

Jim Moore

FROM INVISIBLE STRINGS

1

The moon and the night
move silently in the same direction,
like old friends
no longer needing to bother with words.

2

Only in dreams now,
my mother telling me
to remember my sweater
on these cool summer evenings.

3

As in a dream
in which a light flashes
and one has no choice
but to follow it,
I ran after
the lightning bug
along the railroad tracks
the night of my sixtieth birthday,
a little drunk, unafraid,
laughing my fucking head off.

4

One bird, then another,
begins to sing
outside the store
where you try on dresses.
The black is beautiful,
but, so, too, is the blue.

5

Sometimes regret is simply all there is,

Saigyo,
and all your talk of the moon
is only so much talk of the moon.

6

I have the vice

of courting poems.
Pathetic, I know.
I also like to watch *Oprah*
if no one is around to notice.
That's right,
I court poems, I watch *Oprah*,
I even sigh late at night,
and call such sighs
my spring fields, ploughed; my ready earth.

7

A marble Athena, 5th Century, BC:

wisdom as a young girl,
blind,
head tipped sideways,
listening.

8

The man who years later was to hang himself
spent an evening in our kitchen.
How angry he was, and how kind.
He helped with the dishes,
even as there were tears in his eyes.

9

Who would have thought,
at sixty:
sunlight, this tug boat's

thick black smoke, this slow river.

At sixty, who would have thought,
nothing ends?