



## An Untitled Poem

I am so happy in these green vines, with my young wife  
there is no need to write a poem  
I am not suicidal I am lovely

I am so happy there is no need to write  
a poem, no survival involved, no little cats to love  
intrude on the poem, solitude . . .

I am so happy in this little house  
Outside the telephone man is climbing a pole looking  
like some kind of beefy Greek statue

like this poem which is not a poem  
which doesn't even need  
to be written: it just keeps on so much beauty I am spastic

with syntax unable to write a poem about it  
My wife is so lovely, like this poem  
that suddenly makes me want to sob, really to sob

and I can't tell if it's beauty or sadness or  
what may be anger but something I didn't need  
something that just keeps happening as my wife

keeps living with me keeps waking up in the mornings  
and walking around beautiful in her nightgown  
with the sun coming through the curtains

eating breakfast and definitely not thinking about  
poetry while I am thinking about poetry  
and maybe survival and suicide and how to be

lovely, what is going on outside  
Poem, which I planned to write, which gave me permission  
to go outside: what have you done to me?