

# *Homage to Montale*

BARON WORMSER

This morning  
The hummingbird's  
Pure zigzag  
Surprises you.  
The indifference to  
The long steps  
Of your mood.

The bellflowers hold  
Open their careful mouths,  
The wind booms softly,  
Stone breathes in and out  
Millennia.

In various media  
The Leader smiles as if  
This smile  
Were a sort of balm.  
He repeats his words  
Carefully  
As if lecturing  
A class of children  
Who somehow are listening.

Aiee! Your head  
Is full of human hurt.

Phrases will never  
Anneal one  
Scattered kiss of rain.  
Always  
You must walk  
In the welcoming light.

You stick your hands out  
And birds stream  
Through your cautious love.