

DAVID B. GOLDSTEIN

FELDSPAR

Christina lived life on her own terms.
—*General Hospital*

Objectives: 1) Students will face the facts. 2) Guests will be rewarded. 3) Even a dog can understand dogs. 4) By the end of this filmstrip, you will find burnt siena lodged in you. 5) Your rewards are waiting. 6) Take a moment to look through the materials. 7) Exclusive award opportunities. 8) You can imagine what Leonora accused him of doing.

In Geraldo's Afghanistan it was called enamel and retractable. But I call it a train with a big fat key and a mortar. Others will call it by its social security number; don't be fooled. Words flashed by in long loops, punctuated by tones that made the dogs crazy. Then Dr. Feldspar splitting, like some grotesque mitochondria, his sides. But I could not laugh.

The desperation of taking those silent, sensuous teenage aliens onto the sound stage! Yeah, we did that. Yeah, we were all broken up. The FBI composts? Not in my backyard. Those are some of the things we learned while learning how to know when we are fine literature, and when merely fine. Ah yes, Feldspar said. Yeah, we said, and dribbled sea.

You can imagine what Leonora, but you can imagine. When I was young, a few chunks of the stuff lodged in my brain. How delightful! Ebulus: *The Defectives*. Feldspar: it is goddamned everywhere. They even *make* it. So what if it was in my plumbing? That was right around the time of my application for passport by mail, it circled and broke free.

PERMITTED TO RETURN

According to the striking formal invention of feldspar. Upper granite, a record of demoiselles, I have no idea what the lupine would want with me. There were six kinds of lupine: Berenice, Booth, Fletcher, Townsley, Evelyn, Ireland. Men, wives, illicit lovers, sheep, dynamiting silver and chiseling trails, usually glassy and moderately hard, blocky.

Feldspar is a tiny room of femaleness, and it is blocky but on fire. Inside the granite, the range of light, the unglazed waterfall is propelled by lateen sails. A bridal veil factory, a border patrol, of Isoldes. Dr. Barney the geologist uplifted onto the rock and gargled. He is rewarding, flexible, personal. He is as sexy as a physicist. You *can* have it all.

I was standing on a fairly large group of clinical wonders. I was sighted like the batholith, suddenly made of a deep, lispng rock. Plutonic, suddenly. I echoed, but big deal. On a weathered surface, feldspar is chalky and gives life, it is the rock made field. Easily cleaved, but not on your account, into a meadow you may have as a privilege.

I could get more potassium from a banana, but the windswept sparkle of my boot is for you, my poet, my only poet. If only there were space for me on the edifice, feldspar, antithesis. You were everywhere, and in cahoots with the man lifting a mattress up Mount Vogelsang. To be given autumn, or to appropriate it. Marmots, under cover of dawn.

LEAN YEAR

Silence scooped out a hole in one eye and rested. A yellow calm descended on the cabin in the woods. You saw the window yearning for insects. You know the one: next door to your brother, by the lake he kept in his pocket. His love of the Atlantic and its great living wires. As a child you rode your door through summers, abandoned me to cargo.

Then I was the happiest of the world's curs; you knew it and used it against me. You were so small that a boat could sail across you in three days. You built a gourd out of me and tore it down. I blossomed like cellophane under your tutelage. The falsification of papers never happened to us, nor the story about how the rain walked across its stations.

Did you never regret the lack of cash? Did you never renege on the hyacinth fence? Did you hesitate before bucketting your sonnet, the night the trees realized they were electronic? We were directly connected, like a church and its ether. I only wished for more of the old square sofa and its stopped bodies. I regretted visiting the Hall of Nations.

Dear One: Life's good in the city. Breakfast on the Manitou Parkway, the green awnings of cars going by. If we lose something, we hunt for it, and if it wants us back, it swims out to the astrolabe. Parentheticals vie and recede every day of the week. When we get bored, we value. Join me, won't you please? Given the white trees of fire, the gypsum's curtsey.

GRAIN IN EAR

This is what I saw and it does not have a name. After a week in which rain and snow fought over the city, someone wadded up a bunch of endings and shot them over the sea. The bunch broke apart and fell down to the white tendrils of children and boats. A little God-light shafted the clouds and lit gray waves, but that did not make it any easier for us.

Now is the half-month of Grain In Ear, beginning of June. To the south the rainy season begins to pry open the rice-heads. In the garden, writing at random, clutching a poem bag in my teeth, summer the tomato leaves. Villagers pound paper in the narrow lanes, or did once. A wanderer listens and yawns to my interior stream, looks for his keys, departs.

I gather up my bones, their meticulous weight which I shall never notice. Memory is a thing Heaven and Hell have always shared, at least that is between them when they climb into each other at night and listen for the sea. I move farther down the row, to the bus with a hole in it. A suitcase flits across my neighbor's doorway, or perhaps a shard of salted fish.

It is a mistake not to think of the donkey contemplatives, their pens jagging over rice paper shrubs. One can't help but live when one has made it out, at least for now. Sound of a brush on concrete: cancellations come nearer and disperse; small mammals prepare to dig up the season of peace. You and I are practically our own line of egrets. We breathe like roads.