

## 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.