

THE FLESH OF UTOPIA - # VIII . . . for Tom McGrath

about another field you had to climb and see
in the light of the cypress the son and the holy ghost
in the Christ soft vowel of the afternoon amen

we trekked up there one day

all of us

a knife of mystery running through it all
when we reached the top

what a pleasant sight

both the grass and the city

were down on their knees

oh I could even point to the spot

where each one leaned on his or her elbow

and talked long about his or her childhood

don't you recall

how that courageous taffy

we shaped like snails

went lugging its lemon pedestal up-hill?

a little outing

we called it

hugging the road

an excursion beyond a bridge giddy with its drink

whereas we plumb forgot about the dyke

the haunted floodgate with its plunge

I took my private clouds along
trees blurred with so much fruit

and fished with a kite

and flew with a trout

and so I leave you

grown-up bodies

east of a swan

Oh I know you are now holding onto my ribs with hope
I know you are now holding fiercely onto this candlestick
but you can search through dust forever
here and here alone lies the layer of remembrance