

ERIC RAWSON

Thinking About Voltaire

After the first love the last love
 After the wet trees the black square

After the last love the first love
 Again but better like fresh grapes
 Lately he walks around and thinks—

After the iris the beauty
 Of the leaves the stalk without blue

How in the world have I come to

This desire to be alone or
 With one other at most with one
 Other after piling myself

On the crowd? He walks around and

He thinks—after the romances
 The sadness turning into birds

And then returning into trees