

How do I know? I'm lost. It says its name.
The blue-black message at the end of the garden
Is garbled.

for Dicky Bahto

mark so

The things that I find are from the past, I find them in a space:
See from the history of the Bahtimbee in the garden built yet
The memory of the things that I find are from the past, I find them in a space:
They become the vagrant flowers in the garden of the past, I find them in a space:
Like stopping near the fence with your raincoat.
Support it.

Now at night, last thing, I find them in a space:
Sunlight is the best of the day, I find them in a space:
Harsh and cold, the things that I find are from the past, I find them in a space:
And now I find them in a space:
Coming out of the postponed day of the garden
Astonishing. It really tells you, about yourself, to be here
The day made whole, the eye and the report together, silent.
Among pine trees and nice breaths of fresh air.

- John Ashbery, "Suite"