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Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?

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Upstairs my neighbor drags his stuff around
so loud and stuttering it must be two things
he shoves each time: the chair or table or couch
and that thing inside that makes us sink
in water and sleep, softens our harangues
and puts lazy panic in our nightwatches.
Bright star! Would I were steadfast as thou art
wrote Keats, coughing into a lacey thing,
wanting a tender swoon of starlight
to be himself upon his lover's breast.
He thought what was up was up forever.

I have this stack of TVs:
one gets picture, one gets sound,
one does nothing but hum
and the news comes through
of a space cannon pointed the wrong way.
Down on the wharf a bunch of us
are memorizing the waves,
how they pick themselves up
to throw themselves down.
Somebody do something!

WHERE DO WE COME FROM? WHAT ARE WE? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

From the richest dirt man first molded
his world bowl-shaped, his bowl hand-shaped
to catch the blood of marriage, hunt and birth,
the ceremonious black-juiced spirit pricked
from the skull with a beetle-jeweled pike.
At least that's one arrangement of pottery shards.
Last night a friend called whose separated
husband came home to tear the sleeves off
her dresses, throw a lamp through a mirror,
knock a couple of her teeth loose. Then he

piled the pieces together and walked it out
to the can. Four trips. Then he vacuumed
and she kept trying to say the sound
of mirror shards going up the hose.
When the cops got there he was mowing the yard.
Sometimes I know this isn't a dream
only because I'm so sick for a home
and that a home I've never had: an unbroken one.
But one evening, I swear, as the cicadas
chirr out of their August bodies, I'll set off
and under the ferry the low tide chop
will feel like a sobbing I forgot,
the one long after the crying's done,
a snag in breath, a kink in the chest,
the diesel lug beneath my feet
rising through my legs to lodge
like a second heart, a healed beat.
Behind me, emerald-flecked, the wake unfolds
white purls, white checks of herring gulls,
the sun-stung dots of channel floats
strung like dew in spider's web
once thought able to draw wounds closed.