

Upright

Lewis Carroll, the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, wrote standing up.

NEWSPAPER ITEM

Not upright but upstanding,
seeking not after flesh
of young girls but spirit,
his eyes on the heaven above
them rather than within.

This agony he feels,
a love as yet unarticulated,
forced into metaphor the way
icing sugar takes on another
life as the sure hand of the baker
squeezes it through mortar and tube
into hearts and bows, a daintiness
beyond the ken of mere romance,
this agony penetrating to the root
of teeth, rotting the bone.

Standing, yes, of course,
and on tiptoes, the posture
not only of poets but of poetry
itself, standing, all the better to see
the angle of sun
arcing the horizon,
all the closer
to the length of our reach.

DAVE MARGOSHES