

Metaphysics on the Farm

The lay of the land

is rather complex. *Oh? Yes.*

He is a fervid defender

of plotless novels. He roots

with grave gestures, through the most private

and unhappy parts. Then

overcome by sentiment

he washes up, lonely, on his alien shore.

In all the ceremonious range

of his appetite

he imagines his estate blessed

by the presence of special, nattering angels.

And you can't abide.

I'm of two minds.

But given time and ample grandeur...

Perhaps. The hand
of God is always magnanimous. Perhaps
if I charted the provinces

of the lyric design
our morning, which as a rule
muscles up before my eyes

under its rough brown curls
might instead decide to emerge
through its own sly surface

and hand me a nosegay
of quince blossoms and spurge.

You'd buy the farm

without him. I suppose.

You know, the forms of my notions
are chiefly baroque

but when his *esse* plows
into mine, the terrain
unfurls in unadorned relief.

Do you ever hunger

for something brilliantly wrong?

For the love of a mute, indivisible I?

I have never enough time

I've got this whole archipelago

to tromp through, all its paddocks

its valleys and dried up creeks

and all those cranky piazzas

in the dubious cities

their artefact-clogged alleys

and sodden drains.

I've got to comb the grasses

for a conspectus of adequate time

and address the question

of why on earth one desires

to be held in the manifold grasp

of a lonely man.

And now, I think I'll go home.

It's time to arrange the linens

and light the lamps

lay the table

and gather up my scattered drafts.

You know, every day

a handsome wind hastens

through our house and deranges

my stray pages. On the bleach of the lawn

they resemble tiny, ragged angels.