

Progressions

Daniel Lucy, 1974

I stand on the riverbridge
In the soft-hazel post-frost morning;
Ducks lie
On still water, plume-
White pillows. I heard
The morning moon without looking,
Saw trees seeming flat
Against the hillsides, veins
In loam, august arteries, under
This puckered sun, patches
Of capillaries, leaves;

Far away child are making laughter,
Spun slowly as though from
A laughter gin; I feel
The toothless path of morning
Without putting out my hand
To find its wind;

I stand, pan the river with a look
As hungry as the eyes of taxidermied
Owls;
I make home wherever evening settles;
I make my way home hopefully.

And I would turn old oaks into
Pianos; and whittle parts of etudes
Into wishes: They are waiting now,
These cluttered cantos,
Inside a practiceroom somewhere, each
Vicious smile acoustically alone, each
Note awaits audition, counting time

So like the old ones
Held in porchswing pendulums
Swinging through the precious
 summer nights,
Striking the hours with sighs.