

MARK GOLDSTEIN / Poems for Alice from *Medium Point Blues*

1

Voice of Alice/ voicing Anna Mendelssohn no other/ arising
out of self/ in mind no mind just/ write this want to read that/ duet
jot down as book –

2

I of now/ where music abounds – entering in through frequency –
sickness no sickness at all/ so push pen/ is soft sound a footfall or
doubling – doubling/ said no place to rest the thud/ of trucked traffic
passing by

3

breath resounds –
amid constant sounds – comes this how against no other/ no home
unwritten in/ -sight lost or forgotten/ so much thought clots the un-
spoken – an old guide/ less a land so named/ than

green rock and shattered plinth/ foretold
by inner selves

4

It breaks

in your hands/ the long break comes cleanly/ splays itself/ before you
some same sake is/ no name at all – the warm up gropes for it/ says
nothing – therein lies the voice/ of things the itch that turning/ softly
sounded page

5

soundsight a-

rose/ itself an ear among others/ reared on breathsong/ calls “Schnell,
schnell,” you’ll go rattling out that canal/ of word’s work thieved –
shuffled off pages/ blackened under nails/ earthwards – kin and loam

6

The E N D of it – this/ hand pushes pen over paper – the clock that
happened in his poems happened in her poems happened in these
poems too – inexorably this/ feeling of coming in of coming/ into
a room where she sits down beside you – redresses herself – let go
of this/ “my” this – you think – Alice turns to you and says so.