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# Three Bagatelles: The Night-Train; At Sant' Antimo; Poem

Charles Tomlinson

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For without this reverence we can scarcely be committed to the value of being; it is the secret of what Pasternak called "the talent for life." Tomlinson is certainly out of season to recall us to the life of the moment conceived as an end in itself; and yet it is just this unseasonableness that puts him in harmony with what is lasting in our relations with the world.

Charles Tomlinson

Three Bagatelles

THE NIGHT-TRAIN

composed  
solely of carbon and soot-roses  
freighted tight  
with a million  
miniscule statuettes  
of La Notte (Night)  
stumbles on  
between unlit halts  
till daylight begins  
to bleed its jet  
windows white, and the night-  
train softly  
discomposes, rose  
on soot-rose,  
to become—white  
white white—  
the snow-plough  
that refuses to go.

AT SANT' ANTIMO

Flanking the place,  
a cypress  
stretches itself, its surface  
working as the wind  
travels it in a continual  
breathing, an underwater  
floating of foliage  
upwards, till  
compact and wavering  
it flexes a sinuous  
tip that chases  
its own shadow  
to and fro  
across the still  
stone tower.

P O E M

space  
window  
that looks into itself

a facing  
both and  
every way

colon  
between green apple:  
and vase of green

invisible  
bed and breath  
ebb and air-flow

below an unflawed  
iridescence  
of spiderweb