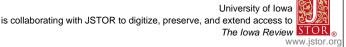
DayBook

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.