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Storm

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Hold on for your life! Whoever
can't will rip away! I wish they would!
Suffocating bodies, body piled on body,
a moving heap of cadavers!

He dropped. The dust sifts, powders his mouth with a fine
ash,
the brakes cry out like knives,
moon all around, the razor-sharp shadows of the grass,
—staggering—the stomach writhes,
alone, all alone, the hands open up, stretch out,
what held together holds no more,
the earth under the heart shudders, pumps in fits,
and crumbles like a soft shore—

STORM

A shirt is running on the meadow.
In an equinoctial storm
it escaped from the clothesline, and now
it slumps-runs over the lush green grass
a wounded soldier's bodiless
choreography.

They're off and racing. The linens.
Below the lightning's muzzle-blast
an army's-worth of ultimate motion,
they're running, the ensigns, the sheets,
with an incomparable swishing
sheared-off foresail, shred,
in the ceaseless green field
falling down, getting up,
the very last linens of a mass grave
flare up for show.

I step out, though motionless,
I run out of my skin,
by a mere shade a more diaphanous runner
with stretched-out body after them, amongst them,
and like a half-wit whose birds have flown off
like an abandoned tree whose birds have flown off
so, with extended arms, they are being called back—

Now they fall on their faces.
And with a white-winged, sweeping motion
the entire army rockets upward simultaneously
they rocket upward like a motionless illustration
they rocket upward like the resurrection of the body,
an eternity born of water
at the crack of a pistol.

After them nothing remains
on the meadow, only a calling motion,
and the grasses' dark-green color. Lake.

THE GHOST

This was the table. Its surface, its legs.
This was the cord. This was the lamp.
And a tumbler was beside it. Here it is.
This was the water. And I drank from this.

And I looked out the window.
And I saw: the mist falling slantwise,
a large heavenly willow trailing its boughs
in the dark lake of the evening meadow,
and I looked out the window,
and I had eyes. And I had arms.

I live among chair-legs now.
I'm knee-high to everything.
Back then I shouldered into the place.
And how many birds there were. How much space.
As the petals of a wind-blown wreath
of flame, shredded and streaming,
were soaring, sputtering in swarms,
and with one boom burst asunder,
as a heart would crack asunder
into bird fragments, would fly apart—
this was the fire. This was the sky.

I'm leaving. I would touch the tiles of the floor
over and over with my fingers, if I could.
I'm a low draft on the road,
drifting. I don't exist any more.