

*Directive (What is Poetry?)*

In the circular side-mirror of a passing truck you see it whole:  
the sky and what the sky contains—  
    leaves, and the bodies of birds—  
(these, in a gesture you call *arabesque*, perform a pantomime of *one*).  
There is also a horizon in the picture.  
Below it,  
the road recedes to a single point.

Ahead of you the actual sky  
becomes a nameless color. It is difficult  
to look at.

Make the birds a figure for *thought*—  
    The circling upwards, the form of idea,  
the mind circling, the mind pushing up against the sky—

Say something here about the light.

Turn the car around. In your dark house,  
reread the letters you have placed in impossible envelopes.  
Let *a* equal *not a*.