

*Jon Anderson*

## Homage To Robert Bresson

Spaces await their people.  
 An alabaster row of public urinals.  
 An empty theater. A table,  
 Chairs, an oak door, heavily grained,  
 Brass knob turning & who  
 Shall enter, already lost forever

In their lives? Now  
 Will a soul reveal its human face,  
 Secret luminous flesh,  
 & because the soul is speechless  
 There will be little talk,  
 Better revealed in this single plate

Set like a day-moon or  
 Lidless eye before its chair.  
 Who sits shall eat, because  
 It is important to stay alive, to  
 Bear the soul's countenance  
 Down into the streets, their traffic,

Its endless movement. Here,  
 A young priest, shaken, prays to give  
 False solace to the dying;  
 A girl, too young, casually prepares  
 To drown. Why are these  
 Forsaken, too long in anguish?

Why does the tree bear leaves,  
 The water bear downward into the earth?  
 This is the law, the rest  
 A commentary. She takes off her clothes,  
 Folding them. He enters  
 A room. Though nothing can be done,

They are not resigned.