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Creation Story

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Creation Story

I went out with Elaine to look at the moon.
Elaine sat on the sidewalk
with paper and pen and Joan’s binoculars.
Beautiful: I looked through.

Maybe I will see you later, I said
and walked on, up to a road
and stood on its side,
to look at the moon.

A car came. I bent my arm, my leg,
wanting to look like something other
than looking at the moon when it came by.
Did I?

I looked at the moon.
I saw I forget how much I like to look.
I looked
around. Up. The moon was there.
Just what I want for us both, I said: good.
Clouds
covered the moon, I
covered the moon with the boughs of a pine,
then a streetlamp:
this means I was walking.

But then I was turned. To the moon.
I was
looking again. I had to. I could
see Elaine now lying down on the sidewalk,  
binoculars, paper, pen.  
That car came back slow, turned right,  
who cares. I had to  
look. More. The  
sharp shape of one oak leaf:  
more. Train roar  
along unlikely track  
in the middle of Hudson River water:  
more, more. I  
thought of telling it: over water, through night,  
a train. Moon  
light through  
one of its windows, somebody’s face,  
thinking of telling somebody this,  
imagining saying these words:  
I HAVE SOMETHING TO WRITE  

made enough. Made spiderweb touching  
my left hand be  
the walking home to tell.  
Barbara was on the telephone; she made  
a face hello.  

MY HAND  

My hand is like a house to me  
Thin, like the rest of me  
Small, hard—  
It’s a perfectly good hand.  

When I was a child  
I lived in this hand  
In the thin, hard light  
Of that time