

POEM



Calvin Bedient

CLOUDS OF WILLING SEEN IN THE BIRD DAY

Amiable Monet, in lieu of *that*, had a forgetful *now*,
postdated like his eyes—crafty, a beaver's,
flush with the floating fields of the waterlilies.

And you—anybody farther would be dead
languaged.
You are nice library, nice library, sit.

The spinach-green boat in *Sunrise*
could have flamed
in the wriggle-lines flung by the orange sun
low in the green air of the sea,

but for some law of composition:
who hasn't been
out of line for a long time?
(It's so easy to difference and cumber
(an eyelet passed through to a little evil
(boomerang of heartbone
winging into the dark
refusal of beauty

I could talk of love,
the pulse a rabbit hop on moonlit ground,
or "stamping around
in expensive puddles of champagne"
shortness of breath cries—

all that brightness
that Darkness requires—

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.