

here: "Hymn," "Come Prima," "Prodigal," "Mechanism," "Guide," "The Golden Mean," "Risks and Possibilities," "Bridge," "Terrain," "Unsaid," "Uh, Philosophy," "Sphere," "Muse," "River," "The Strait," "Open," "Catalyst," "Christmas Eve," "Identity," "What This Mode of Motion Said," "Motion for Motion," "Expressions of Sea Level," "One: Many," "Two Motions," "Corson's Inlet," and "Saliences."

<sup>11</sup> *CP*, pp. 146-147.

<sup>12</sup> *CP*, p. 90.

<sup>13</sup> Harold Bloom, "When You Consider the Radiance," *The Ringers in the Tower* (Chicago, 1971), pp. 270-271.

<sup>14</sup> *CP*, p. 151.

<sup>15</sup> A. R. Ammons, *Tape for the Turn of the Year* (Ithaca, 1965), pp. 9-10.

<sup>16</sup> *Tape*, p. 203.

<sup>17</sup> *Tape*, p. 202.

<sup>18</sup> *Tape*, p. 19.

<sup>19</sup> *Tape*, p. 31.

<sup>20</sup> *Tape*, p. 37

<sup>21</sup> *Tape*, p. 26.

<sup>22</sup> *Tape*, p. 155.

<sup>23</sup> *Tape*, p. 98.

<sup>24</sup> *Tape*, p. 32.

<sup>25</sup> *Tape*, p. 38.

<sup>26</sup> *Tape*, p. 61.

<sup>27</sup> *CP*, p. 299.

<sup>28</sup> *CP*, p. 317.

<sup>29</sup> *CP*, pp. 301-302.

<sup>30</sup> *CP*, p. 300.

<sup>31</sup> A. R. Ammons, *Sphere: The Form of a Motion* (New York, 1974), dedicatory page.

<sup>32</sup> *CP*, p. 358.

<sup>33</sup> *CP*, p. 367.

<sup>34</sup> *CP*, p. 315.

<sup>35</sup> *CP*, p. 298.

<sup>36</sup> *CP*, p. 308.

<sup>37</sup> *CP*, p. 298.

<sup>38</sup> *CP*, p. 310.

<sup>39</sup> *CP*, p. 304.

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POETRY / A. R. AMMONS

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## When I Was Young the Silk

When I was young the silk  
of my mind  
hard as a peony head

unfurled  
and wind bloomed the parachute:

the air-head tugged me  
up,  
tore my roots loose and drove  
high, so high

I want to touch down now  
and taste the ground  
I want to take in  
my silk  
and ask where I am  
before it is too late to know

## My Father, I Hollow for You

My father, I hollow for you  
in the ditches  
O my father, I say,  
and when brook light, mirrored,  
worms  
against the stone ledges  
I think it an unveiling  
or coming loose, unsheathing  
of flies  
O apparition, I cry,  
you have entered in  
and how may you come  
out again  
your teeth will not  
root  
your eyes cannot  
unwrinkle, your handbones  
may not quiver and stir  
O, my father, I cry,  
are you returning:  
I breathe and see:  
it is not you yet it is you