

[Did not foresee]

The mind is a thing deeply marked. I have bound myself to this damage.

Most delicate and difficult

Strangeness, I have abandoned the idea of being

Warm. There's a strictness in the ice charged with its distinct breakages,

Hard and beautifully detached, —water once so blue polished to a sheen until it's heightened

And unlike itself.

Outside, cold hills. The sky steel-colored, then duller in parts, the gray of smudged newsprint.

I did not foresee

How this becoming is a reckless and incautious thing. The ice

Grows intricate where the stresses fall.

[*As when red sky*]

The morning's raw and wet.

There's something delicate and fierce that comes damagingly out of the mind
When the body's ill. I feel the invisible boundaries of my life strike into me

From regions I can't see, as when red sky assails itself
After intervals of blue, whiteness, dullish gray. I sense crimson strokes at the edges of things

And have burnt inside myself so many words in a bonfire

Unseeable but real as dirt. The worst fault a thing can have is unreality.
Here is a window, here a chair. The air swirls with severity and

Hazard. The chair is white-painted pine, peeling in places, and carved with a five-petalled flower.

[*But couldn't cross*]

All the more rare and wilder

In storms of otherwise and then again fettered,
I feel my mind disfiguring itself as if it could not in any other way approach
The withering, the *frightened back* of things, the buoyancy crushed. Today the fasting girl

Died. Four nurses were sent to watch over her

But couldn't cross to where she had installed within herself the darkest field.
Like someone watching trees, they couldn't turn with her turnings. I wonder at that country
She belonged to, the obligation of not, the eye-blur restlessly steering. It's December,

Almost dark at 3:00. They moistened her lips with water as the redness left,

The skin of a white tiger. She had an air of the knights of chess about her.
Something bitter distills where we can't see.
It is hard to seize what is.

[Mysteriously standing]

All the fiercer and lawlessly irregular

These intervals of withdrawal where I am a burned field
And above me the sky is thickening and clouding.

In that field, little Stonehenge of the heart

Mysteriously standing, its distinct construction odd and uninjured in this yellow

Light. If I say I was flexible, was harmed, was cleansed, was helped, was deeply marked,
I still can't understand what I have been. Doubt falls in me falls through me

A rough and intricate hazard. The mind carries an austere
Inwardness that will not put out its eyes.

[*Expeditions*]

November dissolves itself and so haunts the mind,

All the tender peripheries theft-ridden, altering, unsolved.

I feel the slow slave trade of my eyes, their harsh collecting, though every calculation

Ends in broken. Expeditions. Savageries.

The shadows in the flesh are very strong.

[And water lies plainly]

Then I came to an edge of very calm

But couldn't stay there. It was the washed greenblue mapmakers use to indicate
Inlets and coves, softbroken contours where the land leaves off

And water lies plainly, as if lamped by its own justice. I hardly know how to say how it was
Though it spoke to me most kindly,

Unlike a hard afterwards or the motions of forestalling.

Now in the evening light the far-off ridge carries marks of burning.

The hills turn thundercolored, and my thoughts move toward them, rough skins
Without their bodies. What is the part of us that feels it isn't named, that doesn't know

How to respond to any name? That scarcely or not at all can lift its head
Into the blue and so unfold there?