

Everything is brighter in the final
 Flicker of the candle;
 at that instant, before lips purse
 and light curls up in oblivion.

Everyone is waiting for the boomerang
 to sail away.
 Everything is waiting for the lightning
 to stick.
 Everyone is waiting for the faucet
 to run dry.
 Everyone is waiting for their candle
 to go out.

john berryman's unnumbered dream song

don't whoa' back berryman,
 john
 brother,
 for your unnumbered
 dream song is on my lips;
 your lovers
 will care for henry --

driven wishbone
 snapping on the ice plate,
 your unfinishin'
 your work
 raced up the team,
 (my fences was tore at
 the joints)
 when i heard
 that you had reached
 the bridge:
 juncture of unsung
 and allsung
 childhood nightmares,
 thrashing.
 you filled
 the ice-cracks with the blood
 of your
 imagination,
 and lastingly you and father
 could speak
 the same tongues!

we've been waved away
 and i prayed for you john,
 berryman
 don't whoa' back now,
 for i'm
 driven on bleary
 to
 mr. bones ...