

PORTRAIT WITH
ONE EYE

They robbed you of your ticket
To the revolution, oh,
And then they stomped you good.
But nothing stops you.

You have identified yourself
To the police as quote
Lyric poet—what else?
With fractured jaw. Orpheus,

Imperishable liar!
Your life's a poem still,
Broken iambs and all,
Jazz, jails—the complete works.

And one bluesilver line
Beyond the Antilles,
Vanishing . . . All fragments.
You who could scream across

The square in Cuernavaca
At a friend you hadn't seen
For years the one word *bitch*,
And turn away—that's style!

Or this, your other voice,
This whisper along the wires
At night, like a dry wind,
Like conscience, always collect.