

A Piece of Dream

We have chosen the meaning
Of Being Numerous.
—George Oppen

The thing about doubt it's hard to get the dose right
I think of you on that rope swinging

and feel instead of guilt in the space guilt's
leave left hollow sadness clear as eel grass

waving under mineral water under
the glass of a glass-bottom boat

coasting for a moment
without one urge or word to fight

the current or each other You say sadness
is a nominalist's noun meaning meaningless

as the engine starts again the blades of grass
uncut as a kiss grazing past

o

One night I dream I'm looking down into your sadness
too late as all sadness is about being

(if all happiness is about being early
or exactly on time

for fate when it arrives sweating under another name
and I notice myself surprised to be confident

not about what will happen but that I
somehow I am the professional in this

with time to take off my tie
linger outside the parlor

chew my apple and taste its two specific tones
of tart and sweet (for the first time in years)

o

I wake from that distraction Lennon called
life (to think as recently as now)

that when I thought aloud
there are too many of us alive

I didn't mean you (Oh I didn't mean you
and although you more than nodded)

I wish I could show you reason
has been lying about its last resorts

I wish you could return to what I've learned
looks nothing like the brochure (at any rate)

our blurry worth (uncaptioned unworded
our matted welcome (our paper weight)