

HERE IN A POSTMODERN WORLD

As for concerns, I have them for
a while and then misplace them
the way I'm sure a question goes
unlocated on a misremembered page
of Balzac or Proust, and who has
the energy to go looking after all
these years when we've got along
without it to some degree.

I'm convinced
even ticket sellers at the opera
can't keep track of every seat
and just want to wave somebody
in off the street who wasn't planning
on an aria but will be changed forever,
if that sort of thing still happens
in a postmodern world, and who's
to say it can't since who's to say
anything any more.

I'm probably
a disreputable source for some sorts
of information — aardvarks or
string theory, the width or circumference
of echoes — but I'm your guy if you're
interested in what didn't happen
but could have if only a few more
people had gotten together to talk
through the night, asking, for instance,
whether sonnet output increases
or decreases when the moon is
waxing or waning.

Maybe it's not
concerns I have but notions lacking
intensity, a yard full of fireflies too
drowsy to lift out of the sycamore
leaves, though who can blame them.
Certainly not I as I sit on the porch
without a single mandate or gem

of truth to throw out, having cleared
my throat all these years for what
amounts to a whisper and then not even
that

since I'm keeping it to myself.