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Contents

Tenth Anniversary: Tin 4

I.
Long before glass, 7
That first night 8
Prodigal Body 9
In Idle Time Books on the twenty-second day, 10
The Twenty-Ninth Day 11
Reading Joseph Stroud 12
My Date Lights a Cigarette Outside Carnegie Hall 13
But After Three Great Dates He Left the City 14
Sunday Brunch on the Fifty-Third Day 15
On the Sixtieth Night I Dreamed I Was a New Yorker Cartoon 16
Leaves of Grass: The Musical 17
Looking for Easier Ways to Say “New Yorker Cartoon Dream” 18
The Caption Speaks 19
On the Eighty-Third Day a Dear Friend Gives Birth 20
The Midwife 21
Reading Anselm Kiefer 22
On the hottest day of that hot summer 23
Crying was heard behind the brick wall, 24
Reading Simone Weil 25
Fourth Floor Escape 26
Closed Door 27

II.
I-80 West at Sunset 31
LaPorte, Indiana 32
Genesis 33
At Sea 34
Third Anniversary: Leather 35
Two Ways 36
Choking Hazard 37
Reading Emily Dickinson 38
But When They Came Home I Chose the Lesser Joy 39
Album 40
At the Lake 41
Consolation 42
(In) Sufficient
(In) Sufficient
For the Work
Reading Francis Thompson
Reading Abraham Joshua Heschel
Dancing with Orion
Found Horizon

III.
The Crow
Our Lady of the *New Yorker* Cartoon
Reading Walt Whitman
The Caption Speaks
Reading the Bible
In the middle of the woods I take off my shoes
Haystacks
Reading Vassar Miller
The Ink Speaks to the Page
Prodigal Body
Reading Simone Weil
The Ink Speaks of My Friend
(In) Sufficient
Fifteenth Anniversary: Crystal
Acknowledgements

Notes
About the Author
I need you now
the way a window needs
a factory,
not mixing, not
adhering, glass spanning out
to an airy

a float-glass facility
fitted out with huge furnaces
where sand can melt down
thinness and cooling there,
floating, silvered
to a perfect smoothness.

This is the way I need you now,
when I get tired
the way a window must get
tired, holding itself
in the frame,
the way it must keep
tired, holding itself
in the frame,
the way it must keep

and where something called
cassiterite can melt down
to liquid tin;
the way hot glass needs
tired, holding itself
in the frame,
the way it must keep

and where something called
cassiterite can melt down
to liquid tin;
the way hot glass needs
tired, holding itself
in the frame,
the way it must keep

I need you now
the way a window needs
a factory,
not mixing, not
adhering, glass spanning out
to an airy

a float-glass facility
fitted out with huge furnaces
where sand can melt down
thinness and cooling there,
floating, silvered
to a perfect smoothness.

This is the way I need you now,
when I get tired
the way a window must get
tired, holding itself
in the frame,
the way it must keep
tired, holding itself
in the frame,
the way it must keep

And such bright ease of un-
mingleing almost
wholly inspired by what's
come after: the power
to see through walls.

Tenth Anniversary: Tin
I.
Long before glass,

I lay on a small square of bed in a small square of room high in a building set in the triangle of Carmine & Bleeker & Sixth. For one hot Manhattan summer I lay beneath an open window which framed not sky but bricks, and for ninety days I rode a train of moving squares to get to a larger, unmoving square to stare at a square screen that flickered, flickered.
That first night

I wandered Greenwich Village, too poor to step into a restaurant or dance club, striking up random chats in the street. Twice, three times, I spoke to a chauffeur who said he was Oprah’s favorite. I’d decided that only New Yorkers could be writers, and I thought driving limos might allow me to be both and also eat. I thought, *I’ll write in the car while Oprah dances,* and this part of the story always makes my husband laugh.
Prodigal Body

I walked into the Park and a man called out to me. He said, 
*Would you believe a year ago I weighed three hundred pounds?*
I shook my head, and he said, *Nobody else will believe me either.*
His slender body showed at once the whole of his labor and none: he was compelled to tell what had already been inscribed in flesh. I wanted to say, *I too am a stranger to myself. I too have taken to the streets.* But I’d not gained nor lost enough to speak.
In Idle Time Books on the twenty-second day,

already tiring of the fiction section, I bought my first book
of poems. I chose the thickest spine, the prettiest title,
Leaves of Grass, and by the time the subway spit me out
I was in love. Next day though, I was troubled. What kind of hero
doesn’t think he needs to change? He called out After me, vista!
and I thought, What an ego. I hadn’t learned how
to read him yet. How to read us for me. You for vista.
The Twenty-Ninth Day

Crossing Broadway at 81st suddenly my ankle turned and I fell down in the street. Before I could move or discover if I could move I felt hands gripping, lifting, depositing me on the median bench between the traffic lights. Oh, I exclaimed, turning to thank, to be further attended to but my helper was gone, swallowed up by the city’s fervid rushy glittered yawn.
Reading Joseph Stroud

I wade in and immediately the force of the waves knocks me down
I wade in again and am again knocked down these waves of your poems gobsmacking what I know your fierce curiosity, your curious ferocity I wade in knock and blow I wade in break, shine, I look up Cavafy Lorca Mandelstam Hawthorne Issa Rumi Stevens Yeats Izumi Lu Yu Goya Celan revolving moons in your sky each one pulling at the sea of your mind I wade in muscled song I wade in happy tide