1987

Ex Post Facto

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The baker's upstairs delivering bread from the ovens. Next he will
swallow cats. He will re-create in pastry the turning point of the Russian Revolution.

Lately, he's been magnificent. The cobwebs taste better. He's been punching down my bulging eyes. If I always feel a piece of hair on the tip of my tongue, it's to remind me of what is forgotten.

Rain never forgets the river, but always wants to be buried in the overalls dropped silently over the side.

CONCORDANCE

An understanding of the past has set us back: In our terraplane, throttle wild, what we see
Is what was dead. The spearhead flying in our minds Retreats from the open field to the sepulcher where
The flowers planted take on their own life just once, Show their life as single notes of an English horn
That is planted in our minds in a different, An abstract way. Music, especially sepulcher music,