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Poi cominciai: "Belacqua, a me non dole"

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Poi cominciai: “Belacqua, a me non dole”
[Then I began: “*Belacqua, I will not grieve*”]

anywhere in this I too was pulled from the bay’s
frothed wings when art was a remembrance of the dead

not a stump upon which to better reach
the cathedral door’s topknot to tease it

the branch only touches one window and there
it skitters red sap in streaks like a maimed

grebe’s prints across the heath this death
is your second wife and this plum hill

an afternoon you’d do well to find home in
to scare rats from the cellar of with a candle

and an ether-soaked robe but we are safe
unless milkweed can take root in the ear my friend

tell me you know the ship in the bottle is a trick
and your bed is really a boat and the two of us a bed

I remember a city he says its lights brought me
to a lake I brought you to a lake and it took your

image into its mouth spit a correspondence
of knapped flint slowly back at the wind

but the dream of such vehicle is a delicacy I doubt
there’s a craft can brook this seclusion a stylus

put to my brow although this second life might
make one wish for a tight pine house dent its prow

and shake a blossom from the quince sprig
embosomed in a crack in the bridge

you with your fog-cries have come close
to reconstructing the landscape its boxcars

and fog-cries its couloirs of unburnt leaves
and I tried to invent jealous words so that they

might swarm about these peasant triumphs
but instead they built a hunting pack whose pageant

of howls shakes shim-stars from this tunnel's walls
as if mourning the demi-loss continuous