

## MICHAEL MCCLURE / Pollock's Echo, 1951

for George Stanley

THE SUN COMES AND GOES WITH THE ECHO, the ROSES,  
AND THE BIG (flat) EAR,  
IN THE CAVE OF DARKNESS.  
IT IS PERSONS AND A FALCON FACE  
HELD IN THE BEAUTY-RAW-PERFECTION  
OF THEIR NON MOVEMENT, NON SWIRLING,  
IN A WHIRL OF NUTMEGS AND FOOTPRINTS  
AND MOTHER MOTHS BEING MOTHERS OF ALL  
WITH THE MAPS ON THEIR WINGS THROWN OVER

WHERE A WALL WOULD BE  
if this were not Pollock's consciousness  
as it ages and steeps clear in alcohol an the

slithering  
away or earlier torments

I  
N  
T  
O  
this clear bright  
living  
that I see myself by

—it hangs on a surface or maybe  
is alive in space

*Vancouver*