

1976

12 Lines at Midnight

Charles Wright

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Anniversary / Charles Wright

At dawn, in the great meadow, a solitude
As easy as white paint comes down from the mountains

To daydream, bending the grass.

I take my body, familiar bundle of sorrows, to be
Touched by its hem, and smoothed over . . .

There's only one secret in this life that's worth knowing,
And you found it.

I'll find it too.

12 Lines at Midnight / Charles Wright

Sleep, in its burning garden, sets out the small plants.
Behind me a white animal breaks down,
One ear to the moon's brass sigh.

The earth ticks open like a ripe fruit.
The mist, with sleeves of bone, slides out of the reeds.
Everything hushed, the emptiness everywhere.

The breath inside my breath is the breath of the dream.
I lick its charred heart, a piece of the same flaked sky
The badger drags to his hole.

The bread bleeds in the cupboard.
The mildew tightens. The clocks, with their tiny hands, reach out,
Inarticulate monitors of the wind.