Yesterday I wanted to speak of it, that sense above the others to me important because all that I know derives from what it teaches me.

Today, what is it that is finally so helpless, different, despairs of its own statement, wants to turn away, endlessly to turn away.

If the moon did not ... no, if you did not I wouldn't either, but what would I not do, what prevention, what thing so quickly stopped. That is love yesterday or tomorrow, not now. Can I eat what you give me. I have not earned it. Must I think of everything as earned. Now love also becomes a reward so remote from me I have only made it with my mind.

Here is tedium, despair, a painful sense of isolation and whimsical if pompous self-regard. But that image is only of the mind's vague structure, vague to me because it is my own.

Love, what do I think to say. I cannot say it.
What have you become to ask, 
what have I made you into, 
companion, good company, 
crossed legs with skirt, or 
soft body under 
the bones of the bed.

Nothing says anything 
but that which it wishes 
would come true, fears 
what else might happen in 
some other place, some 
other time not this one. 
A voice in my place, an 
echo of that only in yours.

Let me stumble into 
not the confession but 
the obsession I begin with 
now. For you 
also (also) 
some time beyond place, or 
place beyond time, no 
mind left to 
say anything at all, 
that face gone, now. 
Into the company of love 
it all returns.


Source: Selected Poems (1991)