

## CONTENTS

### I CLOSER TO CLOUDS

- More Vulnerable Than Others 3  
Walking Out on the Lyric 4  
Macabre Dance 5  
The Problem with Music 7  
A Matter of Time 8  
Taste the Sun, 10  
What I Saw When I Looked out the Window of  
a Clairvoyant House 11  
Arioso 13  
To the Tune of One Valley 14  
After Being Loved 16  
Preface to a Cloud Chronicle 18  
Reincarnated, but Not for the First Time 19  
Has It Been Eight Months 20  
Far from Description 21

### II SMALL STORMS

- To Suffering, to Liberation 25  
Mimesis: Cloud Chronicle 26  
11 27  
A Frozen Requiem 29  
From a Winter That Isn't a Rehearsal but the First Sequence  
of Atonal Pitches 30  
The Reality of a Nightmare 31  
Wolinski 1934–2015 32  
Never Once 33  
Self-Reliance 35  
Ode to Disappointment 37

To Critics 38  
Loose Cloud Chronicles 40  
Strand 44  
Duende 45

### III NINE SOLITUDES

### IV DJANGO FONTINA

P 61  
Estampes 62  
Sea Ballads 67  
Not Meant as Poems 72

### V CHILD, DON'T HIDE

The Illusion of Tenderness 79  
Agrippina the Younger 80  
Muse, If I 81  
Give Up Thinking Twice 82  
Six Plainsongs 86  
The Saying and the Said: Ventriloquistic Cloud Chronicles 88  
The Great Wall of China 96  
Self-Portrait as a Landscape without Its Memories  
and My Age 99  
Eternity 101

NOTES 103

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS 107

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MORE VULNERABLE THAN OTHERS

So what if I break  
I will continue to eat mud  
unwind underground  
                  mask banned signs  
chew holes in every tall grapevine  
                  breed my roots after a nap  
spread fronds as free  
                  clothes free money  
lay branches bare for the moon and its jaws  
                  while each flower falls  
to its own bad dream

## WALKING OUT ON THE LYRIC

When men take from me all the heat and light, I content myself  
with echoes, sounds, and radio waves in every room up for sale inside  
this body. What's gone stretches each wall so terribly that when  
I cough, mud bricks give up their secrets and poor decisions. One  
of the corners keeps the song alive, another too wet for dust  
or sprigs to rot gently. I manage. Each furniture piece makes its  
long speech to accept my dual friendship: one from France,  
the other to inherit an armoire. To obey an inner despot, I check  
the doors, sweep the balcony, and reframe each picture with clouds  
or perfect fruits as focus. For inspiration, I look out the windows.  
I am inside each window, the window moves in me. Anything you see  
from the outside—the garden, the hare, disposable bin, and wayfaring  
tree—teaches you to live with used spaces. Touch pain by its rim:  
under your bed, in the cellar. I am still here because of my dilemma.  
In this scenario, a glass of water and a pill are two separate issues.  
Look at you. The solitude. Even the cactus is softening each kill.