

Peter Siedlecki

TRUDGING THROUGH

How to find the way,
the line of movement,
the path
in the midst
of so many metaphors
under foot
or raining their leaves on you
or their rain—
an old shoe,
a carefully folded
sheet of aluminum,
an old tear
dropped in the
blush of pain,
a discarded trophy—
all caught
In the cream-colored
consciousness
that blurs direction.

INCREDIBLE

“Incredible!”

he says.

Then,

as if for emphasis,

or to convince himself,

or because he has so little else to say,

he repeats,

“Incredible!”

and punctuates his next statement

with

“Unbelievable!”

That word is also repeated.

He slurs its last three syllables,

perhaps to sound suave.

This attempt

merely proves an absence.

His lazy languid language

proves still another absence.

This leaves one longing

for Lomonossov

who took time

from astronomy and physics

to give Pushkin the language

he needed to lift words

into an airy world,

and Alighieri’s

Sweet New Style

transforming the common
into majesty.