

## Poem

All the more rare and wilder

In storms of otherwise and then again fettered,  
I feel my mind disfiguring itself as if it could not in any other way approach  
The withering, the *frightened back* of things, the buoyancy crushed. Today  
the fasting girl

Died. Four nurses were sent to watch over her

But couldn't cross to where she had installed within herself the darkest field.  
Like someone watching trees, they couldn't turn with her turnings. I wonder at  
that country

She belonged to, the obligation of not, the eye-blur restlessly steering. It is  
December,

Almost dark at 3:00. They moistened her lips with water as the redness left,

The skin of a white tiger. She had an air of the knights of chess about her.  
Something bitter distills where we can't see.

It is hard to seize what is.