

*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

*This was to be forgotten, eliminated
From history. But time is a garden wherein
Memories thrive monstrously until
They become the vagrant flowering of something else
Like stopping near the fence with your raincoat.*

*Snow was the last thing he'd expected.
Sun, and the kiss of far, unfamiliar lands,
Harsh accents though strangely kind
And now from the unbuttoned corner moving out,
Coming out, the postponed play of this day.
Astonishing. It really tells you about yourself,
The day made whole, the eye and the report together, silent.*

– John Ashbery, “Suite”

*The inert lifeless mass calls out into space:
Seven long years and the wall hasn't been built yet
The crust thickens, the back of everything . . .
Clustered carillons and the pink dew of afterthoughts
Support it.*

*At night, orange mists.
The sun has killed a trillion of 'em
And it keeps stretching back, impossible planets.
How do I know? I'm lost. It says its name.
The blue-black message at the end of the garden
Is garbled. Meanwhile we're supposed to be here
Among pine trees and nice breaths of fresh air.*