

A Fool To Do It

What drives you crazy?
All of anything, half of nothing:
the eye that drips, the head of hair,
the full meaning, the empty hour's stocking?

Who is that standing there?
The traces of insanity, how many to a pound:
the cut letter, the mangled thread,
the beaten track, the belt unbound,

the piano under the bed? I am a fool to believe it:
the forced food, or laugh, the tough weather;
the arbitrary reason; the fine, or breaking, point;
the turn in the other direction.

And so are you, lovely goat!
Pin these garlands of rage
around your throat: the picked up pieces.
Leap, now, from the page.