

## MEMORIAL

I don't want a memorial of love  
that someday another man or woman will see,  
opening a book or wandering under a hill,  
and say: "Of him, we learn his name, and she...  
he left her blanker still—  
whether it was through the error of restraint  
or through how little art can do or will,  
who knows? But in any case this, so faint,  
blank almost, is their memorial,  
that we can only make what may please us of".  
I don't want a memorial of love.

## EARLY SPRING

If flute song breaks on the stone wall  
guarding the garden, the shutters, green,  
open and the red slatted gate  
does not, if blossoms start to come

on apple trees whose boughs are black  
like cracks or scrawls across an old  
picture or one just ill begun,  
then let this casual, unforeseen

elegance of chill errors call  
your blood—a plasma not, I think,  
unlike the one that hides here. Yes,  
spring's cold. Its mud gives way, yet binds

white grasses. And will those high elms  
ever rafter the curls of gold  
volume that memory or a dream  
assigns them? Still, bring me the wet

on bark and soil. A marsh within  
is what stirs here, when we receive  
the sour runlets, on the slope the print  
of haunches where a young flight paused.

## THE SHORE

A woman walked by the empty sea,  
and the only stars there: the lame molds  
of her footprints, and longed-for  
crowds that used to crowd  
that frigid beach, those waters only motion  
keeps from becoming ice: tritons,  
and cod swarms on a black wave  
smothering in their congress  
of mortised and tenoned bodies, and graeae  
lassooing the grampus and narwhal,  
mermen mating with and satiating  
mealy tunny. And she thought:  
without that abolished company, here  
is eternity—silver scallops  
of sand in oblique suns at cold  
golden-misty sunups, and a stunned  
mind filled with nervous water.

## THE SOURCE

What would silence be? The song  
of a tempered shining, almost too small  
to hear? – the song itself of the sun,  
hushed as it is by distance, and so, hidden  
in the ear's ignorance, but in good time  
for no reason it comes to notice and then  
plays beautiful by day, more beautiful by night,  
and more, more beautiful by day?  
Would it be like the furnace  
noise out there, next to the cruel star,  
where any listener who came near  
would burn to a clinker, the sound that here,  
beneath our air, where the listeners are,  
becomes a song as soft as nothingness—  
the central power I claim beginning  
outside me, far, and dwindling its fire  
into my core?