

DEAN YOUNG

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*Mortal Coil*

It doesn't hurt when the raven  
puts its beak into my chest.  
It doesn't hurt that my father  
forgets my name which is the same as his.  
My berserk cat's quieted, all his toys  
safely lost.  
A small engine whines higher and higher  
taking the hill, the drunks downstairs  
laughing and running the disposal,  
guests gone.  
Thank you it doesn't hurt  
to say to no one, the fog  
passing its sponge over my face.  
White rectangles hover about the room  
and I can see in the dark almost  
as much as the dark can see in me.  
I'm sorriest for the parts the raven  
won't carry off lying beside my beloved  
growling in her delicious sleep.  
Everything is circles in circles.  
Wind full of colors,  
a meadow made smaller and smaller  
to fit in a mind.  
I remember vexations of extravagant argument.  
I remember throwing a bottle against a wall.  
Carrying her name in my mouth across snow,  
my head protected by watery ovals,  
the little birdman crashing into the sea,

a few dutiful clowns behind plows,  
a single silver bell.

And lots and lots of music.

*Leggiaro*: nimble and delicate.

*Martillato*: hammered out.

And at night, trains clattering down by the river  
even when there are no trains, no rivers.