

GEORGE EKLUND

Essay on Four Boys

The day is long but it cannot contain us.
I am bound to creation by the veins that know nothing.
Little boys once played on that stone wall
And I held their hands.
In a chemical I let myself hold them.
I had my time, I had more than I deserved.
I get sick talking with myself.
Too bad I couldn't become a stone when I die,
Plucked by a young boy's hand
From the system of a clear stream,
Every bridge in town rattling through a dream.
The body has a religious need for silence.
As if the mind could not be filthy in it.
Four boys climbed a tree that held them all
As long as the day.
They fell one by one in the asthma of contrition.
To speak of it is to eat your way out of a membrane,
A burning bone held in the hand,
A vein hanging from the mouth,
A vapor inhaled by a machine or a cow.
Hard faces now at their rowing
Through the filaments of our names.