

Easy Going

for the two Grandfathers I never met

Listen: there's a midnight in this singing.
There's a royal calm, a serenity and excellence
In these few final notes. So listen...

Three joys took place at three
Different spaces and times. Three
Crises that clinked into place

In the course of a life. First came
The happy hour, the long reverie
A child creates. There's no distance

Between dream and dreamer here,
No proofs, no witness to boot
Out of the scene, only

Activity and the glow and sheen
That, moving, circles round and emanates
From the living happy body.

Listen to the easy sounds
Of sunlight here... Next, I hear
How clear he saw, how crystalline,

As the earth shook with the coming
Of a child, a son. How careful he was,
How lucid in every action, for in this

Little body all was resolved,
Finished, like the writing of God.
Listen, you can hear it

In the trusty sound of his pulse...
Finally, I hear an old man talking
In a low voice, telling of a yesteryear

With a deep but mild smile on his face:
Because the mind no longer waits
For the future, knowing it so thoroughly

As it does. He's happy in his wrinkles,
This old man who talks and tells
For the sake of everyone else, not himself.

And when the time comes, he's ready.
Death bows and asks for permission — He can,
He must; for this man is a happy man,

The kind that Death can always trust.

A Damning

Perhaps it was too much to wait.
Overdoing it, perhaps, to salute and parade
In stark silence, to miss the mark
And play stupid for an age.

And still

You won't acknowledge the feat,
The lesson ripped, dead blue,
From the larded belly of your hate.
Listen: in the deep farther background
You can even hear the broken voice,
Words ajumble and mispronounced —
Sorrow: the angel in a whimper:
dloob, frindes, evol, nohour...
And then gripping itself with itself
It gathers momentum and coherence
And says: *sister, mother, friend, brother,*
You can't outlive this, or finish, shelve
The bitterness of your own making. Vile.
Vile... You swim in acid — sink — forever.