



1970

## High Level

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## HIGH LEVEL

I looked through her violin, it was  
the microscope she played at her shoulder; through it  
I saw a map of the floor of the Indian Ocean  
where music crawled in fixed ranges,  
pods of rock, stems of the continents; all  
the world was her instrument, & through it I saw  
the blackness outside, all the blackness  
her instrument, the tower, the  
microscope. It froze at her shoulder.  
Or, if you want, it was burning.

## THE PEACH TERRACE for George & Amy

The bishop has narrowly escaped  
the hands of George's trees again.  
How his mitre glitters with paranoia!  
To sit beneath this tree  
is an act of God, like a blue peach  
kneeling, to pray in this sunlight,  
a log in her harness of wine.  
My neighbors are knitting small wools of rumors  
all around me. To sit  
on this terrace is to be a shepherd,  
bruising no one. From here, my blessing  
to the world & urban areas, from here  
my sticky little thoughts take off, each  
like a hairbrush with a mission to comb  
the storms of God. On this terrace  
I write my decree for George. If only he  
would swoop to the rail for a minute, relinquishing  
Amy, I could throw  
the crumbs of appointment at him from deep  
in the valley of the white & invaluable white glove.