In Memory of Joe Brainard

By Frank Bidart

the remnant of a vast, oceanic
 bruise (wound delivered early and long ago)

was in you purity and
 sweetness self-gathered, CHOSEN


When I tried to find words for the moral sense that unifies
 and sweetens the country voices in your collage The Friendly Way,

you said It’s a code.

You were a code
 I yearned to decipher.—

In the end, the plague that full swift runs by
 took you, broke you;—

 in the end, could not
 take you, did not break you—

you had somehow erased within you not only
 meanness, but anger, the desire to punish
 the universe for everything

not achieved, not tasted, seen again, touched—;

... the undecipherable
 code unbroken even as the soul

learns once again the body it loves and hates is
 made of earth, and will betray it.

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