

Preambles

I

Vagrant, back, my scrutinies
The candid deformations as with use
A coat or trousers of one now dead
Or as habit smacks of certitude

Even cosmographies, broad orchards
The uncountable trees Or a river
Seen along the green monotonies
Of its banks And the talk

Of memorable ideals ending
In irrelevance I would cite
Wind-twisted spaces, absence
Listing to a broken wall

And the cornered noons
Our lives played in, such things
As thwart beginnings, limit Or
Juxtapose that longest vision

A bright bird winged to its idea
To the hand stripped
By a damaged resolution
Daily of its powers *Archai*

Bruited through crumbling masteries
To hang like swollen apples
In the river, witnesses
Stilled to their clotted truth All

Discursion fated and inept
So the superior reality
Of photographs The soul's
Tragic abhorrence of detail.

II

Only, if then, the ordered state
The storied sentiment of rest
Of the child hand in the father's
Rigored, islands tethered

To complicit seas, and tempering
Winds to lull the will
To evidence, to the ripe profit
Of perfections, gardens

Rhyming the space we walk in
Harmony of season and design So
Statues hold through every light
The grave persuasive

Candors of their stride And so
The mind in everything it joins
And suffers to redeem apart
Plays victim to its own intent

Divines generics blooded
To its needs The sculptor
Lending outward in his stroke
To each defeat a signature

The just reconnaissance
That even fruit, each excellence
Confirms its course A leisure
As of sap or blood arrested

Only once and to the prime
Its issue vivifies A sun
Luring the divisioned calms
The days extended under it.

III

But only loosed or salient
Out of this unbinding stream
The stain of dyings seen
On pavements and on blurled

Slopes of ground As there
Where your farthest reach
Is lived of want or membership
The ranged and slackened traffics

Cease A bird in mid-flight
Falls, let silence, hair
The credible of touch adventure
There Or certain laughters

Freedoms and the heat
Of only arms and of the thighs
These even love's rejoinder
As of every severed thing

The *ecce* only, only hands
Or hardnesses, the gleam a water
Or a light, a paused thing
Clothes in vacua killed

To a limbless beauty Take
These torn possessives there
Where you plead the radiant
Of your truth's gloom Own

To your sleep, your waking
The tread that is walked
From the inner of its pace
The play of a leaf to an earth.