

## Joanne Kyger / TWO PIECES FOR ROBIN

"The poems tend to act as a sequence of energies  
which run out when so much of a tale is told."

—Robin Blaser

He is pruning the privet  
of sickly sorrow desolation  
in loose pieces of air he goes clip clip clip  
the green blooming branches fall—'they're getting out  
of hand' delirious and adorable what a switch  
we perceive multiple  
identities when you sing so beautifully the shifting  
clouds You are not alone in this world  
A parallel world of reflection  
in a window keeps the fire burning  
in the framed mandala; the red shafted flicker  
sits on the back of the garden chair in the rain  
the red robed monks down town a rainbow arises  
simple country practices thunder  
lightning, hail and rain  
ribbon layers of attention  
So constant creation of 'self' is a tricky  
mess. He is pruning the loquat, the olive  
which look real enough in the damp late morning air.

May 15, 1995

Oh Goody, this afternoon we're going to the Holy Forest

I want to find the place  
of the adored one, an entrance  
into the presence of the first loved  
by the flowing waters  
that give us water at night.  
Need sustenance to come back  
to the place; remember the swinging  
intimacy? It was there wasn't it?  
Wasn't that the place of the delightful  
original form —the loveliest garden and park  
found at the center

of this quiz 'declaring the completion of philosophy'?

First you declare your intention  
Second you start on the path  
Third you must *find* the path  
Fourth you affirm the perfect answer  
that this thought continues  
and that you revisit this place for a moment  
of familiar recognition if not understanding  
and continue telling the story  
of content content and form.

Monday afternoon  
May 15, 1995