

HOMAGE TO X

The red earth, the light diffuse  
In the flat-leaved limbs of the trees;  
A cold, perpetual rain  
As though from a heaving breast;  
O loved ones, O angels . . .

.....  
The thing, as always, begins  
In transit, the water infusion  
Oily and phosphorescent—  
The vine is a blue light,  
The cup is a star.

.....  
In the dream you will see a city,  
Foreign and repetitious,  
The plants unspeakably green;  
This is of no concern; your job  
Is the dust, the belly-relinquishing dust.

.....  
It's the day before yesterday;  
It's the other side of the sky:  
The body that bears your number  
Will not be new, will not be your own  
And will not remember your name.

*Prague/Prague-Strashnitz*