Orpheus

To sing's to field thought's
failed arrow, then drop it,
as sadness surprises,
as always, then doesn't,
its record all rumor, bits
of lithic in its meat,
and floats me dream-dead
to this, this constant room.
Watchlist

Tears, the boy's face,
the look on it—

how'd they get him to do that,

or was his having done that
the germ of the film?

*

Who now could know,
say, post-war Moscow

from post-war Moscow

depicted poorly
in a movie?

*

Every kind of world,
it would seem,

but not nearly.
First Mirror

What do you mean I don’t have
to just *feel* that I’m here?

* 

Constant dropping kills even a rock.

* 

As you can’t see,
the memory-dredge
goes drowningly.

* 

How long has this not been going on?
After Gerard Manley Hopkins

All around the mulberry bush
what’s here suggests what could be here,
which in turn turns into what’s not,

and who’s to say that wasn’t blood
headed over the cliff’s cold lip
and down on into spindling birch

and dull occasional willow,
an unaccidented event,
all words for it stalking its things,

its measures, its authorities,
only to have made of them more
or less nothing, not even a name,

since what comes through as mostly dead’s
beyond any Doppler effect,
all fidelity . . . No, really!
Dosages

(There’s original and there’s barbecue—
Of this, I’ve been made forcibly aware,
my body inaudibly making its moves
in hot backyards of history, hickory.
There was a clod of self all made of wheels,
but now the cruise control’s kicked in,
and so the problem, neither famous nor rich,
has yet to see what it is I’ve done there;
therefore, the small face, a rage to avatar,
my mind-stained mind so painfully misguided
it’s like it’s been trying to find the cure
for wanting water in all but leap years.)
No matter how seen I am by others,
I’m only seen enough to be smothered.
The False

Whistle while you whisper the whole
while you’re on your way to work.

That very infinity’s the very infinity
that veers off into the known to lose your worth.