

Effigies 1976

1

Eucalyptus roads: a remnant of the pale  
sky  
shuddering in my throat. Through the  
ballast  
drone of summer

the weeds that silence  
even your step.

2

The myriad haunts of light.  
And each lost thing —a memory

of what has never been. The hills. The  
impossible  
hills

lost in the brilliance of memory.

3

As if it were all

still to be born. Deathless in the eye,  
where the eye now opens on the noise

of heat: a wasp, a thistle swaying on the  
prongs

of barbed wire.

4

You who remain. And you  
who are not there. Northernmost word,  
scattered  
in the white

hours of the imageless world—

like a single word

the wind utters and destroys.

5

Alba. The immense, alluvial light. The  
carillon  
of clouds at dawn. And the boats  
moored in the jetty fog

are invisible. And if they are there

they are invisible.