

## THE WEATHER IN LUXEMBOURG

is like a prayer  
that this life could be dismissed  
as effortlessly, empty of notches.

And I would say without remorse, that mirror:  
this has been my life, the pain  
in the door—it's fast asleep; and this  
the colapsing day with stars  
distant and harmless.

But always at this time I am too calm  
to welcome even death  
sliding through the trees.  
He knows where he's not wanted,  
he's been a gentleman all  
his life. His wife died in her sleep.

The temperature in Luxembourg  
is 78 degrees. The last of a line  
of unimportant Kings sits in the garden eating lunch.

In the city of the living  
his burghers are choosing sides.  
There are so many decisions they could make.  
Silence chews at their ears.  
They need a rest.

Already in the upstairs rooms their wives and mothers  
settle into green sofas, vowing allegiances  
to chastity. They've had enough.  
Their soft gums suck  
noisily like bowls of clams.

I could turn off as easily. I want never  
to have accomplished anything,  
to be the last quiet man  
of my kind, standing in the pasture.  
It is nearing the end of the afternoon.  
It seems I've been preparing for this a long time,  
but I can't stop smiling.