

for Marianne Moore

This is permissible: to use
quotation

marks
like small flowers, and
to throw them
over the wind,

plucked:
a rain of purple leaves
from the mouths
of a thousand libraries,
lions
in white boots

dancing
behind the garage. . .

Old women
who rollerskate through the world
on wheels of paper
do this: nibbling
bridges, animals, dead poets
and gardens
sometimes a wild flea
turning

to acid
in a pot of Japanese
tea.

Lady, your lips
are thin
as lace, and your songs
fall quietly
into my brain, like
plums
of ice.

-- Stanley Cooperman

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