

ROBIN BLASER / Just an Apple

Just an Apple

it's the mind I want, like an apple -
childish
I've followed every great friend I've known -
Spicer, Duncan, Olson, Creeley
not to own it I would write it, having
slept too long, the ferns dream as they return
to green out of winter the sinnets shine
with oil-slicks and rain
Wonder That wonder wound,
splendid gifts of guilt and wit
right-birds, someone said, are
Those men and women who try to force
Their way into the reality of others
'Old Europe which endures, passed
by structuralists'
who don't know even the materiality
of language Pound said,
'you have to find it'
The structure -
of life which means - no longer

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can philosophy find it. The
essential thing about it -

so we've gone from one thing
to another

The effort is moral - how
are you?

you can take it and
build a rock

(origin of the word unknown)

you'll wobble

unless you're the crust of it

for Sharon Thesaa

John

16 Feb., 1982

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to green out of winter

The streets shine
with oil-slick and rain I
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