

THE MEADOW

The Meadow

Reassembling a meadow

The Meadow

Categorically
he would have us believe

that this isn't a language after all
that's been decoded

but something fixed
in the purpose of its telling

The Meadow

A message so to speak
limited to its function

The Meadow

. . . distinguished from a language precisely
by the invariable correlation of its signs
to the reality they signify

The Meadow

I roll off the word
in the aging process

If I had a sister
I wouldn't like her

(with good reason)
Guests on the other hand

are always provided with fresh towels
and a new bar of soap

If we go on writing books
no one will notice

And if we stop
two persons will notice

Each morning the daily paper
will be left at your door

free of charge
This is like a meadow

The Meadow

for Gottfried Benn

In the hours of naming
the name of the hours

two
letters to open things

but five to unfold them
a double *t* for *tongue*

an embarkation
an accounting

a sober falling backward
(and almost upward)

with tongue doubled
to no tongue

(and almost upward
(‘On the song’s

forehead an occasional
mirror would open’))

The Meadow

The mother explained that her four year old daughter had four imaginary friends. She had grown tired of one of them and ‘killed him off,’ but soon began to miss him. Now she was bringing him back to life, slowly, in an elaborate hospital.

The Meadow

for the woman who kicked her dog,
breaking a toe

The radical disinvention of butterflies
so that where they once went as escorts
the air is empty

The Meadow

for Robert Duncan

Resembling a meadow
'folded in all thought'
a lamp is lit only vaguely remembered
for its form, an elephant
of pale blue porcelain
with trunk curved upward
lighting a room a gift
toward a featureless room
whose walls are lined with children's books
whose readers are unable to read