

A Certain Slant of Sunlight by Ted Berrigan

In Africa the wine is cheap, and it is
on St. Marks Place too, beneath a white moon.
I'll go there tomorrow, dark bulk hooded
against what is hurled down at me in my no hat
which is weather: the tall pretty girl in the print dress
under the fur collar of her cloth coat will be standing
by the wire fence where the wild flowers grow not too tall
her eyes will be deep brown and her hair styled 1941 American
will be too; but
I'll be shattered by then
But now I'm not and can also picture white clouds
impossibly high blue sky over small boy heart broken
to be dressed in black knickers, black coat, broken white shirt,
buster brown collar, flaring black tie
her hand lightly fallen on his shoulder faded sunlight falling
across the picture, mother & son, 33 & 7, Communion Day Hill
I'll go out for a drink with one of my demons tonight
they are dry in Colorado 1980 spring snow.

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