

There is another problem:  
the ending falls short of the doing, the thinking  
asks much of the being. The release is never  
sufficient. The day is a season of the mind,  
with its changes,  
recollection of other seasons, and hurry  
to compare, hurt lengthening beneath its joy,  
its invention of the timbres of relief towards evening,  
the dream of perfection's phrasing  
reaching half-perfection, partial naming, sleep.

These are the two ways of not having,  
or merely existing  
in the insufficient city;  
though sometimes seeing how the sides of things  
float by, in the logic of their time.

## LEIPZIG

He must have known, by his first maturity  
at Arnstadt, that today is a variation  
on yesterday, with its snow and fish,  
and immediately set out to write  
our heroic littleness, in *thema fugatum*  
and over-heated rooms, for kings,  
to convey the intricate news of being,  
subject to something, yet apart,  
commissioned to praise, a kind of servant,  
used to the difficulty of weather,  
standing reverently to one side  
of his fabulous industry, like a baker.  
Give us our daily bread. Multiply.  
And knew that work, like prayer,  
would release him from seeing  
too much around him that didn't fit,  
the boring plentitude, and save him  
from the loneliness of being  
John Sebastian, Visionary, Technician.