

Mark DuCharme

## April

When the world was full  
I fell apart  
It was a great ride down to the sea  
Where I didn't go, then later  
Learned to fear the snow

The snow is a folk song about a dead  
Sailor who wasn't captured  
He gave tapioca Easter presents  
He was held together by blocks of night & sea

When I sing the song of my gaze  
Holding light together  
& Rustle foolish urchins with bales of snow—  
Do not fear the weather's changeable

Character. It drifts over you  
Like migrant rivers  
Braiding bright dawn ochre light  
Lost to you  
In the transitive night where you find no rivers  
In the snow

But I am not & am with you in summer—  
Slender company

Until places crack & the hum of day  
Is leading you & us this way  
Beyond the hydrants & the windows & the children that sing  
(Nobody sings anymore)

No one is there who sees or is sung by  
A river & is no one in it then  
Always & tenderly were through  
In breath of night burnt casually  
The city always finds you

It finds you there in hunger  
Of place & the glyphs of stars at dawn sky  
In frozen cities— lunar tongue struck  
Full of birdsong & the proportions of  
Evening buildings in the rain

Rain folds down your tongue, this page (I want to  
Weep) (This page is torn) if we  
Weren't here when we knew  
& Walked like bandits  
Under April's grimace  
Interchangeable as a breath of decay  
The snow would run away

Snow would run, & I would be its shadow  
& You its eastern seaboard  
Full with night when stars return  
To kiss tongue's breath  
To kiss tongue's death away

## Of Wishes

I wish I'd taken what I wanted to leave before I left

I wish I'd seen what I imagined of the sky

I wish the clouds on blocks of ice & wood

& Night a perfect window

I wish the lake in amber life

The mechanics of dreams I shout

& Wish divining light would seep

Into the midst of weather, then flower

Courting panic

& I wish intrinsic songs entwined

Memories, divine laughter, foolish childhood notes

The breath in the sun you meant to wish the sky

To name the dream improvisatorily doubt

Or wishes like sounds of a tambour in winter

I wish to lie in bed yet energetically go about

I wish interwoven afternoon's tremble

Brute songs, moot becomings

& I wish this liar

Soon would vanish, wither

In the lake, the sky

## Under Appearance: Three Linked Sonnets

It's always sunny  
Above the clouds. The cup leaks  
Pleasant streaks. How early  
Does it have to be before it's too late? Never suffer  
In a silent mirror. The windows are always  
Ancient, cold, inflamed. Adamant flats  
Round the sum up, of noises in the  
Rain. Don't shift into  
A cold fadeout. The route is set; chop distances  
Into broken miles. Unbother the brunt  
Of lost selves, swarming. The reflection's never  
Clear. Study the impacts of  
Moon on touch. Grow nearer & then disappear  
Like faces broken, of those who passed, discontentedly, in the rain.

Walk by yourself, when leveled in a mirror  
Of ancient, sunny afternoons. Then go  
Where the moon is thick— go swiftly, as an ancient  
Crowd no one mistook  
For viscous noon, then keep  
Everything above the floor, until you get nearer the  
Door— then let everyone wander, & free yourself of useless  
Chatter, in the mirror where night's passed. & If it doesn't  
Would you know just what to do? The air is foolish, but we  
Are exalted in our makeshift eveningwear  
Until all hymnals fail, & we  
Grow free of trouble, though with an angst  
Even wisdom cannot hide. What is it then  
That flowers on delivery, with not even a forged ticket in hand?

A ticket is a brutal note  
On the prosody of hymns, leaking out of turn.  
Why not jump down, for just a touch, then lurch

Toward lost cities? The eye suspects  
What it hasn't always found. Go you now down toward lurkers  
Hidden in the balustrade. Night isn't entirely easy;  
Neither are you. Find the route  
To the treasured land composed of silt mid-sea.  
Or, as an alternate activity, devise a land where all tourists will be  
Wed. Now, the weather lingers  
Like the sweat of those who work out in winter.  
Will the dreary days avail you of  
Cold Autumn's spells? & What are your plans for not being highjacked  
Until dearest angels weep?

## New Year's Day, 2020

The weather can jitter  
If noon burnt properly  
In a lake or kite  
While thrushes gush tremblingly  
One rarely gets awful  
At the start of the year  
In love with the wicked sestina  
Which love will not equal  
In breathless variety  
Barring time

At the start of the noon year  
Burning weather up &  
Time I gush awfully  
In love with the wicked seasons  
Perforce or not in all due reason  
I jitter like sestinas thrushes & burnt noon  
In bloom in winter in the death of light  
Which dusk cannot bear nor lakes burn up properly

Years in decades strung like counted lines in  
Poems' stanzas the sestina in sixes  
Which this is obviously not or counted  
Words in lines sometimes or the  
Timing of writing or writing at predetermined  
Times whether or not thrushes jitter  
In nervous weather for the year's end and beginning  
Returning circling back on itself in its own death-beginning  
Like an ouroboros or *Finnegan's Wake*  
Which I hadn't intended to put here

But what here is where or any moment long or strung  
In weather counting moments we'll call time  
In fidgets delicately barring  
Burning weather & the year nouvelle

I told you not to mention it in  
Stanzas' nervous breath the end  
In breath's beginning  
Its jittery rebeginning & kiting  
Counting blooms 'til no one moves  
In love's deathless beginning  
Burning rapid counted time