

RAE ARMANTROUT / Two Poems

Translations

Tissue thins
(with age)

to reveal
pale blue

morning.

•

I keep making
these mistakes

because I know I'm wrong

somewhere

and I hope to be
misrecognized.

•

As if on fire,
one eucalyptus

on the quiet
corporate campus

is flinging its limbs around

Somewhere

If I look down, a ferry is always
docking or pulling away from the shore.
I am not always aware of these goings on
anymore than I am my own breathing,
but, when I do take note,
the sense of overseeing this step
in a process that's both
open-ended and fixed
fills me with a vague dread

while passengers,
whether boarding or landing,
may feel they are finally
getting somewhere