

Poets – 1

A poet fetches far for his discourse.
A poet reaches farther in its course.

By way of asteroids, omens, zillions
Of undercurrents, between *yea* and *nay*,
He, even earthward from a campanile,
Will manage a detour... For comets' way

Is Poet's way. Elisions and ellipses
Of consciousness – these are his links! Indoors
Of reason – you'll despair! For his eclipses
Are unpredictable by *calendárs*.

He is the one, who weight and distance –
Deceives, who messes plans and cards,
Who at the blackboard – asks and listens,
Who easily surpasses Kant,

Who in Bastillean dreadful quarters
Is like a redwood in its prime,
Whose only footprints are – on water,
The train that's always gone, each time –
Mysteriously ...

– for a comet's way

Is Poet's way: sun-burning yet not warming,
Ice-melting but not mending – scalds and scars –
Your orbit – circumventing, nonconforming –
Is unpredictable by *calendárs*!

April 8, 1923

Country

Search by name or address –
You can't find that land!
Cannot – in your atlas,
In the cosmos – can't.

Drained as from a basin –
To the bottom's glaze.
Can a man regain his
Home – that has been razed?

Have a second birthplace?
Motherland – anew?
Come climb up the horseback
That unsaddled you,

Would-be-mustang-breaker!
Bones ain't busted yet?
To such bastards, bakers –
Half a slice of bread,

Carpenters – a dentless
Coffin will not sell!
Russia – that, of *endless*
Miles, of *tolling* bells,

Where on silver eagles
My young seasons fly –
Is no longer real.

– Nor am that one I.

The end of June 1931

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It's our traveling destiny – mine and yours!
On the rocks we are – testing no reefs nor fjords.
Co-possessors of five-buck riches
Find sea beaches beyond their reaches.

Taste of poverty: salt on a crust of rye!
One more summer will turn, like our ration, dry!
All our seas turned – like pockets – shallow,
Summers – eaten by other fellows!

By those bursting with fat (“gloss,” as they explain),
Who eat bread – not with butter alone – with brain
In our poems, sonatas, paintings:
Modern cannibals – Paris dandies! –

Who are feasting on us: half a franc per seat.
Oh, the monster, who has, between fish and meat,
Cleansed his palate with two eternal
Songs – God damn you for this internal

Shame: to shake your hand, when is itching mine
All five fingers and feelings to intertwine
On your face – as a sign of kinship –
In a memorable inscription!

1932 – 1935

Desk – 2

Tricennial interlinking
By partnership, friendship, love.
I notice your every wrinkle
As you every mine – whereof

You are – aren't you? – the crafter,
Consuming a quire a tryst,
Insisting there is no – after,
That only anon – exists.

The desk, dumping off the surface
All money, all mail – away!
Maintaining that every verse has
Its deadline – which is today!

Forewarning that table silver
Won't add to the Maker's wealth,
That soon I'll be resting, silly –
Face up – and upon yourself!

1933