

Letters, Excerpt
Old Version

The end of an age makes us alien. The secret is to keep moving,
and the places I've imagined have kept me calm.
But all order is imposed. Even a calm day. Of three clouds. One for each sky.

There was a small boat on a slender lake and you laughed
at every wave that bumped it. I'll think of this as if it happened twice.
It only happened once in bright Adirondack yellow, a deep blue sky.

When the scenery changed, I made you into an abstraction.
It was the backdrop to those mountains. But they were cloudy and difficult to see.
The idea unsettled when I moved my arms because I never danced with it.

Across the bridge of my city, patients wander their lawns in new rain.
This isn't yet a memory, but a photograph or a film. Any other sense of it
would divide the scene, would divide me in half.

When you first spoke of our sorrow the word was just a shadow on the wall.
Plato said to be on guard against this fiction.
But the fiction was always there. My hands have touched its strange brick.