

**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.