

# I

We are lashed by  
sea spray  
the cool waves pounding  
exhausted rocks  
a nail that will never  
enter the wall  
a head that will never get the facts  
beaten in  
it's too cold out here, too hard  
it is tearing me  
away from the ground  
where I have to stay  
there are reasons, there are answers  
to all the questions—there are  
reports on the news  
I can't ignore:  
the government denied it all  
the killer escaped  
the tidal wave killed 300  
and 58  
that was far away—the little  
doll people fell asleep  
under the waves  
they have left the ground  
all the killed have flown  
away from the ground  
which is why I cling  
to be real flesh burned  
by the monsters of wind  
who are nothing really  
nothing to fear  
repeat it—  
listen: the important thing is  
to get to a home

hear the reports  
echoed  
from every corner  
one more  
tune of our lives  
—so distant

## II

I can travel to the crack  
in the world on the deck  
sitting in the sunlight  
claiming: it is safe here  
no one is listening  
it is better to claim  
when no one is listening  
think of that poet pacing  
along the beach  
shouting to the waves  
I am free I am whole knowing  
no one is listening  
and plunging his fist  
into the air screaming I can make  
love to the sea  
cradled in the knowledge  
that no one is listening—that  
no one he needs  
more than a lover even  
more than the sound  
of his own voice  
if there isn't a god  
there is always the air  
and the blinded birds  
and the crocuses crashing  
it is spring they are crying  
with no voice  
we can still sing

### III

Driving all night  
trying to escape  
the telephone man  
the doctor who sits  
in a rigid chair:  
you are going to die—  
he has said it before  
in a thousand versions  
you can cover your face  
with your favorite pillow  
while your father presses  
into your body: don't worry  
this won't hurt—  
but you know each needle  
will change your life  
you won't survive  
for one more second  
those monsters who lurk  
inside your shoes  
in back of the mirror an old  
woman is sobbing:  
I have wasted my life  
—was there ever a way  
not to waste it?  
it is time  
to leap in the car  
press the pedal  
as far as it goes  
straight down to the bottom  
of the grasping well  
the doctor insists:  
if you must  
stand there all night  
frightened of falling  
the clearest thing to do  
is plunge—