

Hayden Carruth

Impromptu for Adrian

My friend who has published
a book of poems about
his wife's painful, irremediable
illness says he is not
happy with the book
because it is so petulant
and negative. But old buddy
what is poetry for, if not
for complaining? Anyone
who thinks because of what
has gone before that this
is a joyous time in human
evolution is out of his/her
fucking skullbone — right?