

Half-Blind Elegy

So many little horrors,
so many flashing lights.

One among the many is beheaded.

Hail, the world is with me.

And I am sore afraid.

One is stopped on the road, and made to kneel...

Why look.

Because I exist (opening his leathery wings).

I have a fantasy: being tied down on an altar, a great winged creature coming down over me. Instead of a tongue it has a second cock, it fills me twice, it locks me to itself.

I put on the dress of knowledge, its dark glitter—

I admire myself in the mirror—

One is strung up, one is strung.

That song.

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In the evening, in the scattering light, pelicans
fly over the slough

and dive down for fish, one eye open

one eye closed. So when they hit the water

the open eye

takes the impact, and eventually goes blind.

And then they use the other eye,

and then they are truly blind, and die.

Is that how the angels dive for souls?

So many memories in the heavens, love.

So many flinchings here below.

Stay with me. Make me calm.

Another breaks the surface and is gone.