

CONVALESCENCE

I threw out everything in the fridge on suspicion of badness

down near the sea it was supposed to be “therapeutic” but felt worse

the shape of the heron-like bird is the same as
the shape of the black rock a little closer in
when the bird comes around the rock
like a delicate J below the page

nothing is moving there is no capital
things are becoming way too brittle
anything careful seems utterly peaceful
yet nothing is yet in bloom

o

so I'm sleeping on the floor
in the living room

I saw a channel
a chain awkwardly rusting into knots I saw the god
of suspensions near the sea road I saw?

I didn't. “L is asleep.”
“L” is always asleep.

o

the walk to the library
is that a poem

across is the penthouse
all windows and sky

and the level of the gulls who can and do manipulate
the texture of the new substantial wind

o

have you got

your views all set to give?

actually I'm judging everyone

it wasn't that I took interest in what was happening
there, but that I just didn't know what else to do

Good Friday and the jackhammers into the sunny afternoon
jealous of B and her productive happiness
as cold as A and his Atlantic mists:
we never see the moon