

NOTES FROM
A SUMMER ABROAD

The moon, that had God's name and wore
God's light, is dead. We walk on it
and fall through space reporting the hollow
facts. Why do we feel the way
we do? Samples arrive. They say
life is behind us. We turn, wanting
the future back.

You walk this town: despair.
The people you used to see,
their hats—now their heads
have become their hats. A dreadful
knack has come to you, perception.
Figureheads, heroes, are invisible.
Those you see are those you see.
A Jones is a Jones is a Jones.

A wave decided to come
to the Isle of Skye, one smooth
wave all the way:
it came, and ended at the place
for noise to end, a thousand
hills to bury one sound at a time.

In all the cathedrals you found
a smooth place on a stone, and imagined
there the true summary
they never carved:
You hope, but you know.