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This Is Thursday. Your Exam Was Tuesday

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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

is limitless, you can tell.
And then—ascending
over the roofs, the budded tips
of trees, in the twilight, very **whole**
and official,
its black
markings like a face

that has loomed in every city
I have known—it arrives,
the gigantic yellow warrant
for my arrest,
one sixth as large
as the world. I'm speaking
of the moon. I would not give
you half a balloon for
the whole moon, I might as well tell you.

For across the futile and empty
street, in the excruciating
gymnasium, they
are commencing—
degrees are being bestowed
on the deserving,
whereas I'm the incalculable

dullard in the teeshirt here.
Gentlemen of the moon:
I don't even have
my real shoes on. These are some reformed
hoodlum's shoes, from the Goodwill. Let

me rest, let me rest in the wake
of others' steady progress,
closing my eyes,
closing my heart,

shutting the door
in face after face
that has nourished me.