

## Passage

for John Coltrane

### Words

after all  
are syllables *just*  
and you put them  
in their place  
notes  
sounds  
a painter using his stroke  
so the spot  
where the article  
an umbrella  
a knife  
we could find  
in its most intricate  
hiding  
slashed as it was with color  
called "being"  
or even "it"

### Expressions

For the moment *just*  
when the syllables  
out of their webs float

We were *just*  
beginning to hear  
like a crane hoisted into  
the fine thin air  
that had a little ache (or soft crackle)

golden staffed edge of  
quick Mercury  
the scale runner

### Envoi

C'est *juste*  
your umbrella colorings

dense as telephone  
voice  
humming down the line  
polyphonic

Red plumaged birds  
not so natural  
complicated wings  
French!

Sweet difficult passages  
on your throats

there *just* there  
caterpillar edging  
to moth

Midnight  
in the chrome attic