

History

for Frank O'Hara

Old Thing

We have escaped
from that pale refrigerator
you wrote about

Here

amid the wild woodbine landscapes
wearing a paper hat

I recollect

the idols
in those frozen tubs
secluded by buttresses
when the Church of
Our Lady cried Enough

and we were banished

Sighing

strangers
we are
the last even breath
poets

Yet the funicular
was tied by a rope

It could only cry
looking down
that midnight hill

My lights are
bright
the walk is
irregular

your initials
are carved on the sill.

Mon Ami!

the funicular
has a knife

in its side

Ah allow these nightingales to nurse us