

Blackberries for Amelia

Fringing the woods, the stone walls, and the lanes,
Old thickets everywhere have come alive,
Their new leaves reaching out in fans of five
From tangles overarched by this year's canes.

They have their flowers, too, it being June,
And here or there in brambled dark-and-light
Are small, five-petalled blooms of chalky white,
As random-clustered and as loosely strewn

As the far stars, of which we now are told
That ever faster do they bolt away,
And that a night may come in which, some say,
We shall have only blackness to behold.

I have no time for any change so great,
But I shall see the August weather spur
Berries to ripen where the flowers were—
Dark berries, savage-sweet and worth the wait—

And there will come the moment to be quick
And save some from the birds, and I shall need
Two pails, old clothes in which to stain and bleed,
And a grandchild to talk with while we pick.

—Richard Wilbur

To Myself

Even when I forget you
I go on looking for you
I believe I would know you
I keep remembering you
sometimes long ago but then
other times I am sure you
were here a moment before
and the air is still alive
around where you were and I
think then I can recognize
you who are always the same
who pretend to be time but
you are not time and who speak
in the words but you are not
what they say you who are not
lost when I do not find you

—W.S. Merwin

Evening Concert, Saint-Chapelle

The celebrated windows flamed with light
directly pouring north across the Seine;
we rustled into place. Then violins
vaunting Vivaldi's strident strength, then Brahms,
seemed to suck with their passionate sweetness,
bit by bit, the vigor from the red,
the blazing blue, so that the listening eye
saw suddenly the thick black lines, in shapes
of shield and cross and strut and brace, that held
the holy glowing fantasy together.
The music surged; the glow became a milk,
a whisper to the eye, a glimmer ebbed
until our beating hearts, our violins
were cased in thin but solid sheets of lead.

—John Updike

Lost Brother

I knew that tree was my lost brother
when I heard he was cut down
at four thousand eight hundred sixty-two years;
I know we had the same mother.
His death pained me. I made up a story.
I realized, when I saw his photograph,
he was an evergreen, a bristlecone like me,
who had lived from an early age
with a certain amount of dieback,
at impossible locations, at elevations
over ten thousand feet in extreme weather.
His company: other conifers,
the rosy finch, the rock wren, the raven and clouds,
blue and silver insects that fed mostly off each other.
Some years bighorn sheep visited in summer—
he was entertained by red bats, black-tailed jackrabbits,
horned lizards, the creatures old and young he sheltered.
Beside him in the shade, pink mountain pennyroyal—
to his south, white angelica.
I am prepared to live as long as he did
(it would please our mother),
live with clouds and those I love
suffering with God.
Sooner or later, some bag of wind will cut me down.

—Stanley Moss

A Gray Haze Over The Rice Fields

A gray haze over the rice fields.
The black cow grazing with her newborn calf—
long-legged, unsteady—
or trucks going past the high road:
such things only claim
that I am looking out in search of memory,
not death. Those little kisses on my cheeks
my long-dead grandmother gave me, or
the soft dampness of my tears when
my mother didn't notice me
from beyond the closed door of her youth.

Today the dangling thread stops halfway down,
where my hands cannot touch it.
It's not that I wait for judgment.
But at times I see a shadow
move slowly over these, a shadow freed
from the past and from the future,
that contains the footsteps of that childhood
so light I can only think of squirrels
slipping in and out of the mango trees.

—Jayanta Mahapatra

For A Duro

Christmas Eve, 1965

For a *duro* you got a night out of the wind.
(A *duro* was a five-peseta coin bearing
Franco's profile, the hooked nose tipped
upward as though he alone received
the breath of God. Back in '65
only he did receive the breath of God.)
For a *duro* you could lie down in the hallway
of the Hotel Splendide in your Sunday suit,
sleep under the lights, and rise in time
to bless the Son's first coming. For a *duro*
you could have a coffee and a plain roll
that would shatter like glass. For a *duro*
you could have it all, the cars, the women,
the seven-course meal and a sea view,
with the waitress bending to your cheek
to ask reverently, "More butter?" For a *duro*
I bought a pack of Antillanas and gave one
to the only traveller in the deserted terminal,
a soldier in uniform. When he bowed
to receive a light I saw the milky nape,
unlined. He must still be there, waiting.
The hotel is gone, the building remains,
a pet hospital and animal refectory

overseen by Senor Esteban Ganz arrayed
for work this morning in white coat,
dark tie, and soiled sneakers. Modestly
he shows me three lobo pups, pintos,
saved from slaughter, the striped feral cats
pacing the big cage like tigers, the toucan
levelled by an unknown virus but now
alert and preening. Riotous colors:
reds, greens, and illuminated golds
suitable for banners proclaiming inter-
galactic peace the moment it arrives.

—Philip Levine

Still Memory

The dream was so deep
the bed came unroped from its moorings,
drifted upstream till it found my old notch

in the house I grew up in,
then it locked in place.
A light in the hall—

my father in the doorway, not dead,
just home from the graveyard shift
smelling of crude oil and solvent.

In the kitchen, Mother rummages through silver
while the boiled water poured
in the battered old drip pot

unleashes coffee's smoky odor.
Outside, the mimosa fronds, closed all night,
open their narrow valleys for dew.

Around us, the town is just growing animate,
its pulleys and levers set in motion.
My house starts to throb in its old socket.

My twelve-year-old sister steps fast
because the bathroom tiles
are cold and we have no heat other

than what our bodies can carry.
My parents are not yet born each
into a small urn of ash.

My ten-year-old hand reaches
for a pen to record it all
as would become long habit.

—Mary Karr

The Halo That Would Not Light

When, after many years, the raptor beak
Let loose of you,

 He dropped your tiny body
In the scarab-colored hollow

 Of a carriage, left you like a finch
Wrapped in its nest of linens wound

With linden leaves in a child's cardboard box.

Tonight the wind is hover-

Hunting as the leather seats of swings go back
And forth with no one in them

As certain and invisible as
 Red scarves silking endlessly

From a magician's hollow hat
 And the spectacular catastrophe

Of your endless childhood
 Is done.

—Lucie Brock-Broido

Berry Bush

The winter they abandoned Long Point Village—
A dozen two-room houses of pine frames clad
With cedar faded to silver and, not much whiter
Or larger, the one-room church—they hauled it all
Down to the docks on sledges, and at high tide
Boats towed the houses as hulks across the harbor
And set them on the streets of Provincetown.
Today they're identified by blue tile plaques.
Forgotten the fruitless village, in broken wholes
Transported by a mad Yankee frugality
Sweating resolve that pickled the sea-black timbers.

The loathsome part of American Zen for me
Is in the Parable of the Raft: a traveller
Hacks it from driftwood tugged from the very current
That wedged it into the mud, and lashes it
With bitter roots he strips between his teeth.
And after the raft has carried him across
The torrent in his path, the teacher says,
The traveller doesn't lift the raft on his back
And lug it with him on his journey: oh no,
He leaves it there behind him, doesn't he?
There must be something spoiled in the translation,

Surely those old original warriors
And ruling-class officials and Shinto saints
Knew a forgetting heavier than that:
The timbers plunged in oblivion, hardened by salt;
Black, obdurate throne-shaped clump of ancient cane-spikes
At the raspberry thicket's heart; the immigrant
Vow not to carry humiliations of the old
Country to the new, still infusing the segmented
Sweet berry, illegible ingested seed, scribble
Of red allegiances raked along your wrist;
Under all, the dead thorns sharper than the green.

—Robert Pinsky

1943

They toughened us for war. In the high-school auditorium
Ed Monahan knocked out Dominick Esposito in the first round

of the heavyweight finals, and ten months later Dom died
in the third wave at Tarawa. Every morning of the war

our Brock-Hall Dairy delivered milk from horse-drawn wagons
to wooden back porches in southern Connecticut. In winter,

frozen cream lifted the cardboard lids of glass bottles,
Grade A or Grade B, while marines bled to death in the surf,

or the right engine faltered into Channel silt, or troops marched
—what could we do?—with frostbitten feet as white as milk.

—Donald Hall

Inoculation

Cotton Mather studied small pox for a while,
instead of sin. Boston was rife with it.
Not being ill himself, thank Providence,
but one day asking his slave, Onesimus,
if he'd ever had the pox. To which Onesimus replied,
"Yes and No." Not insubordinate
or anything of the kind, but playful, or perhaps
musing, as one saying to another:

"Consider how a man
can take inside all manner of disease
and still survive."

Then, graciously, when Mather asked again:

*My mother bore me in the southern wild.
She scratched my skin and I got sick, but lived
to come here, free of smallpox, as your slave.*

—Susan Donnelly

The Pigeons And The Girls

Quite early in the day I saw them,
Side by side; perched on a twig
Above the traffic, those two pigeons,
They raised with a single motion
Their heads toward the light.

I must have raised mine also
To have so rapidly glimpsed
The beaks they lifted, in unison,
Up to the light that made such gleams
Glide across the troubled cars.

Two girls came to the vacant pool,
Stepping tentatively down the stair,
And one dipped a foot into the water;
Still she held the other by the hand,
For the other was thin, she limped,

A thigh or hip bone was not working right.
The girl who led this other one along—
A perfect saint, at such a distance:
Firm breasts, the fair hair swept up,
A white towel knotted round her waist.

Quite ordinary motions, daily gestures,
Apparently disturb the sheet of time.
Becoming very ancient, birds and people
Fold back the sheet; locked in traffic,
Or waterborne, you hardly notice.

But watch too long, prone among junipers,
The formal cloud, while dragonflies
Briskly penetrate, to no purpose, air—
Girl and pigeon, stripping the sheet off,
Wake up to immortality's aroma.

Then hear Spirit settle in its woodland.
In its throat a growl, a heavy breathing;
See sprayed from great eager eyes the sparkle,
Bushes whisked apart. That was Dios
Vanished into the open, with a spurting wand.

—Christopher Middleton

Beginning Again

"If I could stop talking, completely
cease talking for a year, I might begin
to get well," he muttered.
Off alone again performing
brain surgery on himself
in a small badly lit
room with no mirror. A room
whose floor ceiling and walls
are all mirrors, what a mess
oh my God—

And still
it stands,
the question
not how begin
again, but rather

Why?

So we sit there
together
the mountain
and me, Li Po
said, until only the mountain
remains.

—Franz Wright

A Chinese Bowl

Plucked from a junk shop
chipped celadon
shadow of a swallow's wing
or cast by venetian blinds

on tinted legal pads
one summer Saturday
in 1957.
Absorbed at his big desk

my father works on briefs.
The little Royal makes
its satisfying *clocks*
stamping an inky nimbus

around each thick black letter
with cutout moons for "O"s.
Curled up on the floor,
I'm writing, too: "Bean Soup

and Rice," a play about
a poor girl in Kyoto
and the treasure-finding rabbit
who saves her home. Fluorescent

light spills cleanly down
on the Danish-modern couch
and metal cabinet
which hides no folder labelled

"blacklist" or "Party business"
or "drink" or "mother's death."
I think, This is happiness,
right here, right now, these

walls striped green and gray,
shadow and sun, dust motes
stirring the still air,
and a feeling gathers, heavy

as rain about to fall,
part love, part concentration,
part inner solitude.
where is that room, those gray-

green thin-lined
scribbled papers
littering the floor?
How did

I move so far away,
just living day by day,
that now all rooms seem strange,

the years all error?
Bowl,

what could
I drink from you,
clear green tea
or iron-bitter water

that would renew
my fallen life?

—Katha Pollitt

My Fear

He follows us, he keeps track.
Each day his lists are longer.
Here, death, and here,
something like it.

Mr. Fear, we say in our dreams,
what do you have for me tonight?
And he looks through his sack,
his black sack of troubles.

Maybe he smiles when he finds
the right one. Maybe he's sorry.
Tell me, Mr. Fear,
what must I carry

away from your dream.
Make it small, please.
Let it fit in my pocket,
let it fall through

the hole in my pocket.
Fear, let me have
a small brown bat
and a purse of crickets

like the ones I heard
singing last night
out there in the stubbly field
before I slept, and met you.

—Lawrence Raab

