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Two Variations on a Theme by Stevens

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First there is the thing and then there is the account of the thing, bent into new alphabets. Living your life twice is no feat. Or there is what happens to you, as if to you only, the yes of no comparison, until finally, or secretly, the yes repeats. So a vine with grapes enough to persuade it to the ground may be a line with one grape repeated. All love’s sighs are this, simply: an inhalation, an exhalation, something in between that is imagined. The final word is the first word reiterated with gray hair.

Much like mine, your delight. No discrete evidence of the new is invented. For the other suns are our sun surrounded similarly and not seen together. Some uncertain planet is what one wants it to be, until found, when it is the earth. The documents of genius are nightmares with the sentences rearranged. Your aspirations to magnificence are already done and recorded as the memoirs of sad kings.