

Poem

And no summer as yet, but it will come with its bright pieces of whatever,
Sorted by the eye yet still uncaptured,
Greenly branched and various with promise. I should like to watch it long
enough,
Held fast by the laws of its sequencings and shapings, and be so carried,
the way the mind goes in
Search of an *after* that will justice what has come before,

Or sometimes not—: Did I tell you of the man I visited last week, who
hasn't lost the ability
To move his tongue, his lips, to laugh or cry or sing or use his voice, yet
is unable to utter any
Words, just a few unintelligible syllables,
And recognizing this, stares into the fact of it
As at the eggs in an opened ant-hill? I don't know how to think of him.
We are so rawly made,
So carried into the harsh and almost-dark.

As if stung in the throat. As if seared by a narrow wire-like blaze
Sharply upon the air and always.