QUESTIONS TO ANSWERS

STEPHEN KUUSISTO

--for Marvin Bell

I was guilty of reversing things
So that water was sky when I rowed the boat early mornings
& I could see the purpose of trees was the perfection of earth—
Boyhood was like swallows in June, I flew everywhere
upside down & fast

O & I made solemn work of shadows
Begging the darkness
With my own darkness
A trick of the blind
Always the smallest grains of feeling

This is why the gravity of seasons
Holds me awake—
Almost foolish to say
I believe snowfall
Is the form and habit of gods
& they return against our will
& they talk of natural facts

They talk of natural facts...

Whenever I want to cry I think of boyhood and the gods...

The virtual emptiness of a child's early mornings blind in a boat...

Stephen Kuusisto is the author of several memoirs and four collections of poems, most recently "Close Escapes" published by Copper Canyon Press. He lives with his wife in upstate New York and with two dogs and two horses.