

“Tenderly,” we thought. It estranged us a little.  
 A later kindness dissipates a sullen era’s  
 awning. In the end we are all bores.  
 That’s what it’s for.

I plant my feet on the path  
 and look down a certain way. Surely, all this is coming  
 to an end, but, just as surely,  
 we know ourselves as affable.

A fine furor provoked it, storm swimming  
 in the weathervane. Two looked out.  
 “It’s bait and switch time.” Only if you mean it,  
 mean, that is, other stars.

The book hadn’t been checked out all day.  
 “What are we to do for you. . .” A stranger,  
*ein Fremdes*, shouted. The wide avenue of lamentation.

Others than you I’ve swatted  
 when it was impersonal. Now, it’s you  
 I come back to. Out of love? The grown man whimpers.  
 Be careful with the vegetables, penises.

It was slowly she came down from the roof  
 to examine the withered nest in my hand, blunt thing.  
 I’d imagined you brutal, somewhat, under summer scarves.  
 Now the only way out is backward through the mess of cleaning.

Back to the back rows of the orchestra  
 where impatient silent citizens wait.  
 But it’s not for us to let them go. Offer them a pear;  
 see how crystal the ditch is beside the main waterway.  
 Someone is coming to brunch.

And we can just leave it outdoors  
 all winter. That way, no one will mind.  
 It’s the beauty of it, beauty of the fallen stone.