

Nathaniel Tarn / *SIEMPRE MAS INVISIBLE*  
(TWO)

for Robin Blaser, at 70.

"Here is another one!"  
a night of passage,  
as one might say a "bird of passage" —  
but this would be owl or nighthawk.  
Garden sleepless in the dark,  
stalks bent, silently suffering  
night winds of this late March.

On the road to endless darkness,  
along this single night of passage:  
you want to close your eyes and cannot;  
the eyes close with no notion of themselves,  
no knowledge of the light  
beginning to steal into the room  
like a thief of the day to be,  
your eyes taken away from you  
like all your worthless days  
the moment you awaken.

And you have seen —  
once, once alone, not custom —  
such an astounding beauty in the night  
has left you speechless and warm-hearted

toward all of creation;  
desperately you try to befriend all things,  
germane insistence of the heart,  
for the sake of that beauty's eyes  
to swear all enemies  
are now become your bosom's treasure.  
The light in the room has exploded,  
a star has been brought to birth  
without your knowledge — that fire on the curtain  
(in front of your eyes so still in your head there)  
is the sunrise of your most mortal day.

And you wake on that morning  
with an atrocious sense of loss  
as for the friend of your life  
never met, never to be met, again  
robbed of that exquisite sister in the dream,  
soul of your soul.

You were still thinking of going to sleep,  
you were still thinking of some benefit,  
wretched trustee of every human loss,  
when it was morning.