

As to say: "We take such pains," and  
"The Sistine is equally blank."

An F-train oils the platform's subway atmosphere,  
shooting carloads of jobs across my face  
by express. Through their blur I stare  
into somewhere else, the way, at a certain speed  
passing cracks in a backyard fence,  
cedar slabs become a transparence.  
Then out again, into the dusk air, glimpsing  
through light rain in the Village  
an Indian, hurrying, sheltering his guitar.

### Let's Say You Are This Page / Reg Saner

Listen, only the real is intolerable.  
Last evening I sat holding a book of poems  
in this fixed stampede of talus  
at the beyond of a mountain so remote  
we'll have to imagine. Ragged boulder field,  
saying all the buffalo have come here to die.  
From a surround of peaks, June snow works  
invisibly loose beneath the surface  
in low, irregular halts, gargles, sobs  
leaking away like an underground sunset.  
The west reddens, sinks past the edge  
of invention, where it warms each hide.  
No, that's imagined. But not these hidden  
wrist-thick streams I could follow  
till they flash like snowfields  
against another man's seamless sky.  
Let's say you are this page  
by Gunnar Ekelöf, looking up into eyes  
going dark beside a blue tent. Let's say  
you're now seeing alpenglow on a face  
dimming, becoming part of a vast magnificent  
loneliness so real that being here  
doesn't matter. Is there a single bird?  
Surely there must be, somewhere.