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I Tell You These Things Because You Are Clearly in Pain

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I TELL YOU THESE YOU THINGS BECAUSE
YOU ARE CLEARLY IN PAIN

. . . distances part themselves, ovaries, butchers.
the rinsings of silver pails paling in the tons of stretch;
stepped, empty baths;
is endless, that death;

and up close,
the awful piles of you,
piles and pleats of you
lying in the undivision.

Could we be with all our heart?

“bearers of the unspeakable” “bearers of the dew”

*

Loose is the cloudblow that flows about you,
such work for the keel in you, as you splash,
un-
faced, into the too-close dark.

What has us we give ourselves to joking weeping,
we could hardly bear
to part with a single—

hush, now, the atomy sparks are humming—is it a lull,
the lull of you? Somebody’s breath makes a little loving.
Which is not as if Fear-

life disappears at the mass-curves;

nor as if you could taste, up there, the milk-swarms
of the wild oars’ glitter-talk;

nor even as if the moon,
pitted mother, should show her face
above a waste dotted far out with little sails,
most dead/
slumped,

and call to you:

“Such happiness,
seeing you all different there, all at sea.”