

Masthead Logo

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## Suite

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So far  
Without dog or woman  
So far alone, unasked.

## 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.

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.

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.

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.