

Anything Goes

We could blame Rimbaud, Whitman
Apollinaire or the Confessionals
since Sexton, but these

are names only understudies
in our syntactic parataxic
self-leap from a simpler time

of music charms of rhythm
rhyme, reasonable good
sense and ways around it.

The problem, if it is
a problem, is
poetry was making:

non-specific making. Poetry
was philosophy, diary,
usury, penury

before these things
had taken down diction
each for themselves.

Writing was new.
Writing is new, but
waning in its opening phase.

No one knows what comes now:
the blessed curse of
discursion, taking turns

at definite description,
clausal claim,
system—

at saying
something small,
rounding about it like

a satellite always
in free fall, like a friend
who left his friend's heart frayed.