Ghazal [2]

Philip Dow
Ghazal / Philip Dow

Coming to him from its fumbled audition for the head of a pin, the poem said: *I am your promise. What do you keep?*

His muse. Played the piano as if it were borne up at six points by midgets dressed in money.

*Get it right this time.*
*What am I supposed to feel?*

Holding that still waters run deep they, too, stagnated.

The present arrived, at a pat on the cheek, offering a revolver or a barrel of whiskey.

Ghazal / Philip Dow

Daybreak. A ripple vee-ing across still water:
nothing's errant wake.

Minnows aquiver in the heron's eye.
And I, how can I understand love's angry tongue?

Hurt, like ritual. Performing duty beyond the need.
As if that was enough, as it sometimes is all there is.

The milkyway had seemed one endless track— but then, but then.

Between those brightened splotches of his trail doesn't the snail polish the air we breathe?

Artist / George Oppen

he breaks the silence and yet he hesitates, half unwilling something comes into his mind it is something about something the sea to ask where is the sea he asks