

WHAT TREE AM I WAITING

That whole part of the world
where I won't go any-
more
that whole separation
that I won't feel
high in this house
in this hemisphere
in this artificial light
that is artificial
in the earliest morning; dark
in pages and pens
in an unfamiliar bed
in the foot curl
furniture
each rumble
when morning comes
and it's still morning
and it's still night
I married a dead girl
we were born in her
bloom
remember that fat bumblebee
landed on a lamp
I opened the doors
and I forgot and the house
got colder and colder
where is this house
the seam between boards
merely gains my attention
it's dark and thin
I monitor each situation
my bladder growing full
climb down climb up
what tree am I waiting

my whole life in weather
waiting for my raft
I'll fly to another island
I'll take a train
already I know
it will hurt
this is the hurt country
I came here
to hold the hurt like a bird
like a tree
traffic has rings
we watch it whirl around
damaging our night
great continents hold
the feelings and the ages
what is mine
going blind
great masses of them
not going home
the country drew a line
because of memory
one said
I feel my heart race ahead
in eternity there is this ache
there is this wakefulness