

Mine and Not Mine This Happiness, Sucked Up Into the Nobody Dark

I take refuge in the breath (of this one, this one, this one),
refuge in sea-air like one who strips inwardly
at sight of the shore, sluing into the waves
as one horse leans into another when they run

around a pasture; as the senses lean into the breath.
Refuge in the tiny white sailboat that stole
from behind the stone vase on the sill
and bounced away, breathing the many breaths of the sea,

as if breath itself were the abode (here the abode):
the breath of what god chemical, chimerical,
whose happiness was never meant to be ours? —
roaming freely, as water rained upon a height

flows down in shining ways among the hills;

this breath and this one, each both world and sensation,
lest world be without sensation, lest sensation
be without world. When a trawler's window-glare
yoyoed down up down over the waves at their fold,

the waves at their fold and tear, bright worlds
scooted and whooped — venturing and returning,
belonging to Breath, to Joy belonging.
And now this moon rising off the Point

in her flame-papaya dress, looming up
from somewhere other, huge stone-ignorant
lump-fire dwarfing the sea. Hot-close, even so,
breath's husks igniting.

Why is there any happiness at all?

Va, Pensiero

Splats, Orion with his foot to the pedal,
a measure, a mold, threads of rain
sewing light to the window, tar oil rainbow—

leave us, poor itch, we give you this advice;
leave us, space-ticking, strawfoot, stitch-side,
a whole simmer summer is to lease.

Green bench, winged messages
cooing on Mercury's bronze arms,
a daisy chain of big and little dogs—

unhitch, moorage, we give you this advice.
Remove your stretcheth-forth-the-heavens robe,
be a string of fence-chirps,

or swim like a bucket among the berries.
Be gone, plain bitch, for along the
avenue the beauties are strolling

like *les transactions fétichistes*.
And if one drops into a manhole,
she springs up again further on,

fox furs flopping on her fabulous behind.
Who has the same barber as you
has a coral neck.

Who has the same description
is your crumble. Leave us,
we are eager to plant strawberry

mentions on your grave.
Your voice is as feckless as the bomb
that broke the Ponte Santa Trinita.

Poor ditch, we have news for you:
they recut every stone.

They fetched the Primavera's head from the Arno

and put it back on her neck.

The beautiful, broken-nosed thing.

They put it back on her neck.