

TO THE POETS IN NEW YORK

You stroll in the open, leisurely and alone,
Daydreaming of a beautiful human body
That had undressed quietly and slipped into the river
And become the river.
The proud body of an animal that would transform
The snagged gears and the pulleys
Into a plant that grows under water.
You go searching gently for the father of your own agony,
The camelia of your death.

You keep a dark counsel.
It is not seemly a man should rend open by day
The huge roots of his blood trees.
A man ought to hide sometimes on the banks
Of the sky,
And some human beings
Have need of lingering back in the fastidious half light
Even at dawn.

Solitary,
Patient for the last voices of the dusk to die down, and the dusk
To die down,
Listeners waiting for courteous rivers
To rise and be known.