

Duncan McNaughton / THREE POEMS

LUCKY AT CARDS

The movie played a comedy about the wrong number
of lovers played by stars given words to say
the way a perfect stranger is taken over by the same one
who writes movie talk and gives motion to the heavens
and becomes like one of those beings so new to life on earth
so perfect so strange so puzzled by the monetary system.

What do you mean by asking "What does it want to say?"
it wasn't trying to convince anyone it was a movie
it's not the fault of words that they don't know anything.

After midnight like silk flowers in dim hours
bright notes trumpet.

UNTITLED

Whitman sojourned in New Orleans long enough
to notice that prostitutes would be whores
if one allowed oneself to describe women
with no enormities of any sort
a hard caste to comprehend.

One winter Sunday morning on an empty street
in Temuco I sat alone in a truck, smoking cigarettes
and watching for the continents to take up their
fountain pens so that a huge egg balanced
on the back of an old brown horse would appear
or in the same sense a poet with very big balls
se llama Pablo Huevón.



IT'S QUITE LATE

The music inside the body, the music
outside the body, often they pass
down a lane which is nowhere
so often we fail to notice

I expect the music never stops
though we do

What had been the question
concerning what we must live in order
to do here?

Deep music
slow music, seems
not to progress
but to measure a form
of containment.

Breathing is an exchange of air
like everything else we are breathing.