

HIGH LEVEL

I looked through her violin, it was
the microscope she played at her shoulder; through it
I saw a map of the floor of the Indian Ocean
where music crawled in fixed ranges,
pods of rock, stems of the continents; all
the world was her instrument, & through it I saw
the blackness outside, all the blackness
her instrument, the tower, the
microscope. It froze at her shoulder.
Or, if you want, it was burning.

THE PEACH TERRACE

for George & Amy

The bishop has narrowly escaped
the hands of George's trees again.
How his mitre glitters with paranoia!
To sit beneath this tree
is an act of God, like a blue peach
kneeling, to pray in this sunlight,
a log in her harness of wine.
My neighbors are knitting small wools of rumors
all around me. To sit
on this terrace is to be a shepherd,
bruising no one. From here, my blessing
to the world & urban areas, from here
my sticky little thoughts take off, each
like a hairbrush with a mission to comb
the storms of God. On this terrace
I write my decree for George. If only he
would swoop to the rail for a minute, relinquishing
Amy, I could throw
the crumbs of appointment at him from deep
in the valley of the white & invaluable white glove.