

SOME CODAS

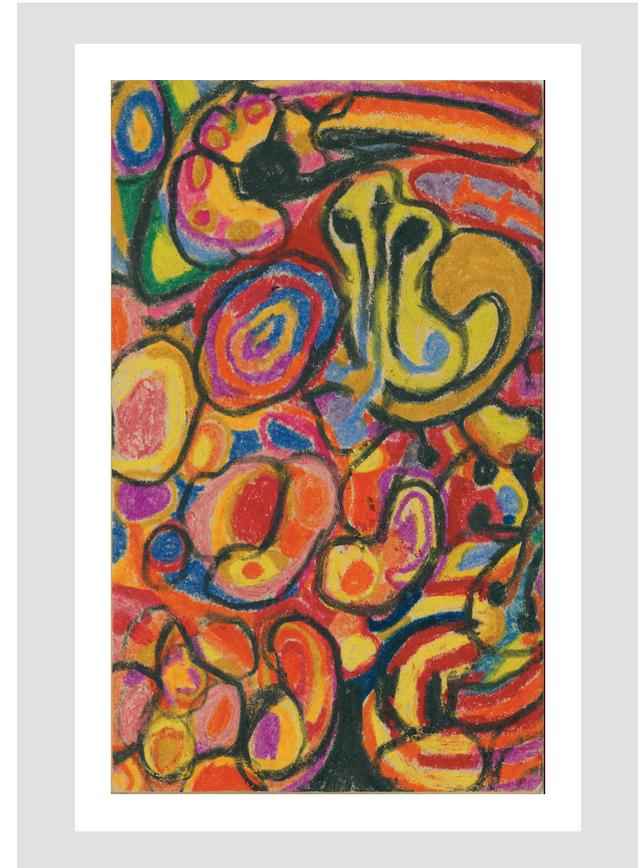
A) Every hairy bit of matter and its sound,
noise shed like light upon the littler
noises darkening below syntax,
such hubbub under the sidereal
such ferny ferns and grassy grass and rosy rose
reveal a chiaroscuro push-pull. Call it hope.

 is seems somewhat sentimental?
But if it continues to be true

 we'll have lucked
 totally out.

B) The air being
polyphonous
bliss, the world
being criss-crosst
spectra of intercut waves, and that
shimmery stu
being the high-protein hairgrass of
precarious apprenticeships,
we could try to be content
grazing on this
fine and implacable abyss.

really
it's—
what?
feeling again that
it's irresistible.



Rachel Blau DuPlessis

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