

A Calendar

1

Just before sleep the
ear can almost make
out in the slush
of traffic a further
speech, people saying ordinary
things to each other,
a kitchen music laid
down like an arrow
pointing always away.

2

Started with one busted
strut, trashcan's violently
discarded umbrella-wreck.

3

An art of hesitation, of
correction, of
adjustment, of
counted syllables,
stubborn, full of doubt.

Instructions

Sink if you must:
no one who doesn't
know how to do it.

Turn the clock
sideways—the hours
come that way

anyhow—doze, listen
to the tick
dissolve in rain.

Thick. Porous.
As if we were
walking through something
more hostile than air.

Blank sky. Metal taste.
Finally rain. A torrent.
The heat is broken,
we say. Of the thing it was.

Words of the poem
in the dark
in a child's hand
heat muttering in the pipes
intricate snow falling

Shapes

1

two men on the
corner seem to be
praying but in fact
are checking their cellphones

2

trailing its intestines the
new elevator rides its
glass cage down to the F train
at West 4th

3

girl walks down Columbus
in a faded
red sweatshirt reading
GOOD OLD WAR