

CLOUDS OF WILLING SEEN IN THE BIRD DAY

but when is there ever enough love
for those whom
pain has chosen,

Who are we that we should be
moved by the open cheekbones of the moon?
What is special electrical railroad in (anyone)
 that (anyone) should see
 such plenty?
 Why we are suddenly—frightened—not removable.

That the Desire boats of forms and limits
 not be turned over,
weeping curving water,
 take corn to the dock,
 scatter the bright tears
for wild geese breasting toward you
 their greeny platinum hoops of evening

(could *you* be so languid-lifting? No,
No. You prefer the word *tall*.
Say it. *Tall*)—
They will bless you as they feed
 greedily at your feet.

What you cannot think will never enter your death.

What you cannot think will be your life.