

JUST AN APPLE

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it's the mind I want, like an apple—
childish
I've followed every great friend I've known—
Spicer, Duncan, Olson, Creeley
not to own it I would write it, having
slept too long,
The ferns dream as they return
to green out of winter
The streets shine
with oil-slick and rain I
wonder
That words wound,
splendid gifts of guilt and wit
night-birds, someone said, are
those men and women who try to force
their way into the reality of others
like
“Old Europe which endureth, parsed
by structuralists”
who don't know even the materiality
of language Pound said,
“you have to find it”
The structure—
of life which means— no longer
can philosophy find it. The
mental thing about it—

so we've gone from one thing
to another
the effort is moral—how
are you?

you can take it and
build a rock
(origins of the word unknown)
You'll wobble
unless you're the crust

of it

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