

**You Tell Them Anything**

You tell them anything and they listen say a word and their ears cock hear you yes they  
hear you talk talk talk a battering rain on the cerebellum early medieval or late the *six*  
*persimmons* or the tender part of the Song when calligraphy elongated to *orchid leaf* and from  
sea to mountain horsemen were dispatched with scrolls one braids your hair into newborn  
morning all while world-class listening goes on they talk and you listen your mother is  
dead this is the first night of it and one is not alone on the chapel couch one is not with her  
among cascading monitors but here in her house these two with you two you can tell  
anything and their capacious billion-cell brains make room though a sentence circles you  
our mother is dead you talk frescoes the devoted monk painting each severally for his  
brothers' meditations a battering rain early or late the one who braids your hair misses his  
girls he's not usually away from them for this he is anything you tell them its calligraphy  
elongated we alone in her house how can we not look for her here