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Untitled, 1968

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UNTITLED, 1968

for Mark Rothko

There's no such thing as an emergency.
Betrayal is eventual.
The bridge is a river, when you think about it.
River of blood,
when you think about it.
The Lord giveth.
Highest echelons of
quietude.
A veronica in each sunset.
In every blackening bandage
in the hospital's unspeakable bins, a veronica.
Someone suffered
here.
The elevator full of blood rose like any other.
Why not.
Our nets were full of sunset when we hauled them in.
The red sail
filled and pulled us darkward.
Blood in the drumroll blossomed.
The Lord giveth.
Thou shalt.
Change the bandages when they blacken.
Don't think about it.
Set the red sail and disappear.
Slow drip
in silence.
Don't say a word.
Don't say the wineglass on the sill
is a sun-dried sangreal.
It's a landscape.
You just can't bring

your body.

The bridge is an inward horizon.

The bridge has arrived

in time for us to cross.

I know because someone, or his assistant,
suffered here.