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Independent Pursuit

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GETHSEMANI
Stacked and locked and braced
snug along the deck, freight boxes
improvise upon their linkages
and stress points, inside their sun-
ovened atmospheres—staccato
cadenzas, flourishes of groaning as
the ship climbs and surfs indifferent
swells. Manifest of time— beaten,
beating out into the vast Atlantic
sky. This is what we've been
lugging, then, a thousand miles out
into eternity—time—loud, erratic,
yet almost musical tempo— time,
manifest in the noise matter makes
on its way somewhere, out here
across eternity. Three flights up
on the gleaming bridge, time's
a measure of space and position.
Back in Carolina, where monstrous
cranes so deftly swung all these
containers into place, back ashore
there, time is someone's money, units
of expectation and responsibility.
Back there even the sea is working,
laying quays, collecting rank larders,
compiling and excavating shores.

Out here the sea is only up to itself.
No mere figure, but incomparable

presence no language can use
without revealing its poverty.

Originating, extravagant,
a reckless beyond beyond

handling, wherein the tonnage
this keel heaves ahead is abstracted,

and memory's cargo dwindles
further into dream. Seven decks

aloft in the white stern-castle,
the passenger savors the sway

and rise beneath him, the vast
swath of northern stars, and off

southeast: wild, silent lightning
behind ranges of black cloud!

In the sheer spaciousness his
whole body knows at last, soles
to thrilled nape, out here who
knows where, he's as close
to longed-for self-forgetfulness
as he will ever be-- awareness
incarnate. Oh stop, then, he tells
himself, stop making sentences of it.