

SORTING IT ALL OUT

Kliban hangs from your south wall.
It is December, 1981.

I

We have nothing but snow here,
And the mountains stand by the roadside.
There is nothing to do but work,
But there are many who are singing.

II

Your phonecall this morning depressed me.
It is to be happy that we bear such pain.

III

The ice is nothing.
Rather lay your head here, and rest.
Nothing will go away,
But this is only my body.
You know that buttocks are pillows.

IV

I used to play the harmonica;
Now I only listen.

V

It is the words that treats us thus.
We pick at them and pile them on our plates,
Hoping our parents won't notice.
But we cannot spread them thin enough;
They will always remain noticeable,
Roughly palpable, but tasteless,
— Or too bitter or too sweet.

VI

The wind came from your house last night.
It is still coming.
It is cold.

VII

Resignation would be too sweet.
There is more to this cup of coffee,
There is more to this life.
It is all too easy to breath and not notice you see it.
Remain uneasy.

VIII

There is nothing to sort out.