

WHEN SILENCE TURNS THE LAST HOUR OF NIGHT

-- for Carlos Fuentes

I think of Il Carnevale:
boats strung with colored lights,
the canals drunk with lovers
and well wishers;

how death in a white mask
that had no mouth, or was it the angel
of writing, handed me a rose.

-- Dieter Weslowski

Pittsburgh PA

FROM SHELLED OUT FRANKFURT TO POSTERITY

After leaving Zeilsheim near
Frankfurt and its shelled out
Buildings when she was a little girl,

Eddie Cawley came to Carolina
To tell me where George Redfield
Had left my novel, The Bitter Roots,

When he was a medic in Germany
During World War II. George
(Along with two other young

Radicals in Davenport)
In nineteen-thirty had edited
The Left while drinking bootleg booze,

Read the New Masses and gone
To Manhattan, where after
Glenn Miller's Moonlight Bay

(We could hear their voices singing
Red Sails in the Sunset, O bring
Them all back safely to me),

The F.B.I. inspected George's
Apartment. "Why do you have
Books on your bookshelf by that

Communist nut, Ezra Pound?"
One of them asked. Another editor,
Jay du Von, obtained a post

In the State Department (Jerre
Mangione told me) by telling
The F.B.I. the names of all people

He knew who were communists.
In nineteen-seventy-three another
Editor, Herbert Klein, at the

Strand Palace Hotel in London
(Opposite the Savoy where my
Father had written that last letter

To my mother in Montana) told me
Redfield had disappeared. It was
Thought he had drowned himself

In the East River. I told Edie
I would try to get her into
Posterity for the long haul together.

AFTER THE REAL JAZZ WENT TO CHINATOWN

Whether I am Li Po
And Liam is Tu Fu

Or conversely I
Am Tu Fu and Liam

Is Li Po, I am
Uncertain. This is

An identity crisis
That has given Arthur

Waley and Witter Bynner
Nervous breakdowns --

And I must confess
The Wang Wang Blues

Has taken me away
To a Giant Panda China

That Ezra Pound had
Never discovered