

A D O O R

Do you remember how I beat on the door
kicked the door
as though I or the door were a bad thing
later it opened
I went in
nothing
starlight
snowing

an empty throne
snow swirling on the floor
around the feet

and on an instrument
we had been trying
to speak to each other
on which we had been trying to speak
to each other for long
for time
pieces lying apart there
giving off
echoes of words our last words *implor*
 ing
 implor
 ing
by deaf starlight for a moment

and you know we
have danced in such a room
I came in late and you
were far from the door
and I had to dance with
not you after not you before
I could reach you
but this was later than anyone
could have thought

thin
snow falling
in an empty bell
lighting that chair
could I turn at all
now should I kneel
and no door anywhere

S U R F - C A S T I N G

It has to be the end of the day
the hour of one star
the beach has to be a naked slab
and you have to have practised a long time
with the last moments of fish
sending them to look for the middle of the sea
until your fingers
can play back whole voyages
then you send out one
of your toes for bait
hoping it's the right evening
you have ten chances
the moon rises from the surf
your hands listen
if only the great Foot is running
if only it will strike
and you can bring it to shore
in two strides it will take you
to the emperor's palace
stamp stamp the gates will open
he will present you with half of his kingdom
and his only daughter
and the next night you will come back
to fish for the Hand