

A.M. Juster

Loss for Words

I am in a painterly mood
at my kitchen table
sketching out a poem
called “Avocados in Action,”
but I am having trouble
coming up with adjectives
for their color and knobiness,
plus nothing in the bowl
ever seems to move.

(from The Billy Collins Experience)

Completed Fragments of Rilke

“Les Dieux: ces obstinés qui vivent . . .”

*The Gods: recalcitrants who live
in contradiction, frauds who lie
about which sins they may forgive,
which joys they know they must deny.*

“Quelle étrange passion . . .”

*What peculiar passion
transforms this large number
of things as they slumber
into words that fashion*

*a silence of flowers
with roots that do not tire
but bequeath desire
in still perfect hours.*

“Est-ce des Dieux en fuite . . .”

*Is it the Gods in flight
who make the sun resound
or is it human sight
where glory may be found?*