

IV

"As, years later, I will recall, without blame,  
The tender banalities of those dead Julys . . ."

--Donald Justice

A CHOICE OF EPIGRAPHS

Not only all of summer's dawns, not only  
the way they turn into day and shine before beginning.  
Not only the days, so delicate around flowers, above,  
around the molded trees, so heavy and strong.  
Not only the reverberance of these unleashed forces,  
not only the paths, not only the evening meadows,  
not only the breathing freshness after late thunder,  
not only the coming of sleep and ~~a~~ premonitions ?  
at night--but also the nights! the high summer nights,  
the nights and the stars, the stars of the earth.

- Rilke

"You wouldn't happen to have an extra pair of shoes, would you?"  
"What size, old man?" said Lawrence.  
"I wear any size," said Proctor.

-Wright Morris, The Huge Season

In the lonely hours of the spirit  
it is beautiful to walk in the sun down the  
long yellow wall of summer

- George Trakl

One also surmises that in the South one dies more easily. ]

- Leopold von Sacher-Masoch ]

If there is only one world, it is this one.

- Larry Levis

What gifts there are are all here, in this world.

- Charles Wright

I lead you back to this world.

- James Wright

"I think I've been in the business too long, Rico. I'm starting to fall for the players." ]

- Sonny Crockett ]

Everywhere the world was growing more like Miami.

- T.D. Allman

Palms against the sunset's towering sea...

- Hart Crane

It is almost romantic...

-Henry James

Beautiful my desire, and the place of my desire.

- Theodore Roethke

The snow of '29 wasn't real snow. If you didn't want it to be snow you just paid some money.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald

"I think it's going to rain."  
"It is raining."

- sex, lies and videotape

There's just so many summers...

- Don Henley

"Pain won't hurt you."

- Sparky Anderson ]

II

THE DISTANCE

"The West for desire, the East for home."

--Thomas Wolfe  
Look Homeward, Angel

Everything . . .

(Fragment)

Everything comes too late for us, even death.

--Julio Flórez

For Amy Wallace

"Desires are already memories."

--Italo Calvino, Invisible Cities

6

For Beckie Hendrick

Mala scripsit  
Bene bibsit

her breasts are the color of brown stones in moonlight,  
and paler in moonlight.

--Robert Hass

~~For Carlyle Crowell~~

"You wouldn't happen to have an extra pair of shoes, would you?"  
"What size, old man?" said Lawrence.  
"I wear any size," said Proctor.

--Wright Morris, The Huge Season



for my father

was the saddest word of all there is nothing else in the world  
its not despair until time its not even time until it was

--Faulkner, The Sound and the Fury

Me he puesto a recordar los dias  
de verano idos. . . .

--César Vallejo, Trilce

*perhaps*

For Muchacha

"The flamingo hours fluttered softly through the sky.  
But regularly they dipped their wings in pitch black."

—Virginia Woolf

#7

*use if possible*

for my mother & father

"was the saddest word of all there is nothing else in the world  
its not despair until time its not even time until it was"  
--Faulkner, The Sound and the Fury

"Me he puesto a recordar los dias  
de verano idos . . ."  
--César Vallejo, Trilce

- \* This symbol, when it occurs at the lower left-hand margin, indicates a break between stanzas of a poem wherever such spaces are lost in pagination.
- . This symbol, wherever it appears along the left-hand margin, constitutes a division between unnumbered parts of a poem.

/  
for One World  
# 11

Use

for the living

For Tonya Parsons

None of this matters now,  
But I never felt alone all that year, & if I had sorrows,  
I also had laughter, the affliction of angels & children.

--Larry Lewis

V

"I can see you  
Your brown skin shining in the sun  
You've got your hair combed back  
Sunglasses on, baby  
I can tell you  
My love for you will still be strong  
After the boys of summer have gone"

--Don Henley

II

I stared hard at the shot of the cathedral on the TV. How could I even begin to describe it? But say my life depended on it. Say my life was being threatened by an insane guy who said I had to do it or else.

I stared some more at the cathedral before the picture flipped off into the countryside. There was no use. I turned to the blind man and said, "To begin with, they're very tall." I was looking around the room for clues. "They reach way up. Up and up. Toward the sky. They're so big, some of them, they have to have these supports. To hold them up, so to speak. These supports are called buttresses. They remind me of viaducts, for some reason. But maybe you don't know viaducts, either? Sometimes the cathedrals have devils and such carved into the front. Sometimes lords and ladies. Don't ask me why this is," I said.

--Raymond Carver

"If there is only one world, it is this one."

--Larry Levis, Winter Stars

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"What gifts there are are all here, in this world."

--Charles Wright, The Other Side of the River

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"I lead you back to this world."

--James Wright, Shall We Gather at the River



I

"In the lonely hours of the spirit  
it is beautiful to walk in the sun down the  
long yellow wall of summer"

--George Trakl

## IV

## INTERIORS

"Longing, we say, because desire is full  
of endless distances. . . ."

--Robert Hass,  
"Meditation at Lagunitas"

"Me he puesto a recordar los días  
de verano idos . . ."

--César Vallejo,  
Trilce, XV, 1922

*pages*

"Now, far from Kentucky,  
planes pass in the night,  
I hear them and all, all is real."

--Robert Penn Warren,  
"Tale of Time"

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"This is the time for what can be said. Here  
is its country. Speak and testify. . . ."

--Rainer Maria Rilke,  
The Ninth Duino Elegy

*use if possible*

Part One/ LOVE & DEATH IN THE TROPICS

"I think I've been in the business too long,  
Rico. I'm starting to fall for the players."  
--Sonny Crockett

*from The New Cities of the  
Tropics # 9*

Part Two/ THE TROPICAL ELEGIES

For Laurie Berry

"I lost you to the summer wind . . ."  
—Frank Sinatra

from The New Cities  
of The Tropics #9

use if possible

Part Three/ ELEGIES OF THE INTERIOR

"Pain won't hurt you."  
--Sparky Anderson

Part Four/ GOING MAD IN THE TROPICS

Variations on César Vallejo's Trilce

"Canta, lluvia, en la costa aún sin mar!"



for One world  
# 11

POEMS

"Florida is a fearful fraud--a ton of dreary jungle and swamp and misery of flat forest monotony to an ounce or two of little coast perching-place--a few feet wide between the jungle and the sea. Nine-tenths of this meagre margin are the areas of the hotels--the remaining tenth is the beauties of nature and the little walk of the bamboozled tourist. It's really mauvaise plaisanterie."

--Henry James

Postlude: A Borrowed Apology

"It is worth noting that, after a period of silence, a poet proposes to write, not a poem, but poems. The unwritten page is viewed as a risky exploration of something which, in the future, he will have the knack of doing. As of tomorrow morning, words, form, situation, rhythms all promise him a much wider horizon than the particular poem he will actually write.

"If this widening future were boundless, if it had no horizon and were synonymous with his whole possible future, the poet's normal urge would be to keep on working, to muddle along and think no more about it. But the future is limited, it has a spiritual size and dimension; and although the limits may not be visible to the poet, they are present in the inward logic of the poem he is about to write. The poem he will write is like a door, it opens out to his ability to create; and he will go through that door--he will write other poems, he will exploit the ground and leave it exhausted. This is the essential point--the limitation, i.e., the extent, of this new territory. The poem he will write tomorrow will take him through several doors, not through all possible doors. The day will come when he will write tired poems, poems without promise, the kind of poem that tells him that that particular adventure is over. But if the adventure has a beginning and an end, that means the poems written during that period form a single group and make up a single whole--i.e., the dreaded canzoniere.

"It is hard to know when such an adventure is over. The tired or terminal poems may, after all, be the loveliest of the group, and the feeling of depression and boredom connected with writing them is not markedly different from that which reveals a fresh horizon."

--Cesare Pavese,  
"Notes on Certain Unwritten Poems"

V

THE RETURN

"Therefore you tried to remember when you had last had  
 Whatever it was you had lost,  
 And you decided to retrace your steps from that point,  
 But it was a long way back.  
 It was, nevertheless, absolutely essential to make the effort,  
 And since you had never been a man to be deterred by difficult  
 circumstances,

You came back.  
 For there is no place like home."

--Robert Penn Warren,  
 "The Ballad of Billie Potts"

*perhaps*

I

SPEAKING OF THE SOUTH

"Beautiful my desire, and the place of my desire."

--Theodore Roethke,  
"The Rose"

## III

"Summer, this is our flesh,  
The body you let mature;  
If now while the body is fresh  
You take it, shall we give  
The heart . . . ?"

--Allen Tate

I

"Those old people must be dead now," she goes, "side by side out there in some cemetery. You remember they asked us in for cake? And later on they showed us around? And there was this gazebo there out back? It was out back under some trees? It had a little peaked roof and the paint was gone and there were these weeds growing up over the steps. And the woman said that years before, I mean a real long time ago, men used to come around and play music out there on a Sunday, and the people would sit and listen. I thought we'd be like that too when we got old enough. Dignified. And in a place. And people would come to our door."

--Raymond Carver

The Last Nostalgia

to Cheri

The snow of '29 wasn't real snow. If you didn't  
want it to be snow, you just paid some money.  
--F. Scott Fitzgerald

"I think it's gonna rain."  
"It is raining."  
--sex, lies and videotape

There's just so many summers . . .  
--Don Henley  
The End of the Innocence

The New City of the Tropics

To Donald Justice

"Everywhere the world was growing more like Miami."  
--T.D. Allman

"Palms against the sunset's towering sea . . ."  
--Hart Crane

"It is almost romantic . . ."  
--Henry James



to Donald Justice

Palms against the sunset's towering sea . . .  
--Hart Crane

&

for Laurie Berry

It is almost romantic . . .  
--Henry James

to Jon Anderson

&

for Rebecca Byrkit

And it seemed to them that in a little while the solution would be found, and that then a new, beautiful life would begin. And they both realized that the end was still far off, and that the hardest, the most complicated part was only just beginning.

--Chekhov, "The Lady with the Dog"

Use of possible

To Laurie

"One also surmises that in the South one dies more easily."

--Leopold von Sacher-Masoch,  
Venus in Furs

BR Co Suite  
Can the last, was delig  
(black folder?)

to Rebecca Hendrick

Lord: it is time. The huge summer has gone by.

--Rainer Maria Rilke

There is no such thing as innocence in autumn,  
Yet, it may be, innocence is never lost.

--Wallace Stevens

Did she feel that now, having met her father at last, she was now truly bereaved and alone? That only when you are truly alone, can you begin to live? That when you truly begin to live you must construct your own world and therefore have no need for words written on paper, words that can only give the shadow of a world already lived?

--Robert Penn Warren