

“Are You Experienced?”

The boughs of the pines, laden with snow
(outside the window, where anything goes),
wag their heads in reproachment of: me?

*O say can you see it's really such a mess,
every inch of earth . . . someone sang and then
he was dead of it. Which is, we say: History.*

Winter

has bent the backs of these trees back
nearly in half. Every day the snow's
a little deeper. . . . Another way

the cold white glare of nothing
and everything buried beneath it
rears up to say *Pleased to meet you.*