



the movie
under the
blindfold

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THE MOVIE UNDER THE BLINDFOLD

When the seams ripped on the starboard side
Passengers screamed and sailed across the aisle.
Newspaper accounts stressed that no
Immediate impact was felt.
Instead, steel met steel, rock passed through steel,
Steel slid like strips of steel across rock.

There in the water I first saw the bridge,
It shimmered in the air like a bridge
Made of water, and over the bridge was
A bridge in the air, and over that
Bridge there was water;
I swam.

I passed underneath and made my way, stroking,
To a nearby island that was the head and shoulders
Of my wife rising out of the sea like a woman.

Weeks passed, the swelling went down.
Layer after layer fell off me like skin.
I shrank and I shrank until finally I

Was no greater than a man.

Then in broad daylight I found my feet,
When they stood and tested
Dry land.

ELIMINATIONS

Finding the line was no problem for me.
I may be a brute but I'm not at all slow.
This body of mine like to be running.
These muscles like barbells and ropes.
These feet need road to push behind.

The place I came to was outside town,
here was where it would happen.
"I am in an event," I stopped someone and said.
"Are you ready?" he asked.
I said "Yes."

I came to a place inside the ring.
This was where I would do it.
All around the microphone roared.
I looked at the clock and I said to myself,
"I am not as afraid as I was."

I had been in the circle before and forgotten.
The same sawdust and spectators and sand.
I knew about the cinder track
and maybe I thought, "Oh God I want to win,"
and my muscles tossed
and the pistol cracked
and I broke.

WHO?

One of us quit, we don't know which.
But something packed up and left, leaving
 little behind.

One of us remained; we don't know who.

There are two blind sides to every corner,
 yet we slip notes in both directions.
Nearer than two kissing faces, between the
 cracks of worn ideas and remembered dreams;
 under the snow that dropped in a heap
 and killed everything green around us
 and in us; we know one thing:

One of us is dying, no one knows who.
Someone is going, we don't know where.
But we are busy like bees in our cells now,
 filling full the vacancy.

POEM

we have made the night the night
i hold your hand i lie awake
i hold you and all that i have
i scratch on a stone the star of your power
and deep furrows sprout by the cavity of love
i repeat to myself your secret voice your public voice
me with my conceited laugh again
me whom you treat like a bum
there are fools that you revere and idiots
you lie down with and who am i
a coatrack that cannot stop nodding agreement
with you with the night with everything
surprising myself with the unknown you become
in my heart in the pounding dark
with you dark angel like all i love
that is new always

FOUR LOUSY MIRACLES

Four lousy miracles and I'm supposed to salute,
I don't believe a single word.
Because every time I begin to believe
I see something better down the road.
Breakfast, lunch, supper, goodnight.
And in the morning, waffles.

Always something new around the corner
like a sign. That explosion began
with the end of the war, the parts went flying,
east, south, north, west, up.
Each time I wake I get up into a dream.
Mother, is that you? Hello, Rachel.

Time drags the body kicking and screaming
out of the past, and here you have the nerve
to ask me Wat's new?

What's new? What's new?

Let me tell you a story.
I went for a walk and saw houses and tree trunks
and cars.
But they were *the* houses, *the* cars, and *the* trees.

THE MAN IN THE FIRE

The man in the fire is looking for something
And cannot sleep without it.
It is as if he were aware he may have to be
Somewhere soon, and would rather not leave without it.
Only now he's forgotten what it was.
It had something to do with himself.

He closes his eyes and he's standing in fire.
Drapes are on fire, carpet, doorframe on fire.
Maybe there's a way I can dive, he thinks,
Deep down inside myself.
Perhaps those clear pools I recall are still there.

But when he gets there, after long days
Of traveling, the doors are boarded up, and the paper
On the step is dated May 5, 1961.

He opens a box to get at the hose to put out
The fire, but all there is in the box
Is ashes. He closes his eyes and thinks
Maybe inside him there's a part
That's still young, that bends
With his touch,
But it breaks off, it crumbles
In his hands.

He closes his eyes. He mounts the stairs.

YES

Yes it's true, I was born full grown and speaking
a language it took twenty years to forget.
And I had the gift of total recall, remembering ages
before me and after.

Each birth a detonation, each breath a crater
in the skin, each flap of lung
a palpitating moth.

Yes the rumors can all be confirmed, there are no
false prophets.

Whoever you doubted you shouldn't have,
nobody lied.

Inanimate objects are quick to protest:

"One need not travel far to know the world."

Self-serving nonsense!

Philosophers roam the length of their attics.

Bearded pudenda!

I say, Go pose for a statue or something.

The world flips by like a roll of bills
at the ear of God.

True, all true, the claims of assassins,
the letters of suicides, even the innocent
bystander's stammer.

Now bite into bread and see even farther, the steam
off the ocean, the bedouin's fish, the universe
cooling and turning to glass, the fly by
your ear and the ear
of that fly.

Friends say I've lost my grip and I say Yes! and start

to rise,
Friends tell me I am seeing things and I say
Yes.

CHINESE

One of two or three perfect fall days and I waste
it inside.

I clean up the bathroom, the kitchen, the stove.

Nothing on TV and I'm not in a book so

I play with some junk in the closet.

Scrambled eggs and tea for lunch, a flip

through the want ads for used cars for sale.

A letter from Ray, but I don't feel like

writing him back right away.

Now you're at the door. How can I be lonely

when you keep

coming by?

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ

Stars, ignore the crimes
occurring like catfights
under your windows.
Sometimes I'm ashamed of
what goes on in the alley,
the things we overturn
and track into the house.
It isn't your fault, it's the
kind of animals we are,
if we were cats we'd know when
to move on.

The pastures of glass
we pretend we forget
are always browsing at our heels,
the beauty of most universes trapped
in a puddle of oil
on a rainy stretch of road.

Sun and moon, leave off
your high faluting,
if you were so grand
would you carve us our shadows?
All of us sometimes scratch
at the screen -- we want
what is ours. You look down,
it looks down, everyone
looks down these days,
all of us claim what
we spot at our feet.

LOOK WHAT THE SUN HAS LIT UP

A black silk stocking a mile long and full of holes.
It has the look, it has the feel of the most
expensive fabric.

See how it works, its lens distills all color
into light,
its patterns clear as salt, its frequencies wash
against our shore like waves
of rings on dark fields.

Inside our hearts there are other hearts,
strings of motion sewn into cinematography,
threads of voices pressed
onto blue rectangles.

It's the medicine dropper's quivering eye,
it's the sensation of lubricants passing between us
and over us and through us
like battalions of roses.

Our hearts pass by one another on pulleys,
You can see them on silver conveyor belts
drawing near their destinations.

IT'S OVER

This is the end of everything so far.
Here is the beginning of everything else.
Two days ago we were in love like fire.
Now we are worrying again.

This is the end of all up to now,
This is the start all whatever is left.
The end and beginning of life on earth.

We take turns drawing the dotted line between us
Like a long fuse, and our life together
Spits like the wayward snake.

Sometimes I want to let it go,
Twist lid,
Watch it shoot from the can.

I want to see if the fire we feed
Would go out by itself,
Or if we'd panic
And reach for wood.

WOMAN IN THE BLUE DRESS

When I first laid eyes on you I said No No No No.
I could not believe, I thought of the Chinese who patched
the dike with his wagon and his back,
I thought of flood waters.

Something snapped, my loins lopped free from me
and ran sniffing to your feet.
I felt like a mountain made naked by lumberjacks.

Now you're gone and it's lonesome here, at night
my tears make tiny spoons.

THE RACER

You're running again, I can tell from your breath.
I hear it when everything else is still.
Over your shoulder you see everything behind you
 get older and die.
It turns to stone, it falls apart, it blows away.

You are the window the future rushes through when]
 it wants to arrive.
I couldn't without you.

There they go again.
Do you remember your mother? That was her.
No one was ever as good to you as her.
Now she dwindles in the distance.

Look at the blurs -- how many could you pick out
 in a crowd?
And yet you knew them all, they all did something,
 they were all there,
 they touched you.

You're running in place, your breath comes fast
 like it does every morning.
Here's how you win.
Behind, the lights you leave grow weak and go out.

THE MAN IN THE AIR

The man in the air has been falling since Thursday.
He has an appointment on Sunday, at noon.

Time is important -- he has always been punctual.
He checks his watch for the seventh time today.
In his mind he goes over the names of the clients ahead of
him,
the names of their families, the memory
of the perfect handshake.
My business is people, he says in the air.
I'm not just selling pieces of paper,
I am selling satisfaction,
I am selling myself.

He is almost sure how to do it this time.
A terrific idea will come to him soon;
until then, Pleasant day,
unlike Friday, falling all afternoon and during the best
hours
of the early evening through light rain.

He holds out his hand in the rush of air.
Warmer now, almost perfect, he thinks.
Already I am having presentiments of success.

The man in the air is turning and twisting,
the cloth of his trousers is flapping around him.
He is falling head first,
he is sure he will get
where he's traveling soon, flying upward
like a stone.

THE LOST COLONY

All we wanted was to set up shop, sell what we found,
then have our sons and daughters take our places
later on.

After the first year we piled everything up on the beach
and waited for the ships, but the ships didn't come.

We had to eat our own food.

Didn't make a cent.

The next year was much the same, and the next year
after that.

The piles got smaller, though, and after a time only the
young went on about sailboats
and flags.

We trade among ourselves but it isn't the same.

We can't all get rich off each other.

We knew something went wrong but we didn't know
what.

Some new kind of war where everyone died
or a new kind of storm that put out every fire.

We thought of barricades, epidemics, even the possibility
that no one remembered.

How did we come to be alone in the world?

The torches we lit with the remaining oil laughed
through the night and went out.

We started to keep to ourselves in the fields.

The work week grew shorter.

We didn't talk as much over meals.

One by one, a few of us stopped showing up

at the market, for meetings, to eat.

Sickness came but didn't last, now some don't move
any more or talk, the side effects of the disease.

Others want to take them away and leave them
somewhere.

We said fine, take them, the dead need their sleep.

On the night of the last meeting we cast our final ballots.

Breaking camp, we buried the pitchforks and rifles.

We burned our houses and put out the fires.

This occurred in the spring of the last year we kept
track of.

We tore up the book of debts and allowances, one page
at a time.

Dividing into groups of two and three, we headed inland,
leaving not so much behind as a single naked
footprint in the sand.

THE CAMPAIGN

We heard the click when
We crossed the
Threshold; I entered
Your body and set up
Camp. The infantryman,
He is the backbone of any
Army, he knows when to
Retreat and when to hold
The line. A month, four
Months, a year.... I'm
Getting used to the bill
Of fare, to the figures
Of speech, to the customs
Of your country.
Eventually the soldier
Hangs up his guns: I know
I do. Joining with the
Enemy, we build new walls
On the next frontier.

THE ITCH

You heard sounds in the middle of night downstairs.
The clicking of hammers, drills, tiny saws.
If it was a prowler, why did you get up?
You could have been hurt.
You got up.

Downstairs the small men stare at you and ask,
"Why do you do this to us?
Now we must leave you."

Afterwards you seemed changed, you said
You'd enlisted in the hunt for love,
Afternoons you set traps for love.

I know what came over you, how you wanted
To take that scene from the start and rewrite it,
You wanted a garden where the spattered bushes were.
But how would you make use
Of the black limb left behind, desperate
For the soothing scratch,
Alive?

PARKING LOT

The attendant at the parking lot
Was angry this morning.
His shovel was missing,
And in a crack in the blacktop
Near the corner of Eighth & LaSalle,
Five weeds were sticking their heads up,
Looking for trouble.

YOUR HUMAN BEING

Do we know what our gifts are before we give them?

Closer than we ever dreamed,
the way the members of this family
pass through one another
wordlessly, where there
is a bowlful of something
especially for you.

Let's not ever say plural again,
let's not speak in our waking lives again.
If we can't be friends let's be lovers.
We have no time for impatience.

Keep time the way you keep
everything else,
temporarily.
For your two hands are only seeds of miraculous songs,
interrupted by silences,
unfolding at the edge of what you are.

17 YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A CICADA

Ordinarily the air stands still
and the leaves stand still
and the birds and the clouds
bide their time in the trees.

It lasts, you get used. Me,
I've been squeezed and let go
by my breath a billion times.
Still the song plays on
on the fork in my head.

Everyone wants to die and go to heaven
although not necessarily in that order.
Who can blame them?
Each time I forget I'm getting older
is a bigger mistake.

Do I suppose that you're the same saint
I left in the desert
who shrunk to a peapod
with two praying hands?
Who do I think came and pried you apart?
Do you still preach that stuck in the heart
lives a bug who wakes in the
ordained year and kills?

You do.
That voice is the music that bids time pass
soft and threatening like an instant of ripeness
hung on its stem like the juiciest plum.

Mention that name and you burst into bloom.
It will be good, it will be high
like the moon in one hand.

THE SECRET STORM

the heart becomes always a fist
white knuckles and calluses

the brother takes his vengeance
he kicks at passing cars

two years of throwing things
he will be all right

the sister has an envelope of holy pictures
jesus wears his hair outside

the belly keeps growing
tiny hands plunge and shoot

a jungle of veins and muscle
weightless the red skinned catastrophe

the orbit of blood and the muffled roar
always the gravity of the heart

the poison soaks to a sponge
in the brain, the headache persists

she leaves home her nails at her breasts
clothing doused with life

there is the moral strapped to the back
miles and miles from michigan

PATHETIC FALLACY

The event was as successful as a fire.
People came from all across town.
Shuffled their feet, doused him with water,
covered him with dirt, and when they were sure
he was out, dead out, they went home.
Gnash teeth, wring hands, get drunk, see hell.
Even the birds in the trees are pissed off.
Even the moon's gone to stand in the corner.

THE HEART SINGS A SONG ABOUT BLOOD

What you thought was the world
was a bad-tempered angel perched
on your shoulders. No wonder you strove.
Always in the fist of your fight was your stiff
determination.

The murder of prince after prince
bloodied all your jokes. At least you laughed.
Always you kept apart a single step
from the string of succession.

Who succeeds, you said, exceeds in joy
the victorious jay.
Who makes, you said, his bed with iron sheets
will also do.

For when they scatter through the wind
on heels of the wind,
the shouts they make are wind on metal,
bowls of thunder.

What you are used to calling memory is just
a racetrack of unimportances.
What you were sure was your heart was only
a breed of song that lived inside you all along,
red bird with one wing.

MY CAR

has abandoned me and shucked off her wheels
she sinks her roots in wet cement
to make a nest in all my busyness

soon i see mustardseed tossed in the street
soon my grill is clogged with straw

peculiar i know the animals take to her
large hares reside under tipped hubcaps
tiny birds step admiringly on chrome

peculiar i know her rusted lights
ignite at night play signal to dark migrations
not that way this way

her parts desert her the battery
grown impatient left chalk behind
and a note

a caked shell invaded by grass
and the hum of motion
her time has come

people say strip the thing and leave it
it is deep into august
inside her steel is softening to gold

THE ENEMY

You must think forgetting is some kind of sin,
because every time you forget you're alive,
that you're real and a creature of purpose
your eyes bulge out, your teeth protrude,
and you chase yourself around the house
a dozen times yelling I'll teach you, I'll
tear out your heart, you'll wish you had
never been born. And you stay in your treetop,
catching your breath, promising never to do
it again, waiting till you go away to come
down.

GHOST

I am the fallow-eyed angel
next to your bed,
I glide toward you as silent
as anti-words at night,
and give you, O my dusky one,
kisses cold as the moon
and the serepent's embrace.

Morning will come
but I will be gone,
my place will be cold
all day.

Let others tap at your hollow
with light knuckles.
Me, I reign
by terror.

THE MAN IN THE GROUND

Arranged with a woman I met on the street
to do certain things,
convinced a man who wanted my hide
he'd misunderstood my intentions,
got him to promise to drop all his claims,
persuaded my bank to lift my line of credit,
applied for and obtained courtesy discounts
from major retail outlets,
paid off my wife to leave without a scene,
explained to my doctor he'd read the charts wrong.
When all that failed and I hit the ground
I found I couldn't lift a single finger,
couldn't swing the special door I had installed
for this occasion. This dirt is sure heavy,
I thought, and I pushed. I wonder
what the trick is.

MY HOUSE

has grown tired of storms
and winter, she braces herself
from the wind

her flecks of paint chip
off and drop
like seeds to the ground

this is my home
i live here
she is intolerant of do it yourself

she knows she is beautiful naturally
two stories her life
inside and outside wooden and white

she yearns in her slumber for
a hiding place out of the sun
and the rain

some camouflage to the eyes
of men
on a dark afternoon no one

will notice her foundation shift
like the edge of a lake
as brick by brick

and stick by stick
she steps back into
the wood

ANTON'S SYNDROME

(The patient's denial that he
is completely blind. -- Steadman's)

The spotlights shine on the skaters at night --
the spiraling ease,
the thumbprint's rim --
and we dream of the light that only we can see.

What was the use of doing things and saying things
when all along
the eyes went where they wanted to.
We called our veers and bumps decisions
but they were less than that --
we thought we saw our house on fire,
and far below the safety net, spinning.

We said, we see, we see.

It doesn't work,
it isn't up to us,
some language says it
better than ours --
it goes .

Our watching builds walls,
our yardsticks mete out measure.
Pray for the world
and the insects and birds.

The magical abacus turns,
we visit the field

we thought we knew,
the familiar disc
on the familiar plow.

Certain gases contrive with stones,
and the waters we cling to
continue their long
conversation with mountain
and forest and
tree.

WE MADE UP OUR MIND

How it happened nobody knew.
Sometime somewhere
far from the nearest hand or eye
the signal came. Maybe it was a grain
of being that surrendered
to the squeeze, that split in two and
rolled apart like thunder. Maybe
it was the moon advancing
to a place in the sky it has not been
seen in in years. Maybe it was
the decision of one of many leaves
that made their way in the shape
of a seed in the beak of a bird or
a crack in a barrel, crossing deserts
and oceans to scale the face of a final
high hill, a tree at a time, a life
at a time, until a certain branch
in a certain year made a certain leaf
that made up its mind in the
summering breeze to shimmer
and shake, and we saw it.
Whatever it was, what we thought
was our idea was less than that,
a sparrow toppling from its branch
and landing in the gutter, everyone starting
to think it was time for a change
for a while.

BELLS ARE RINGING

I tread the air and think about the sun.
Stars for friends and supper for the grass.
Let me say how happy I am. I am very happy.
Peaceful like I was never born, *and maybe I wasn't.*
Peaceful as if I was dead, *and who's to say I'm not?*
Someone popped the blister.
I was here, and now I'm gone.
I think possibly I am a pretzel and the salt's
all gone and I've never been baked
and never even twisted nor ground into flour.
I'm still waving in a field somewhere.
Or maybe my fingers are now little bones,
strung on silk and rattling in the breeze.

EMPTY JUG

He said each days shoots from the pump
cold and fast and raw.

How I waited, he said, the old cat
blinking on his chest.

And now it comes like nothing I know.

It was never just you in your dresses
and shoes I prayed for those years,
but more of you, more.

Sit. I was slipping into a dream of amber,
or was it honey? There,
white nipple of the moon.

IRON LUNG

starting now my camera is a skull
it takes the truest pictures
& from now on i paint with my lashes
my only pen is my tongue
my ribs the only theater

you strip like an ear of corn
gold & beautiful, silk tumbling
i lie stiff in my crib for you
paralyzed with love

my lover's two black eyes
the broken tooth & the door
all answer my dreams
i am swallowed by you whole

my song is my only mirror
whirled outside & through the wind
& the trees & the boulevard
the world outside has gone to sleep
& we stay up

THE IMPORTANT THING

The hand inside my ribs is done tickling me, good.
Lately it's taken to tapping out rhythm on bones.
"When will I see you again?" "You won't."

It's the hottest day of my life, and the brightest.
In a higher country somewhere else
the kites are at it again, swooping
over meadows and hills.
Its children never scrape themselves.
Miles from a mother, they never need bandages.

Here my mailbox is fuller than I wish.
"It's over. Repeat. It's over. It's over."
I read on. "Now it's time to be happy. Be happy."

The call comes late at night, you descend,
one hand on the banister.
Go ahead, I tell you, tug at your clothes.
Your mother is gibbering herself all away,
the generations wash together when she talks.
Don't worry, you say, she can live for years like this.

The beer sits still in my stomach.
The hand inside starts tightening.
It shivers to a clench.

TRIANGLES PRISMS CONES

From a distance all we were were
big blue wheels;
we called them "our reasonableness,"
we called them "true circles,"
living in the world
and spinning with love.
It was our only course,
like the rudderless boat's,
to see land,
any land.

I was bound in copper coil,
you were a fire of slippery jewels.
From a distance we
were static electricity,
living in love with the stock-still world.

Crying under our floorboards
was our silver pyramid,
penned inside our walls were
ancient bulls
in bas relief.

Our flags were sins on lascivious oceans,
our word for regret was
"a whirlpool of blood, turning in space."

It sped on.
The dot
which was so small at first
became what it had to become,

a collapse into feeling.
Item broke down into item of light,
each one new and unknown.
It was "our home,"
a wave of slow motion,
which was all our lives forever.

THE MAN IN THE WATER

Standing in water up to his waist, he watches
the shimmering, closes his eyes, thinks there
are two of him, that the second he was born
the other started to die.

Thinking about the light that came unraveled inside,
wondering how things go so disorganized.

The different parts of him pool their thoughts:
pinch, tickle, burn, the memory of the feeling
of hatred, the poison magnet hole inside, the shock
of a blow to the head or neck.

Everyone's an idiot
or else they'd understand.
Friends wear thin at the mask before long;
they swear they'll go the length for you,
then don't.

Moves his hands beside him in the water,
water falls from his outstretched arms.

In a small room at the end of a long dark hallway
he sits at a table, writing a note to himself.
It will be a reminder to crumple the paper
and start all over. Tries to place a call
to the dark side of earth
but can't get through. Imagines
it's night. Now opening his eyes
a man walks ashore.

A COMPACT

what came down came down
on golden rungs
strapped to the air
with golden thongs

i saw and still see golden men
so taken in this quiver
so balanced in the air

what goes goes to
the end of my heart
the place i keep swept
and warm for you
will always be yours

i apologize for apologies
what missed the mark
i confess

who knows the root and the anxious word
the fluttering feet and the severed chord
whatever rises does

BUFFALO POUND

Provincial Park, Saskatchewan

Last night I didn't have anything to say,
this morning it just goes on and on.
Something in the climate that all its cold water
won't wash clean.
Clouds won't quit, grass won't quit, lake won't,
cactus, mosquitoes.

Why drink wine in the wilderness when it just
goes on and on?
The wine rounds up all the laughter in the air
and holds it there, like a feeling of
north, or September.

I am there with my feet on the dashboard,
confused by an apple.
Outside, the beating warriors are some kind of gnat
oscillating in the air, held there by --

by what?
If I remember right, in spring
the birds fly so far north, and stop.

CLIMBING MOUNT HENRY

Simultaneous with the death in Milwaukee
of Rose Finley, my grandmother and friend.

I thought I'd travel light, and emptied half my canteen.
I was a long way from Minneapolis.
The climb was long but not difficult. Thousands
had preceded us. Here I am at 7,805 feet, not knowing
why.
Once you get to the top, you are ready almost to head
down
right away -- what else can you do? The promontory
doesn't care what you can see in the hundred miles
of gray tucked like a hatband under the sky.

Rachel takes pictures that won't come out later
and I throw stones to see how far they fall -- not very.
We sit close together in a crack of a rock to stay warm.
Nobody up here but us and the wind, and all
the wind says is RAH.

I thought I'd feel more. I keep thinking mountain,
what is that, scenic vista, what are those,
but nothing comes to me. Nothing I think makes
a difference. A hydrogen bomb would not make much.
RAH. If mountains told jokes, what would they be about?
But mountains don't tell jokes, being neither
sick nor poor nor blind. The only thing funny
for a hundred miles is me. Me and Rachel.

RAH says the wind, like a tiger, or an army. I did not
conquer it,

it is not mine. The climb was too easy, and even if it weren't,
RAH, who am I. Toss a rock.
It bounces, skips, collides with other rocks and stops.
Nobody, no one, nothing. The rock doesn't matter and neither does the buzzard or the old mountain lioness is any is out there, licking its flanks.
Rats don't matter, nor do the juniper who've been holding on
for dear life on the face of this cliff for several thousand years.
An indifferent match will fall in an oblivious year or the wrong microbe will finally make it up this hill and then, maybe, change.

If I were in Minneapolis, RAH, the city I thrive in that takes such good care of me, everything would matter. If people knew I was in trouble they'd drop everything, they'd run and get hoses or ladders or experts or ambulances.
If they could prevent it they'd not let me die.

Litter wouldn't even matter up here, if there was any. The only things that do are the ups and downs of rock in the air.
RAH says the win, RAH says the creek that runs like hell down the bumpy slope. RAH says the slag I step on top of every step, RAH say the treetops when they wave their branches
over their heads.

Everyone's cheering, I don't know what for.
All I know is how lonely we are, except we call it thirst.

CHERRY TREE

I watched you when my boughs hung low,
bending with their weight.
My harvest was the season's wear,
bitter as blue crab apples.
You passed by me, still and soft
in black rains. Trickles
were cool tears, and mine was the joy
of ten thousand blossoms
as white as May. From these
weathered sticks I have spared
one branch. One day, it will fly
true as a zen arrow.

THE LIGHT

I've talked about it, and talked about it, and now
I'm afraid to look at it.

It was supposed to be visible a long way off.
Supposed to be outside, but I could take it inside.
Though it came at the end of a long, bitter year,
and as many dry miles of traveling, it would
be perfect.

And here it is, of all seasons, summer.
It comes and it's not what I thought it would be.
From the veranda of my mother's house in Ohio,
fireflies.

I know what will happen.
In the end I will congratulate myself, saying:
I knew it.
I knew it
but no one else could see it.

