

## WORDS OF ADVICE

*My daughter told me that at some time in school she had learned to think of a poet as a person seated on an iceberg and melting through it. It is a poetry of certainty*

*- Lyn Hejinian*

I carried it for so long, the various parts have begun to fragment and are finding new pleasure as pocket-lint. A note from God. I write reminders all over my hands and arms: “The message is in your pocket,” or “Look in your pocket.” I think the salutation says “God bless everyone,” but, for the life of me, I cannot remember. This is not sensible, being to everyone, wishing himself upon everyone. Maybe I am amazed. I try to convince myself of this. Of course I am flattered to think that the words are for me. A love note, for me? I feel vicarious! Who am I to resist the happening of things? Most facts about life are easily replaced. Tendency is always towards each other. Desire is always embarrassing.

*Containments remain stormy. Everything lost to me. Drips away. Those hairpin turns in bunches, in the closet, along with all of the kisses. Think good thoughts. I am always surprised by this. No, “amazed.” Your inability to not think good thoughts. Water filled with lunacy. Summers spent inventing; winters frozen. Where else? Across the playground reason being for two omit all of the patterns divided between that and then. Pondering the memorabilia. There is no stopping it. Call it dirt, soiled underwear or a page from the Bible. Moments of shame or indignity, failed memory, consistent omen. . . a child looking through the window. A*

*block of ice melting.*

It's really a picture, or the ink has run so much *together* that I think it is a picture. Distinctions are dubious. Memories burst onto the page. Nothing is concealed. I see her everywhere. The curves and lines promote a likeness. I glow with the thought of sense arising, and perhaps, yes, other things too, rising. Not to mention. Study it later, perhaps, for the memory. The compass is in the drawer. The microscopes are in the closet next to the ice chest.

Perhaps it's an excuse – to put my hand in my pocket and play with myself. This makes it a filthy letter, or did I say picture? The words require better hands than mine. Keep it in your pocket I say (to myself) but my hands insist. Folded on itself many times. So exciting to unfold it, like inventing a universe. *Put it back in your pocket.* So ragged.

*Snapshots enclosed. Don't mind how I describe things, they are just examples. Love or a block of ice. Still there, even after it's over.*

Maybe it's a map. The lines tell me this and help me find my way. The legend defines all the symbols. I am grateful for this. Oh, glorious! I can drive to her house, speak to her, gesture with my hands. Touch? But, what if my hands will not leave my pockets? What then? The map is useless. Will she be there? To turn the message into something beautiful, or make it appear as such?

How about a story? A short one? Possibly? I would tell it to you, but this may complicate things. No, not a simple list of things to do or things to buy. The ink runs like water. Text like puddles on the page. Maybe a list in the form of a story? Letters running together and teaming-up. Words, sentences, paragraphs, a narrative? But, I cannot remember how it goes, for the life of me, I can not remember.

*To follow the progress of our correlations. I mean really. Who do you think you are, beginning like this? The procedures make determination impossible. How to go through with this? Just do it before the block is completely gone. So evaporated, not even a droplet remains. So much easier to see through windows, and so solid, permanent. Better things gather in ink. Sincerely.*

My pocket is full of water, maybe it is sweat, or something other. The paper crumbles. It's bound to crumble. It wads and bunches, runs and smears. How dramatic to think about love like this. What a coincidence.