

CAROL ANN DAVIS

GREAT SORROW IMPOSSIBLE ATTEND PLEASE ARRANGE FLOWERS WRITING

It can't in this aspect conceal itself the moon its eyelash blue hindrance its bright-fallen room
can't its rumor-taking take or hide its widowed good will prone in slipping remonstrance can't
make what would be amends or from air-broken edge return itself unhinged unharmed what
matter now in this aspect it was born naked and returns to pale beginning what dreams
it had it sheds like scales iridescent like rooms fielded open or bones folded outer to inner
interchangeable *world in us* say the teachings where they drop the drowned deeper from one
into another solitude imprinted as markings bloom to be felt but can't in this aspect confirm
or deny the horizon likened toward or away nor leech path toward opening nor relieve any
musted valve in this aspect it is naked as it was born it noses blind burgeoning outward upward
and in toward what blue bone recalls its being and toward no burnishment will it turn
its lyric face away

Title is taken from Beckett's telegram sent on the occasion of Jack B. Yeats's death.