When I Read John Wieners's Selected Poems

I look up from the book
read by sunlight. The wrong light.
Too stark. Not bright noon
but dawn after neon and moonglow.
My eyes smart. Huge trucks shift
gears down the avenue and
roar off with loads of rubble.
Sitting here holding my breath
murmur of traffic overtakes me.

Of Small Delights in Idleness

Who is the Chinese poet
ancestor to me?
Who moored, drifts, passing
backyard pigeon coop
choked by sumac and the rats
fattening on those white birds
and steel traps going off
like dwarf artillery. Beautiful phrase
remembered from James Joyce
set down this day in black ink.
Breeze that dries these words shakes
pink and crimson peony feathers.
The President was only semi-colon when he signed.