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On Acquiring a Sense of Style

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The iced moon puzzles through blue floes of cloud.
Rocks bloom aureoles, winsome, diamondy—
Hoops to pull them through or ring me round
Far from this milky dream-dispelling tree.

I wake wandering, pursued by breath,
My own, a spun glaze tricked behind that glows.
When I pause it is a ticking breeze
That waits ahead to mark off my repose.

My ragged bones stretch out to wear the snow!
The teeming blur returns: Not yet, scarecrow.

EDWIN HONIG

ON ACQUIRING A SENSE OF STYLE

(one) less noise please
(pipe down) spinning
word (lissenaminut cantchya)
hey down front (into
one) shutchergodammouth
(regular boilerfactory) dancing
phrase (shaddup willya)
QUIET (into
one) ssh what is it
(can you hear anything) singing
thought (can’t quite make it out)
no wait (into
one) just turn up this dial a bit
(aahh there it’s coming through) breathing
word

NORMAN FRIEDMAN