

## *DayBook*

As if the poem, as experience grows,  
Must add pages—as days  
Into decades add—into leaves and leaves  
Into chapters, add daylight into books  
And each book bind between dark nights.  
Thinnest light, the unread page's edge  
Curving as it's turned—add patience—  
To midnight's pages self-illuminate,  
Self-bright, that book  
This moon in monthly palindrome  
Speaks and speaks backward the sky.  
Yesterday wrote a line in shallow  
Envy this evening the lakeshore must  
Struggle to solve. Spray from waves  
Last winter sheathed a stone in ice  
Inches thick: the dark letter impossible  
To believe, worse to read, in ice—  
Through ice—frozen still in June's  
Shadow, the budding rose, and colder  
Now in darker shadow cast by August's  
Last rose full blown. That blossom's scent  
Is crimson ink—so thin, that petal's edge,  
It quivers within my breath, a red line  
Pressed through a page onto a page below.

Years below the humming  
-bird's wings, could that hovering erase  
My guilt in the snapdragon  
On which it feeds, turn the petal, turn the leaf  
Past that Spring in which my anger  
With the ferns unfurled?  
The hummingbird perched on a branch

And never moved. The sun at noon  
Casts none save a turning page's shadow  
When the page is done. That year with each  
Note the robin sang through shards  
In its throat its breast grew redder.  
I hear those songs wound the day  
Without tearing this page. The sun sets  
In a corner of the schoolboy's page—  
That schoolboy I was—a red circle  
Flaming around my name.  
“Draw me yesterday,” the teacher said.  
Yesterday I opened my eyes again:  
A page blinks open upon a page  
Written yesterday, ink blotted dry  
By merely breathing, without choice,  
From the margin, unutterable  
Only once, under medicinal lights  
Not the moon's, those lamps unfolding  
The eye into the daily expanse  
Of the world's blank page  
Unthought and holy  
Ruinous with wonder and no end.