

## *Process*

I feel nothing and nothing's in my head,  
but something's about to happen  
that happens to certain trees in seed-time.  
Along come some birds and the wind  
(bearing with them those *n* and *d* sounds)  
and suddenly I'm on my way—

though I'm still in my room—  
to a clearing in the woods, beyond which  
lies a city and its words—  
skyscraper, midnight jazz, traffic jam—  
words I like the texture of  
that remind me of her and that moment...

So now my heart is dangerously full,  
I know too well where I'm going—  
I'm on the verge of becoming  
one of the dullest men on earth.  
Time to introduce something foreign  
to impede the easy  
arrival, the metronomic hum

of business as usual. But just as likely  
I'm stuck in that field where I started.  
The ground is hard  
and my tools seem old and nothing  
reminds me of nothing. I move  
a little surface dirt around, that's all.

Still, there's an opening I can't yet see,  
history says so, and in it, perhaps,  
acrobats will abandon a circus,  
office workers break into arias—  
all because of that evening  
she walked into the bar at The Blue Note  
to get out of the pouring rain.