

REVISION

From out of the mail jumps
gloom so you try to tell
it something funny, a
joke maybe, you write:
“Hilarious! Love,
Desperate,” and cross out

Desperate, hoping a
more novel sound will arise
from the packed snow, lie,
truth, no matter, as long
as what is wrong will be
turned right by the word

arising. You write Hopeful,
hoping for that quality,
Troubled, seeking the shock
of recognition, write,
think, cross, write, drink, pee, you
are truly Desperate,

Hopeful, Troubled, certain
there exist syllables
that will turn upon
themselves, send gyrating
the heart of the creditor,
until he perceives the

snow building its trees beneath
the snow, comprehends its
whiteness, knows your own
purity, turns backward
to see what he has been,
one fouling the mails with gloom

and the world with his
refusals. This is the
word you are after, you
begin to hear its sounds,
muffled, da-*da*-da, you
see what it means now, feel

the fingers of it, da-
da-da, altering your
heart's places, its shape now
darkest upon you, your
voice, the breath's arc now, *good*;
fine, saying, *so much better*.