

# Cubist Landscape

THE SUN MAKES a cubist landscape of the roofline of this row-house  
And lays it out across the street to dry: a sawtooth range reduced

To two dimensions and one shade, one geologic age, a flag claiming  
It and naming it in a language fallen out of use, as if it needs reminding

Who it is. The morning is the kind of clear you get to be, a haunted calm,  
Waking from dreams of childhood that wracked your sleep and opened

Wounds you don't remember earning and let the grief of years fly like  
The voices of the blackbirds in the sunlight on the garden opposite, like

The robin who, in retrospect, brought all this on yesterday in her crazed  
Incarnadine career from your gaze. The morning, you're about to say,

Stranded abstracted on your balcony, stands still, a postcard of itself, a home  
Movie whose soundtrack has been lost. But then you look up and see

The easterly breeze pass through the drooping arms of the palm near  
The railway bridge, the way a school of fish might swim its questions through

A kelp bed in shallow sea. *Live the questions*, the poet advises; live every  
Thing. Let the answers come. And just then she comes and holds you

From behind and rests her head against your shoulder and you feel a rush  
Of future find you. Your life takes on dimension again and finds a form

In which the day is possible and happiness more than merely probable again.

Note:

“Live the questions... live every thing”: Rilke, *Letters to the Young Poet*