

from The Men

Noble men fair men men glowing with
Their names men of the world's
Four parts men who sigh
Trilustrally avid men men breathing

Some have gone to buy food
And some are returning and some
Never do. Some will die
Among books and I'm tired
Of the school of errors. Some
Put me in darkness. And some
Transparently slender in summer
Are so bold, though dulcet shade
Is brief, and some moan
As I enter the night on its hinge.
Some smoke as you lick them. Some
So dull, some equivalent, some
Dwindling. It's late, rivers and acorns
And I'm tired. Some's desire
Is not my desire, and some's
Desire dulcet by my estimate. But
There are diverse and new
Things in any climate. Some
Think poverty is sap for a poet
And some will always seek
Other love, other leaf, other light.
Some avoid indolence and some say
"I can't live because I used to live"
I won't give them the formula.
In friendship and the thin air
Some speak the word hydromel
And I repeat them. The dulcet shade
Is brief my men
And this is my first true speech
And this with a decorous amplitude
And this in the middle of my life, the
Streets silent and the night all covered in questions
And this desire which discerns
Is my desire
And this ornament
Is my ornament

—Lisa Robertson