To Melville

To your involved syntax one feels a clerical constancy.

One feels the laity multiplying on;

with no scorn

one figures the musings of these must warm at the rate of their stock bodies, a medium heat.

When you died a sometime metal went liquid; the solid was solid fast.

Mr. Melville, didn't the sea shake in her bower that day?—

I was manning a skiff and made no account-

certainly the narwhal

must've struck up like a spear from the sea's side; there a cold body surfaced, there a casket of drachma; off the Massachusetts coast a twelvemonth line of lolling squid?

No sign. Only the seams of my brain lay unstitched.

Given over to some ineffable and thus mewing love, I conjured your ghost at night. No attendant crashing wave there, no belly, only your robe lit like the wild circulatory of a sea jelly, the sand's covetous whirl,

and, most ambient, ropes of verse making a blue rune-work of the dark sky.

> There was an inevitability to both my extended hand and your rebuff, the cold lilt noise that may have been your voice

saying As with

the oceans, boy: though touch seems a fit perusal, nor palm nor shade has ever

moved a grain within me.

Dear Postmodern Girlfriend

What a lovely bunch of

French terms.

What names. What attic

simulacra, what vapid lilt.

The knowing jests, the Bloom

shibboleths, such admirable

length of neck.

Listen, sweet: even a whole

welter of enthusiasms

isn't enough to get this

thing off the ground.

A Predicate

In spring, the flying ant is come as he who comes to wisdom or

to husbandry or joy, who moves the muted air to wakefulness—

his nascent wings blacken and flash, the hill becomes but half of ken.

He is wound in questions of onus then that scour and make him suddenly real.