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Xenophanes

Louis Zukofsky

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II

Swept snow, Li Po,
by dawn's 40-watt moon
to the road that hies to office
away from home.

Tended my brown little oil-burning stove
as one would a cow—she gives heat.
Spring—marsh frog clatter
peace breaks out

No fact is isolate

Grasses, heron, China,
light:
Saturday, Sunday.

LORINE NIEDECKER

XENOPHANES

Water, cold, and sweet, and pure,
And yellow loaves are near at hand,
Wine that makes a rosy hand
Fire in winter, the little pulse.

Eating a little pulse, who are you?
How old? The hands of all are clean.
Why first pour wine into the cup?
Water first and the wine above.

Better than the strength of horses,
I come back to my other words:
The hound, "Stop beating him, I said,
I knew him when I heard his voice."

NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS

For now the floor and cups are clean,
The aired earth at the feet is seen,
The rainbow, violet, red, pale green,
Men making merry should first hymn—

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

AUTUMN LOW

Full river has fallen
And, rounding a hill,
Blue-scaled as a dragon,
Turns slowly the mill
While it will.

Waters relinquish
Quicksand to high shore
Where who will distinguish
Fool's gold from true ore
Washing pure?

One roving raccoon?
Small fingers imprinting
Half-gilt by half moon,
With consummate hunting
(Fins glinting).

Wide river is waning;
Mud drying on stone,
A chore of the morning
At night still undone
By a drone.

ANNIS COX