

Masthead Logo

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Process

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Process

I feel nothing and nothing's in my head,
but something's about to happen
that happens to certain trees in seed-time.
Along come some birds and the wind
(bearing with them those *n* and *d* sounds)
and suddenly I'm on my way—

though I'm still in my room—
to a clearing in the woods, beyond which
lies a city and its words—
skyscraper, midnight jazz, traffic jam—
words I like the texture of
that remind me of her and that moment...

So now my heart is dangerously full,
I know too well where I'm going—
I'm on the verge of becoming
one of the dullest men on earth.
Time to introduce something foreign
to impede the easy
arrival, the metronomic hum

of business as usual. But just as likely
I'm stuck in that field where I started.
The ground is hard
and my tools seem old and nothing
reminds me of nothing. I move
a little surface dirt around, that's all.

Still, there's an opening I can't yet see,
history says so, and in it, perhaps,
acrobats will abandon a circus,
office workers break into arias—
all because of that evening
she walked into the bar at The Blue Note
to get out of the pouring rain.