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# Or How about If I Put It This Way

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OR HOW ABOUT IF I PUT IT THIS WAY

All winter it's  
winter, which  
is only reasonable,  
and then suddenly exactly  
like summer outside, which really isn't  
quite you know . . .  
This is the day  
that is strange when one longs  
for the correct number  
and the exact, exact address—  
day you see clearly the awful  
details on the faces of salesgirls.

For me—I wish I could enter the ash  
that rests on every tongue,  
and the silence  
so fine inside that ash,  
and never have to walk  
again through the night  
of the first day of spring  
down a long residential street of great trees  
and houses in which the people do not feel compelled  
to explain themselves to the air,  
explaining myself to the air.

“THIS IS THURSDAY. YOUR EXAM WAS TUESDAY.”

It is a fine, beautiful  
and lovely time of warm dusk,  
having perhaps just a touch  
too much

enveloping damp;  
but nice, with its idle strollers,  
of whom I am one,  
and it's true,  
their capacity for good