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I

doubt we'll make it
to some aftertime,

some grand perspective
looking back on this time
in the way that, now,

we think of *yesteryear* and think we

have

a clearer, truer understanding
than we did while walking there.

It's just as well
we never fully know
the folly of our knowing.

I doubt that we could bear it. The poet's blank page

promises

everything, then less
and less, then finally

close to nothing, sometimes
only silence,
which may, in the end,

be our true accounting. Whatever the age is coming

to

we won't be here
when it arrives,

and all we tried to bring
into being, to say or do,
will be as breath upon

a windowpane. We've always known this truth, tried to

keep

from knowing it, tried to
stall the quiet afterwards,

tried to touch, just out of reach,
what keeps us steadily
reaching. Sometimes

all we knew to do was keep on going into the empty miles.

