



1970

Homage to X

Charles Wright

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HOMAGE TO X

The red earth, the light diffuse
In the flat-leaved limbs of the trees;
A cold, perpetual rain
As though from a heaving breast;
O loved ones, O angels . . .

.....
The thing, as always, begins
In transit, the water infusion
Oily and phosphorescent—
The vine is a blue light,
The cup is a star.

.....
In the dream you will see a city,
Foreign and repetitious,
The plants unspeakably green;
This is of no concern; your job
Is the dust, the belly-relinquishing dust.

.....
It's the day before yesterday;
It's the other side of the sky:
The body that bears your number
Will not be new, will not be your own
And will not remember your name.

Prague/Prague-Strashnitz