

## IV

rock and drill  
are a single street's remains

where wind blows north  
and the rivers flow south

houses and their kindling  
overlook the sea

the beaches are empty  
and also the fish

excitement's appetite  
is briefer than a pinch

and the cold wind steady

## VI

a melancholy lyric  
intimate yet distant

its brokenness is real  
even in the healing

so beauty is halfness  
its truest note cracked

Miles Davis unfulfilled  
his notes heartbreakingly

always on the edge  
of breaking down completely

all true things are song  
a weave unweaving

## XLI

*where is a written deer  
running through a written forest*

—Wisława Szymborska

the written man in bed  
with his unwritten wife

she who has written  
his figure in that place

experience that lives  
only in the written

a dark brown mouse  
crossing to the mirror

vacant fishermen  
staring into ponds

as if to write them  
naked with indifference

what is fire writing  
in the house of darkness

all inner space imagined  
nothing in shadow

everything that is  
written by what is not

## XLIX

(For Robert Creeley)

never less than present  
and close to the rain

summer's in a rush  
to wet its lips again

something calls us home  
through the dim evening

a pair of hedge clippers  
for those of us who dream

the exhaustions of infinity  
will never touch us now

only gods die and the poor  
love it well

what has always been  
remains to be seen

memory's last station  
too many travelers