

Robert Creeley / FOR ROBIN

We are both dissolving into history or whatever it is can be used of us, what we've evidently done. I think of the shifting, re-ordering movement of your words as sunlight filtered to forest floor. There were sudden clearings in the thickness of brush or trees made a place to come to, secure in whatever thought. At best a god might say, "Let me show you," or lead the way. But our gods were finally memories, or so I felt, a faith we were given to keep without the necessity of understanding. Or always that persistent confusion—were we supposed to understand? Nothing's finally changed, no matter I sit here, a veritable old man at last. Was I keeping records? Probably. I had my papers in order for whatever reasons might ask. Yet looking now down the field to the sun coming up behind the woods, I listen for a sound beyond my mind, for what calls me still. You are well named, dear friend. Your imagination keeps its promises.