

CLARENCE KING NAMES MT. TYNDALL

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1864
for Dave Robertson

This last step implores an ending. Every
crevasse, every granule crushed
is the desire to cross into

a room. Here, the perfumed air
suggests rest, a

resignation: as if the mauve silk sheets
of the bed, as if the lithe brown woman
preparing them for your

body, were themselves the final word.
In this room, you are imagining silence

and then: *more of the same!* You wait
for worry. There is only peace, and
your mind going on, felicitous,

into the blue distance. However, this
is only the last step, not imagination, nor

love. It has only pretended to be
sanctuary. Nothing more
than sweat, a sweet ache in the thigh,

an advance onto the day's last
height. How

it slips from the present
without pronouncing the promised . . .
You are taken

with depth,
silence sucked into the vacuum

of the valley, *the incessant air!*
If you fell, earth
would enter your blood, and

you would sleep, the landed gentry.
You name this mountain.