

## At the Fishhouses

Although it is a cold evening,  
down by one of the fishhouses  
an old man sits netting,  
his net, in the gloaming almost invisible,  
a dark purple-brown,  
and his shuttle worn and polished.  
The air smells so strong of codfish  
it makes one's nose run and one's eyes water.  
The five fishhouses have steeply peaked roofs  
and narrow, cleated gangplanks slant up  
to storerooms in the gables  
for the wheelbarrows to be pushed up and down on.  
All is silver: the heavy surface of the sea,  
swelling slowly as if considering spilling over,  
is opaque, but the silver of the benches,  
the lobster pots, and masts, scattered  
among the wild jagged rocks,  
is of an apparent translucence  
like the small old buildings with an emerald moss  
growing on their shoreward walls.  
The big fish tubs are completely lined  
with layers of beautiful herring scales  
and the wheelbarrows are similarly plastered  
with creamy iridescent coats of mail,  
with small iridescent flies crawling on them.  
Up on the little slope behind the houses,  
set in the sparse bright sprinkle of grass,  
is an ancient wooden capstan,  
cracked, with two long bleached handles  
and some melancholy stains, like dried blood,  
where the ironwork has rusted.  
The old man accepts a Lucky Strike.  
He was a friend of my grandfather.  
We talk of the decline in the population  
and of codfish and herring  
while he waits for a herring boat to come in.  
There are sequins on his vest and on his thumb.  
He has scraped the scales, the principal beauty,  
from unnumbered fish with that black old knife,  
the blade of which is almost worn away.

Down at the water's edge, at the place  
where they haul up the boats, up the long ramp  
descending into the water, thin silver

tree trunks are laid horizontally  
across the gray stones, down and down  
at intervals of four or five feet.

Cold dark deep and absolutely clear,  
element bearable to no mortal,  
to fish and to seals . . . One seal particularly  
I have seen here evening after evening.  
He was curious about me. He was interested in music;  
like me a believer in total immersion,  
so I used to sing him Baptist hymns.  
I also sang "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."  
He stood up in the water and regarded me  
steadily, moving his head a little.  
Then he would disappear, then suddenly emerge  
almost in the same spot, with a sort of shrug  
as if it were against his better judgment.  
Cold dark deep and absolutely clear,  
the clear gray icy water . . . Back, behind us,  
the dignified tall firs begin.  
Bluish, associating with their shadows,  
a million Christmas trees stand  
waiting for Christmas. The water seems suspended  
above the rounded gray and blue-gray stones.  
I have seen it over and over, the same sea, the same,  
slightly, indifferently swinging above the stones,  
icily free above the stones,  
above the stones and then the world.  
If you should dip your hand in,  
your wrist would ache immediately,  
your bones would begin to ache and your hand would burn  
as if the water were a transmutation of fire  
that feeds on stones and burns with a dark gray flame.  
If you tasted it, it would first taste bitter,  
then briny, then surely burn your tongue.  
It is like what we imagine knowledge to be:  
dark, salt, clear, moving, utterly free,  
drawn from the cold hard mouth  
of the world, derived from the rocky breasts  
forever, flowing and drawn, and since  
our knowledge is historical, flowing, and flown.

## Arrival at Santos

Here is a coast; here is a harbor;  
here, after a meager diet of horizon, is some scenery:  
impractically shaped and—who knows?—self-pitying mountains,  
sad and harsh beneath their frivolous greenery,

with a little church on top of one. And warehouses,  
some of them painted a feeble pink, or blue,  
and some tall, uncertain palms. Oh, tourist,  
is this how this country is going to answer you

and your immodest demands for a different world,  
and a better life, and complete comprehension  
of both at last, and immediately,  
after eighteen days of suspension?

Finish your breakfast. The tender is coming,  
a strange and ancient craft, flying a strange and brilliant rag.  
So that's the flag. I never saw it before.  
I somehow never thought of there *being* a flag,

but of course there was, all along. And coins, I presume,  
and paper money; they remain to be seen.  
And gingerly now we climb down the ladder backward,  
myself and a fellow passenger named Miss Breen,

descending into the midst of twenty-six freighters  
waiting to be loaded with green coffee beans.  
Please, boy, do be more careful with that boat hook!  
Watch out! Oh! It has caught Miss Breen's

skirt! There! Miss Breen is about seventy,  
a retired police lieutenant, six feet tall,  
with beautiful bright blue eyes and a kind expression.  
Her home, when she is at home, is in Glens Fall

s, New York. There. We are settled.  
The customs officials will speak English, we hope,  
and leave us our bourbon and cigarettes.  
Ports are necessities, like postage stamps, or soap,

but they seldom seem to care what impression they make,  
or, like this, only attempt, since it does not matter,  
the unassertive colors of soap, or postage stamps—  
wasting away like the former, slipping the way the latter

do when we mail the letters we wrote on the boat,  
either because the glue here is very inferior  
or because of the heat. We leave Santos at once;  
we are driving to the interior.

*January, 1952*

## **Questions of Travel**

There are too many waterfalls here; the crowded streams  
hurry too rapidly down to the sea,  
and the pressure of so many clouds on the mountaintops  
makes them spill over the sides in soft slow-motion,  
turning to waterfalls under our very eyes.  
—For if those streaks, those mile-long, shiny, tearstains,  
aren't waterfalls yet,  
in a quick age or so, as ages go here,  
they probably will be.  
But if the streams and clouds keep travelling, travelling,  
the mountains look like the hulls of capsized ships,  
slime-hung and barnacled.

Think of the long trip home.  
Should we have stayed at home and thought of here?  
Where should we be today?  
Is it right to be watching strangers in a play  
in this strangest of theatres?  
What childishness is it that while there's a breath of life  
in our bodies, we are determined to rush  
to see the sun the other way around?  
The tiniest green hummingbird in the world?  
To stare at some inexplicable old stonework,  
inexplicable and impenetrable,  
at any view,  
instantly seen and always, always delightful?  
Oh, must we dream our dreams  
and have them, too?  
And have we room  
for one more folded sunset, still quite warm?

But surely it would have been a pity  
not to have seen the trees along this road,  
really exaggerated in their beauty,  
not to have seen them gesturing

like noble pantomimists, robed in pink.  
—Not to have had to stop for gas and heard  
the sad, two-noted, wooden tune  
of disparate wooden clogs  
carelessly clacking over  
a grease-stained filling-station floor.  
(In another country the clogs would all be tested.  
Each pair there would have identical pitch.)  
—A pity not to have heard  
the other, less primitive music of the fat brown bird  
who sings above the broken gasoline pump  
in a bamboo church of Jesuit baroque:  
three towers, five silver crosses.  
—Yes, a pity not to have pondered,  
blurr'dly and inconclusively,  
on what connection can exist for centuries  
between the crudest wooden footwear  
and, careful and finicky,  
the whittled fantasies of wooden footwear  
and, careful and finicky,  
the whittled fantasies of wooden cages.  
—Never to have studied history in  
the weak calligraphy of songbirds' cages.  
—And never to have had to listen to rain  
so much like politicians' speeches:  
two hours of unrelenting oratory  
and then a sudden golden silence  
in which the traveller takes a notebook, writes:

*"Is it lack of imagination that makes us come  
to imagined places, not just stay at home?  
Or could Pascal have been not entirely right  
about just sitting quietly in one's room?"*

*Continent, city, country, society:  
the choice is never wide and never free.  
And here, or there . . . No. Should we have stayed at home,  
wherever that may be?"*

## In the Waiting Room

In Worcester, Massachusetts,  
I went with Aunt Consuelo  
to keep her dentist's appointment  
and sat and waited for her  
in the dentist's waiting room.  
It was winter. It got dark  
early. The waiting room  
was full of grown-up people,  
arctics and overcoats,  
lamps and magazines.  
My aunt was inside  
what seemed like a long time  
and while I waited and read  
the *National Geographic*  
(I could read) and carefully  
studied the photographs:  
the inside of a volcano,  
black, and full of ashes;  
then it was spilling over  
in rivulets of fire.  
Osa and Martin Johnson  
dressed in riding breeches,  
laced boots, and pith helmets.  
A dead man slung on a pole  
—"Long Pig," the caption said.  
Babies with pointed heads  
wound round and round with string;  
black, naked women with necks  
wound round and round with wire  
like the necks of light bulbs.  
Their breasts were horrifying.  
I read it right straight through.  
I was too shy to stop.  
And then I looked at the cover:  
the yellow margins, the date.  
Suddenly, from inside,  
came an *oh!* of pain  
—Aunt Consuelo's voice—  
not very loud or long.  
I wasn't at all surprised;  
even then I knew she was  
a foolish, timid woman.  
I might have been embarrassed,  
but wasn't. What took me

completely by surprise  
was that it was *me*:  
my voice, in my mouth.  
Without thinking at all  
I was my foolish aunt,  
I—we—were falling, falling,  
our eyes glued to the cover  
of the *National Geographic*,  
February, 1918.

I said to myself: three days  
and you'll be seven years old.  
I was saying it to stop  
the sensation of falling off  
the round, turning world.  
into cold, blue-black space.  
But I felt: you are an *I*,  
you are an *Elizabeth*,  
you are one of *them*.  
Why should you be one, too?  
I scarcely dared to look  
to see what it was I was.  
I gave a sidelong glance  
—I couldn't look any higher—  
at shadowy gray knees,  
trousers and skirts and boots  
and different pairs of hands  
lying under the lamps.  
I knew that nothing stranger  
had ever happened, that nothing  
stranger could ever happen.

Why should I be my aunt,  
or me, or anyone?  
What similarities—  
boots, hands, the family voice  
I felt in my throat, or even  
the *National Geographic*  
and those awful hanging breasts—  
held us all together  
or made us all just one?  
How—I didn't know any  
word for it how "unlikely" . . .  
How had I come to be here,  
like them, and overhear  
a cry of pain that could have

got loud and worse but hadn't?

The waiting room was bright  
and too hot. It was sliding  
beneath a big black wave,  
another, and another.

Then I was back in it.  
The War was on. Outside,  
in Worcester, Massachusetts,  
were night and slush and cold,  
and it was still the fifth  
of February, 1918.

## **The Moose**

*For Grace Bulmer Bowers*

From narrow provinces  
of fish and bread and tea,  
home of the long tides  
where the bay leaves the sea  
twice a day and takes  
the herrings long rides,

where if the river  
enters or retreats  
in a wall of brown foam  
depends on if it meets  
the bay coming in,  
the bay not at home;

where, silted red,  
sometimes the sun sets  
facing a red sea,  
and others, veins the flats'  
lavender, rich mud  
in burning rivulets;

on red, gravelly roads,  
down rows of sugar maples,  
past clapboard farmhouses  
and neat, clapboard churches,  
bleached, ridged as clamshells,  
past twin silver birches,

through late afternoon  
a bus journeys west,  
the windshield flashing pink,  
pink glancing off of metal,  
brushing the dented flank  
of blue, beat-up enamel;

down hollows, up rises,  
and waits, patient, while  
a lone traveller gives  
kisses and embraces  
to seven relatives  
and a collie supervises.

Goodbye to the elms,  
to the farm, to the dog.  
The bus starts. The light  
grows richer; the fog,  
shifting, salty, thin,  
comes closing in.

Its cold, round crystals  
form and slide and settle  
in the white hens' feathers,  
in gray glazed cabbages,  
on the cabbage roses  
and lupins like apostles;

the sweet peas cling  
to their wet white string  
on the whitewashed fences;  
bumblebees creep  
inside the foxgloves,  
and evening commences.

One stop at Bass River.  
Then the Economies  
Lower, Middle, Upper;  
Five Islands, Five Houses,  
where a woman shakes a tablecloth  
out after supper.

A pale flickering. Gone.  
The Tantramar marshes  
and the smell of salt hay.

An iron bridge trembles  
and a loose plank rattles  
but doesn't give way.

On the left, a red light  
swims through the dark:  
a ship's port lantern.  
Two rubber boots show,  
illuminated, solemn.  
A dog gives one bark.

A woman climbs in  
with two market bags,  
brisk, freckled, elderly.  
"A grand night. Yes, sir,  
all the way to Boston."  
She regards us amicably.

Moonlight as we enter  
the New Brunswick woods,  
hairy, scratchy, splintery;  
moonlight and mist  
caught in them like lamb's wool  
on bushes in a pasture.

The passengers lie back.  
Snores. Some long sighs.  
A dreamy divagation  
begins in the night,  
a gentle, auditory,  
slow hallucination. . . .

In the creakings and noises,  
an old conversation  
—not concerning us,  
but recognizable, somewhere,  
back in the bus:  
Grandparents' voices

uninterruptedly  
talking, in Eternity:  
names being mentioned,  
things cleared up finally;  
what he said, what she said,  
who got pensioned;

deaths, deaths and sicknesses;  
the year he remarried;  
the year (something) happened.  
She died in childbirth.  
That was the son lost  
when the schooner foundered.

He took to drink. Yes.  
She went to the bad.  
When Amos began to pray  
even in the store and  
finally the family had  
to put him away.

"Yes . . ." that peculiar  
affirmative. "Yes . . ."  
A sharp, indrawn breath,  
half groan, half acceptance,  
that means "Life's like that.  
We know *it* (also death)."

Talking the way they talked  
in the old featherbed,  
peacefully, on and on,  
dim lamplight in the hall,  
down in the kitchen, the dog  
tucked in her shawl.

Now, it's all right now  
even to fall asleep  
just as on all those nights.  
—Suddenly the bus driver  
stops with a jolt,  
turns off his lights.

A moose has come out of  
the impenetrable wood  
and stands there, looms, rather,  
in the middle of the road.  
It approaches; it sniffs at  
the bus's hot hood.

Towering, antlerless,  
high as a church,  
homely as a house  
(or, safe as houses).

A man's voice assures us  
"Perfectly harmless. . . ."

Some of the passengers  
exclaim in whispers,  
childishly, softly,  
"Sure are big creatures."  
"It's awful plain."  
"Look! It's a she!"

Taking her time,  
she looks the bus over,  
grand, otherworldly.  
Why, why do we feel  
(we all feel) this sweet  
sensation of joy?

"Curious creatures,"  
says our quiet driver,  
rolling his *r*'s.  
"Look at that, would you."  
Then he shifts gears.  
For a moment longer,

by craning backward,  
the moose can be seen  
on the moonlit macadam;  
then there's a dim  
smell of moose, an acrid  
smell of gasoline.

## **One Art**

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster,

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three beloved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (*Write it!*) a disaster.

## Poem

About the size of an old-style dollar bill,  
American or Canadian,  
mostly the same whites, gray greens, and steel grays  
—this little painting (a sketch for a larger one?)  
has never earned any money in its life.  
Useless and free, it has spent seventy years  
as a minor family relic  
handed along collaterally to owners  
who looked at it sometimes, or didn't bother to.

It must be Nova Scotia; only there  
does one see gabled wooden houses  
painted that awful shade of brown.  
The other houses, the bits that show, are white.  
Elm trees, low hills, a thin church steeple  
—that gray-blue wisp—or is it? In the foreground  
a water meadow with some tiny cows,  
two brushstrokes each, but confidently cows;  
two minuscule white geese in the blue water,  
back-to-back, feeding, and a slanting stick.  
Up closer, a wild iris, white and yellow,  
fresh-squiggled from the tube.  
The air is fresh and cold; cold early spring  
clear as gray glass; a half inch of blue sky  
below the steel-gray storm clouds.  
(They were the artist's specialty.)  
A specklike bird is flying to the left.  
Or is it a flyspeck looking like a bird?

Heavens, I recognize the place, I know it!

It's behind—I can almost remember the farmer's name.  
His barn backed on that meadow. There it is,  
titanium white, one dab. The hint of steeple,  
filaments of brush-hairs, barely there,  
must be the Presbyterian church.  
Would that be Miss Gillespie's house?  
Those particular geese and cows  
are naturally before my time.

A sketch done in an hour, "in one breath,"  
once taken from a trunk and handed over.  
*Would you like this? I'll Probably never  
have room to hang these things again.  
Your Uncle George, no, mine, my Uncle George,  
he'd be your great-uncle, left them all with Mother  
when he went back to England.  
You know, he was quite famous, an R.A. . . .*

I never knew him. We both knew this place,  
apparently, this literal small backwater,  
looked at it long enough to memorize it,  
our years apart. How strange. And it's still loved,  
or its memory is (it must have changed a lot).  
Our visions coincided—"visions" is  
too serious a word—our looks, two looks:  
art "copying from life" and life itself,  
life and the memory of it so compressed  
they've turned into each other. Which is which?  
Life and the memory of it cramped,  
dim, on a piece of Bristol board,  
dim, but how live, how touching in detail  
—the little that we get for free,  
the little of our earthly trust. Not much.  
About the size of our abidance  
along with theirs: the munching cows,  
the iris, crisp and shivering, the water  
still standing from spring freshets,  
the yet-to-be-dismantled elms, the geese.

## The End Of March

*For John Malcolm Brinnin and Bill Read: Duxbury*

It was cold and windy, scarcely the day  
to take a walk on that long beach  
Everything was withdrawn as far as possible,  
indrawn: the tide far out, the ocean shrunken,  
seabirds in ones or twos.  
The rackety, icy, offshore wind  
numbed our faces on one side;  
disrupted the formation  
of a lone flight of Canada geese;  
and blew back the low, inaudible rollers  
in upright, steely mist.

The sky was darker than the water  
—*it* was the color of mutton-fat jade.  
Along the wet sand, in rubber boots, we followed  
a track of big dog-prints (so big  
they were more like lion-prints). Then we came on  
lengths and lengths, endless, of wet white string,  
looping up to the tide-line, down to the water,  
over and over. Finally, they did end:  
a thick white snarl, man-size, awash,  
rising on every wave, a sodden ghost,  
falling back, sodden, giving up the ghost. . . .  
A kite string?—But no kite.

I wanted to get as far as my proto-dream-house,  
my crypto-dream-house, that crooked box  
set up on pilings, shingled green,  
a sort of artichoke of a house, but greener  
(boiled with bicarbonate of soda?),  
protected from spring tides by a palisade  
of—are they railroad ties?  
(Many things about this place are dubious.)  
I'd like to retire there and do *nothing*,  
or nothing much, forever, in two bare rooms:  
look through binoculars, read boring books,  
old, long, long books, and write down useless notes,  
talk to myself, and, foggy days,  
watch the droplets slipping, heavy with light.  
At night, a grog *a l'américaine*.  
I'd blaze it with a kitchen match  
and lovely diaphanous blue flame

would waver, doubled in the window.  
There must be a stove; there *is* a chimney,  
askew, but braced with wires,  
and electricity, possibly  
—at least, at the back another wire  
limply leashes the whole affair  
to something off behind the dunes.  
A light to read by—perfect! But—impossible.  
And that day the wind was much too cold  
even to get that far,  
and of course the house was boarded up.

On the way back our faces froze on the other side.  
The sun came out for just a minute.  
For just a minute, set in their bezels of sand,  
the drab, damp, scattered stones  
were multi-colored,  
and all those high enough threw out long shadows,  
individual shadows, then pulled them in again.  
They could have been teasing the lion sun,  
except that now he was behind them  
—a sun who'd walked the beach the last low tide,  
making those big, majestic paw-prints,  
who perhaps had batted a kite out of the sky to play with.

### **Vague Poem (Vaguely love poem)**

The trip west.  
—I think I *dreamed* that trip.  
They talked a lot of “rose rocks”  
or maybe “rock roses”  
—I’m not sure now, but someone tried to get me some.  
(And two or three students had.)

She said she had some at her house.  
They were by the back door, she said.  
—A ramshackle house.  
An Army house? No, “*a Navy house.*” Yes,  
that far inland.  
There was nothing by the back door but dirt  
or that same dry, monochrome, sepia straw I’d seen everywhere.  
Oh, she said, the dog has carried them off.  
(A big black dog, female, was dancing around us.)

Later, as we drank tea from mugs, she found one

“a sort of one.” “This one is just beginning. See—  
you can see here, it’s beginning to look like a rose.  
It’s—well, a crystal, crystals form—  
I don’t know any geology myself . . .”

(Neither did I.)

Faintly, I could make out—perhaps—in the dull,  
rose-red lump of, apparently, soil  
a rose-like shape; faint glitters . . . Yes, perhaps  
there was a secret, powerful crystal at work inside.

I *almost* saw it: turning into a rose  
without any of the intervening  
roots, stem, buds, and so on; just  
earth to rose and back again.  
Crystallography and its laws:  
something I once wanted badly to study,  
until I learned that it would involve a lot of arithmetic,  
that is, mathematics.

Just now, when I saw you naked again,  
I thought the same words: rose-rock, rock-rose . . .  
Rose, trying, working, to show itself,  
forming, folding over,  
unimaginable connections, unseen, shining edges.  
Rose-rock, unformed, flesh beginning, crystal by crystal,  
clear pink breasts and darker, crystalline nipples,  
rose-rock, rose-quartz, roses, roses, roses,  
exacting roses from the body,  
and the even darker, accurate, rose of sex—

