

The Poet in the Information Age

Should he know the trick of telling
which words will catch you up,
or should he just be throwing
handfuls up into the air?

we are not quite at home here but if

if something he said could rise to
happen-&-actual —
(the language starting over in the mud,
baked earthworm dry in the sun,
the Moses-&-Aaron trick,
turning sticks into snakes into
words that sound back to the Nile —)

but here (Here!
stranded, self-stranded, awash)
the best talk remains
private, the whisper a boatman makes
as he flips out his nets:

such colours are
blowing from the river now
cracking the outside/flood me at times

yet unable to say what is, what is
and friend, are you there too?
brimming

DALE ZIEROTH