

above the radio tower. A city listening  
to rivers. A man dives from a pier.  
The sea falls asleep. Lorries flit through  
caves of light; traitorous sky,  
mornings shaped like desks. A whore  
shooes the pigeons from her stoop.  
The plangent chuckling of the waves at curfew.  
Ships leaning with their cargos like catatonics.  
Dockhands diving from docks into indolent slips.  
A broken taxi pleads with a tree.  
A bed stares at a bunker.  
A young boy named Paul Morel scuttles  
down a rutted lane on his bicycle.

### MAHLER'S SHED

The word order of trees outside the shed  
signals a silence inside the head  
of Mahler, a white door. A child holds  
an orb, palm-sized dream of holding nothing.  
We are each of us dressed in our quiet  
according to a noise, on the meadow's  
further side, where earth's narration  
is noticeable. How can we be human  
sitting alone in a rectangle?

The quiet is not  
the sheer quiet  
of sounds falling  
like pebbles through a shallow pool.  
A plop, and ripple, fall in silence, rest  
in silence with their brothers,  
foreshortened by the concentrating mind.  
I am not saying the mind at work  
is like a forest pool; but the forest pool  
*is* a mind at work, in the worded quiet of the wood.

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.