

Letters, Excerpt
Revision

In my letter, I described the wooden boat
where we spent a day in the summer.
It was like a toy in our enameled tub,
and you laughed at every wave that bumped it.
I think of this as if it happened twice.

But all order is imposed, even a calm afternoon,
with only three clouds, one for each sky.

When our scenery changed, you became
as a backdrop, or a mountain
rising thin and silver out of the water.

This is not yet a memory, but a projection,
of something else, a photograph, or a film.
When you first spoke of our sorrow,
the word was just a shadow.

Plato said to be on guard against this fiction.
But the fiction is always there.
My hands have touched its strange brick.