking, chill fingertips, tulips
at head and foot. I look at the upper panes and see
more complicated roads . . . ribbons thrown on the
road . . .