

But as he read it was all plain

In the farthest near-meaning lose
your father, your mother, your lover.
Child, wife, friends. The unclear burning off.
Lose your self and all your books, your hours.

Make a list of dates or rivers from memory.
Hide silence-mad in other lives.
Say there's living yes
pared down here. Say as if,

fog-stars topping the hills and licking down
night to dark water tending your lost wounds.
It should have been warmer, that swiftsure tongue.

One hour, or two

I have never been
but I know the story
you know the story.

Begin with poppies which
elsewhere, might be forgetting,
be fire, wounds, more than red.

Sleep with now
most of all, precisely.

You know me, I always want
to know everything very precisely.

In the mirror it's Sunday

The poppies again
darkening me with that heavy dream
in which I want to become light —

The wild animal memory of spring.
The white stain of uncatalogued binary stars.
The balance wheel of a watch. Mechanical.
Unseasonable. Dependent. Misspelt. Rough.
Blameless. The empty vase and the open window.
They look up at us from the street. It's time.
Adversity. Variable. Division. Hazy. Unripe.
By autumn, leaf-fall, tamed, walking, tight —

I do not know why I want you, or what for;
I am very glad about that.
Normally I know it all too well.

All we know of

Blues, whites, all
that drain out of this that
we leave out of this
edge of angled almost
you and translate.
Unreadable this / world.

No name. Only act.
Tear up the real letters
don't end them
light does not do.
Never arrive in any today.
I didn't know your part.

A summary, a part

Left for later letters
what we hoped
to understand
though I only ever wrote
after walking.

What those flowers
set off, what the rain
left, petals caught in
the torrent to
the grate, the lake, the sea.

I didn't bring enough always.
I don't have the distance now.
I have been silent for so long, thought of you so much
there was no need for a taxi to take us away.