

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.