

right rear

Ezra Pound walking a dog down a
garden path

as the vultures rivet the air

this special place of ours so often
explodes in our
faces.

I got a flat on the freeway yesterday,
changed the wheel on the
shoulder,

the big rigs coming by,
storming the sky against me

I felt it slam against my head and
sides

I was on an island against the
edge of the earth,

30 minutes late for first
post.

something about it all was like
coming out of the
mother's womb.

dumb against the triviality of
breathing, Ezra.

it has been some time since I
have thought of you. then, of
anything.

[Original manuscript, 1993]

born again

this special place of ourselves
sometimes explodes in our
faces.

I got a flat on the freeway yesterday,
changed the right rear wheel on the
shoulder,

the big rigs storming by,
slamming the sky
against my head and
body.

it felt like I was clinging to the
edge of the earth,

30 minutes late for the first
post.

but strangely, something
about the experience
was very much like emerging reluctantly
a second time
from my
mother's womb.

[Posthumous version, 2003]