

WAYS AND MEANS

You can write about anything
unless it's just happened
or happened after the war
or you're disinterested or
your pen's run out, the web
is down, the signal's lost.

It's hard to write about
most things. I'd rather not,
prefer to read or research,
put it off and come back
later, whenever, not at all.
I mouth a question at myself

in the mirror of language
and try to come at subjects
from the side, anything to
avoid the obvious, having to
work, or sustaining injury.
Summer's overdue, spring

has just begun, months late;
I am still deliberating, am
not engaged. I always have
a notebook in case I need
or want to write things down.
It's empty, still like new.

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