



and reader can share, a peachy way of saying,  
my dear, we have gone on: cracks in the

layering, is that appealing, or not: where  
the workman slipped or tragedy found another

venue and view:

I wonder if certain (I mean, uncertain)

questions are proper; for example, does God  
exist: well, of course, I rely on faith, but

the only proper answer is, yes: you couldn't  
say maybe, where would that put you (or God),

and you couldn't say no, because *then* how could  
you account for the presence of things or absence: so,

we, no, you can't ask a question when there are  
no choices for answer: I was thinking, tho,

the other day that it may have been comparatively  
easy to make things, but it must have been hard

to make nothing, especially if nothing  
was already there before: was it some other

kind of nothing or was there this big block of  
something that nothing was made inside of or

even that nothing was made of:

adjacencies,

juxtapositions, sprinkles, drifts, plasmic  
slurs, smears, addled lines, clusters, how

many shapes clear and at the edge of perceiving,  
all these hiding the rhombus, triangle, square,

our clarities drawn into the rondures,  
wash-outs: here, I say, I impose the strict,

till an earthwave tumble my tinkering as  
into a river-rush: still, we have held on

well (at least we hold till the visible  
from the sky suddenly appear): squiggles,

afterthoughts:

should a tiger come down from

the hills and snarl at the mighty who write  
bad verses—senators, presidents, famous

actors—and sell them broadly to the innocent  
we little people buying their poverty with

enrichment: meanwhile, we littles wangle and  
bangle our tunes, good and bad, to one or two

or none, till we turn out a small person who  
beyond all station moves the deep wide into

the cosmic reach:

I'm just an old man in a gelded  
cage):

#### A REGULAR MESS

I took (drove my Toyota) a jug of my one-day's  
urine up the road to the Care Center this

morning early, the snow hardly heavier than a  
crust of rime, the cushionest grit: this, I

said to the lady, the nurse, all in white,  
hair a little creamier, is my creatinine test

results: fill in this form, she said: I sd,  
I filled it out yesterday, one like it: well,

she said, fill out another one: then she  
picked up my full bottle-jug and said, you are

very generous: she said, some people come in  
here with about that much (very little) from

a whole day's effort, you are really generous:  
I said, yeah, that's without any beers, too:

I felt proud: but I recalled the doctor had  
said, it's not the quantity, it's the quality:

so now I must wait to see if I did a whole lot  
of something good or a whole lot of something

bad, perhaps intermediate: I liked her, the  
lady in white, a little on the old side but

young enough for me: old people don't see  
much age in old people's faces: they see a

young woman in a wreck: so then she came  
back from the refrigerator where she stored my

generosity and said, you have to have a blood  
test, too, a comprehensive Profile: Jesus, I

said, I just had a egg, ten minutes ago, does  
that make any difference: well, well, well,

maybe so: better come in tomorrow morning,  
nothing to eat, no coffee, just water: I'll

be here, I said, at seven: if I don't see you  
she said, have happy holidays: it was so fine

outside, the sun broken through on the crisp  
snow, a good grip for the soles, no other

footprints around, just mine coming in...