

## From: Some Time In The Winter

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Meeting the thick view of pine, one misses  
longboats, the evenness of the canal through fire.  
And now I'm tired of these reports: *my* brother  
hid in longboats. Three villages of ice,  
carts. The villages of lupin, pine, and tremble  
a canal considered in their direction.  
The weather here holds horizontal, moss. Birds  
step out. The longboats bleed  
on the canals. We've given over, to such  
good scenes, a common thermos of tea.

At the back of the land such colder places,  
reflected this morning the boats were  
like the first series of walks beyond the house.  
The many necessities of trees were you.  
This morning the vase seemed larger,  
and you thought of lettering these tents.  
He's brought you bowls again, the ocean  
goes. From the mountain the water breaks down,  
the mountain mistaken as *back*. Your clothing  
on the bed, the design of the trees, fog  
lowering in places. And sometimes I can't sleep  
and the land becomes an undesired project. Only  
we were seeing the world, the porches intrude  
from far away.

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## White Fragments

There are smaller orbits of clothing  
and simple executions. The bulk

of munitions is like this: a flute  
escaping under the feed of stars,  
the marriages speaking of axes.

About the plane that collapsed in the mountain: we  
should begin  
with burial, with a black invention  
of clarity and doubt that concerns  
the lost.

It is 5 o'clock in the afternoon.  
He has climbed faces. Even his words

belong to him — the gifts  
that consist of bandage. What  
is missing is the tale

of himself, old lamps  
hanging from rope, the paler  
light confusing. The oar functions  
with its slow prediction: we  
would be back from the removal.

And the wood and the mountain  
would have us, viewing the swimmers  
below us and farther the hangars  
with their fragments of bones  
and distinctions. He has drifted,

the tables being dragged through  
snow.

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What night enlists as snow,  
as though *burns*. For the court  
of second instance, her tenor. I miss you.  
The tree corresponds to the same story. Given  
the Triassic Period of the maps, my original  
davenport extends as far as Salmon River.  
Frequently, the decibels froze. Amazing that you  
tackled the cabriolet with marbles, and these  
basins. Agates were disappointed boats.  
The orchard collapses, astronomy absorbs  
the house. And accuracy demands the appearance  
of one Enesov, in the crawlspace.  
The buckets are detached from the yard.

But the flags were best waterward,  
the gray foundations of the physical boats  
remain exposed. Actually, these shadows are  
"as huge as shipwrecks," draw attention  
to the shop which, at best, avoids the typhoon.  
The boats are secure in the harbor, or  
he is merely beside himself, sitting  
in this tuba of winter.  
In other words it was a very good morning,  
I got rid of my approximate tides, basil  
dries in the kitchen. And the pile of clothing,  
what one makes of that "beware," because the hamper  
wasn't properly infected. The sea  
fell to one side. In the window.

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Cattle abused your enjoyment of the ocean.  
We rejected thirsts. The day of the mirror,  
that minor wood concerned with flesh,  
dragging of the weather. The grass lifted.  
Inside, the horizon blew,  
intruded at the purple. The arctic, successive  
searchlights, recorded at Argyle.  
Not that second course, but the spray  
of aspirin at the reef. Your letter came  
when I was on vacation. "The blind snow."  
The reef was a member of a kuanon painting.  
He had wandered around the shoulders  
of the winter, and the theater house,  
his dark walk | Did you find your salver?  
The sentry ignites a tassel. It began"the stars. "

I have been looking through your monograph again,  
as locus of redder land, acts you recently  
have in mind. The backs of night, deciduous  
borders. Purple clouds healing such graves  
as background, the slur of the water. "Heaviness"  
writes the jar. Worst of all, so we could not speak  
of the white trees, and formerly tremendous windows.  
Cyclists tour the peninsula. Fences, the lack  
of an estuary stalling a key point of the suspended  
grave. Vinyl curtains. And the clemency of these  
additional branches which included you.  
To the extent stars fed, it would rain. Or conjecture  
that we leave, pleasing the boats as an exercise  
in shelter. Clouds shadowed the pastures.

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## Gaslight

for Isaac Babel

I had to do all that because  
she always felt cold, because my books  
were extinguished by a flood of milk.

I endured the loud whip and told the mortar,  
go in peace.  
Everyone wants a feeding; —imagine,  
an axe proposes to the window, the vowels  
of the moon in this same place!

September, 1920:  
"the fog bled. The barn  
temporarily drooped."

Our attendants: a fat professor  
who refuses to remove his coat, a girl student  
making drawings of the stomach.

*Marius*, water blackens the metaphor.  
You would better confuse the heart with blood.  
Such passages are rare . . . the blood large,  
decent; flowing behind the window. The occasion  
for this is your first pair of glasses.