

BRADLEY PAUL

To Paraphrase

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I invoked one thing for questioning;
all things were ripe;
I remembered the taste of just one food;
it was May when I ate it
and I was sick on that day,
yet all things were ripe
and festered on the pavement,
the mulberries and the musk-rose
and the heavy other fruits.
And the moss came up from the bricks
and tasted each thing once
and for a long time.
And I knew about this
and spoke not to the ear
nor to the steaming grass,
and did not look at the pear on its bough,
and tasted no thing for any time,
and felt no settlement of the heavy air,
though it was the thing that I wanted.