

# DIURNAL

I had a dream  
over and over as a child

in my

shimmering morning-light room,  
—it was

set there, where I slept,

woodpeckers hammering at the eaves,  
the river's waves' light

moving as if forever on the

far wall.

I'd wake (still asleep) in the dream

—I couldn't speak!—

as the two hands hovered.

So that even if I *thought* I'd say . . .

(if only to ask—

),

one would, white-gloved, hit

my face (I'd say

slapped but

the glove ate sound).

I don't remember waking.

# CALF

The calf was tired from being born.  
Its mother had disappeared.

Lying in the grass the bright brown

body with its  
perfectly white face

as if deflating

thinned out of sight almost.  
It could stand no longer

even with human help.

I thought it  
lost.

But just a little later,

once the knowledgeable farmer  
who runs the place arrived,

the mother was returned

and the calf played  
skipping through the dimming light

of its first day.

## 0.016 SEC.

into the Trinity explosion  
it looks like rock,

solid as clouds look from the ground

but smoother, a couple of specks  
—birthmarks.

I guess this was a kind of birth,

or a little before—  
the surface shiny in one photo

as if the light were expanding within a stretching birth sac

inside the mother  
—quieter

than explosions usually are though

in this photo, still, the way the clouds of smoke  
racing along the next ridge look from here,

—as clouds look from the ground

as I was saying,  
these going sideways,

the angle of the smoke says so, fire roaring

underneath  
—that's how they're made,

this kind of cloud

though you can't see the reality of it,  
everything silent from where I'm standing, everything

stopped, stuck

just a few miles away across the valley,  
a slight breeze rising,

cooling the air.

Oppen said,

thinking of Vietnam:

*A plume of smoke, visible at a distance*

*in which people burn.*