

1970

## Notes from a Summer Abroad

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NOTES FROM  
A SUMMER ABROAD

The moon, that had God's name and wore  
God's light, is dead. We walk on it  
and fall through space reporting the hollow  
facts. Why do we feel the way  
we do? Samples arrive. They say  
life is behind us. We turn, wanting  
the future back.

You walk this town: despair.  
The people you used to see,  
their hats—now their heads  
have become their hats. A dreadful  
knack has come to you, perception.  
Figureheads, heroes, are invisible.  
Those you see are those you see.  
A Jones is a Jones is a Jones.

A wave decided to come  
to the Isle of Skye, one smooth  
wave all the way:  
it came, and ended at the place  
for noise to end, a thousand  
hills to bury one sound at a time.

In all the cathedrals you found  
a smooth place on a stone, and imagined  
there the true summary  
they never carved:  
*You hope, but you know.*