

## ALL KINDS OF CARESSES

The code-name losses and compensations  
Float in and around us through the window.  
It helps to know what direction the body comes from.  
It isn't absolutely clear. In words  
Bitter as a field of mustard we  
Copy certain parts, then decline them.  
These are not only gestures: they imply  
Complex relations with one another. Sometimes one  
Stays on for awhile, a trace of lamp black  
In a room full of gray furniture.

I now know all there is to know  
About my body. I know too the direction  
My feet are pointed in. For the time being  
It is enough to suspend judgment, by which I don't mean  
Forever, since judgment is also a storm, i.e., from  
Somewhere else, sinking pleasure craft at moorings,  
Looking, kicking in the sky.

Try to move with these hard blues,  
These harsh yellows, these hands and feet.  
Our gestures have taken us farther into the day  
Than tomorrow will understand.

They live us. And we understand them when they sing,  
Long after the perfume has worn off.  
In the night the eye chisels a new phantom.