

RESEARCHER

You loafe ahead, waiting for me, busy me, consumed
with transferring 4 x 6s behind their index guides:
Editions, Prosody, Revisions, Sources.
Your eyes mysteriously aquamarine in pictures
are looped in laughter. I'm fussing with Transcendental,
getting up from under the British Quarterlies,
tracking down Mystical, a foreign word, a dreadful opera.
"What now, dear friend, what fictions?"

I'm Hotspur's starling taught to say
Whitman Whitman instead of Mortimer.
Promulgating, devising, analyzing, enterprising,
I move farther and farther from you and every living
plant animal man woman and child with you waiting.

How the sound of your voice on the page
erases my precious accumulations
like fresh air the findings of musty digs!
You give joy of the body
and joy of the soul in the body
and joy of every name and thing.

I pause in my documenting an influence
to watch the wrestle of wrestlers, two apprentice boys,
"The coats vests and caps thrown down...the embrace
of love and resistance
The upperhold and underhold--the hair ruffled over
and blinding the eyes."
And I think of Jacob at Peniel, tenacious till the angel
blessed him,
And I think of you and the philosophers grappling
in the great questions of being.
You break the hold. The arm'd force of your words
launches us forward confidently, touchingly, thrillingly
into ourselves, into our world, in time and out of time,
in life, into death, in love of the least love of all.