they jeered at him when they saw him with his green apple...

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Cover Page Footnote
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ELEGY FOR EZRA POUND

Who is there now for me to share a joke with?

Upon hearing of Pound's death

Youth has flickered from youthful words
And self-spun extramarital rhythm
Have waned and waned and attuned a self
So danced and dawned and forming (like Plato)
And bleeding in an act of oblivion.
The time in thy throat
The breath on thy hands
The sultry hours secretly move.
Like Hireno, an old woman who
With knowing eyes
Wept, wept for beauty lost
And feared tomorrow's face.

Silent as curtain and sunbeam
Your flames have weeded the wind.
But retina-poised in nighted skies
One tear shall hear from listening eyes
Shall hear and shall stare, shall flicker and stir
Shall bid and shall be, shall quench and try
The self-conceiving Ephelias of ashes
In the melting hearth of words.

My words are flames—you are a tall tail of a comet
My words are waves—you are a rimed old skull of a sound
My words are rains—you are a crumpled old hull of a poet
My words are tears—you are a fannod old Procrus of a god

The pages of your gaze
Quick as camera censure:
The fragments of your canvass ways
Fuse pissed fragrances
Your memories suspended by dreamed yesterdays
Pendulum bundled events
Your partial visions pressed between crossed Getchamaniacal
Mosaic symbolized silence.

You are the lost Odyssey
In your own city
You are the re-occurring weariness
Of your own pain

Where children lost and broken walls
To wind themselves through labyrinths of pleasure
You saw the bondage of action
The heritage of pain, the corpse of time.
Your community of stars arched
The ribbed voice of afternoon thought
The legacy of weary-eyed love
And staved the ghost by inches.

Your aging is a redemptive act:
The minutes are splinters of pillars
You are your own embers:
The bared, spaced Babylonian tongues
You had beautiful things to say
From the bale of your militant force—tumulus chapel words
You had beautiful things to say
From your entered martyrdom of glances—stern rubic lines
You had beautiful things to say
You were the instant prophet in this chant of dust.
Your poems exalted for your words our relics
Your staff the wand of our wonder.

Bishop of Tradition:
An evolving god
You are the plastic Christ
The Wandering vision of your antique world

The flash of a Chinese lantern tongued the prism of music
A violin bow across your nerves.
The ripples of viola settle in the lyric of your last
Within your duet of horns.
The trumpet scoured scarlet no more.
Along the rocks, across the rivers, out of the West coasts
The swan goddess: There for you to share a joke with.

Sorrow here, the swan to sing.

Through my formulation of metaphor, false labor pains of meter
I treble paint and stumble probe your sheer white song of mind
And blind I find I know thee
And I, too, participate in thy dying

Jim Hall