

Page of Train

by Gerry Hill

I fill a page with emptiness
known as love, known as naked
body on the 6th floor lounge. I go on
like that with magpies torturing mule deer
and squirrels and years ago
my cat Purina (who purred when
I ran a bath) so dumb she'd follow me
to school. Hey, I've found--
what's the word--a *sequence*,
portrait of the artist as a young
old man—the bullying, the play, the sharp fears,
matters just named then, as the series
might develop, deeply revealed.

That much takes about a page. I'm tempted
beyond the walls of this ravine.
Ravine it, that's the key. Downhill
take the hoodoo trail to the river. Look
tourists crowd the viewpoint, shhhhhhhhh
one's about to speak. I reach my hand
into water so clear, I don't
hear the train. Shhhhhhhhhh, the train.

Scene at Graça Viewpoint

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I'm hungry after the world,
troubled beyond my own haze warping
unevenly these last billion years.

What particles left me? Why didn't I notice
what time my body began
to cool over the evening terrace?

Will I ever see thirteen billion
years like these ones? *Finally!* I say
every trillionth of a second, my arc

just beginning, my telescope, my hundred
billion galaxies. No wonder I get lost through
narrow streets. If this stays true, whew I'm dark,

dark matter! This trauma
eases. Don't I speedwalk
to the lookout, see past

the bridge into the—
what is that, distance? Look, my beard
pre-dates the earthquake. Look,

I sit on a bench at the lookout
in a weary overcoat and flat cap,
scarf and shiny shoes.

Wrong for the Great-tailed Grackle

All the years have dreamed us rotten.
Heal me in your empty sling,
bird with yellow eyes.

Fries in paper surprise the dead
Santa Fe woman, oh her.
Song me tender, school-tail,
bird with yellow eyes.

To define is callous, Marie didn't happen
dark brown. I stall at your order,
your slight riding-by. Spear me,
bird with yellow eyes.

Work a dime less.
Swear by the water that takes us in
bird with yellow eyes.