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Let's Say You Are This Page

Reg Saner

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As to say: "We take such pains," and
"The Sistine is equally blank."

An F-train oils the platform's subway atmosphere,
shooting carloads of jobs across my face
by express. Through their blur I stare
into somewhere else, the way, at a certain speed
passing cracks in a backyard fence,
cedar slabs become a transparence.
Then out again, into the dusk air, glimpsing
through light rain in the Village
an Indian, hurrying, sheltering his guitar.

Let's Say You Are This Page / Reg Saner

Listen, only the real is intolerable.
Last evening I sat holding a book of poems
in this fixed stampede of talus
at the beyond of a mountain so remote
we'll have to imagine. Ragged boulder field,
saying all the buffalo have come here to die.
From a surround of peaks, June snow works
invisibly loose beneath the surface
in low, irregular halts, gargles, sobs
leaking away like an underground sunset.
The west reddens, sinks past the edge
of invention, where it warms each hide.
No, that's imagined. But not these hidden
wrist-thick streams I could follow
till they flash like snowfields
against another man's seamless sky.
Let's say you are this page
by Gunnar Ekelöf, looking up into eyes
going dark beside a blue tent. Let's say
you're now seeing alpenglow on a face
dimming, becoming part of a vast magnificent
loneliness so real that being here
doesn't matter. Is there a single bird?
Surely there must be, somewhere.