To Andy

He entered English five different, I.B. M.D.
And sat next to the window, alphabetized.
Not known except for face, thoughtfully
Amused at times, but more often window-struck.
A tree with a crackle, black and vacant.
An ordinary bird, an ordinary tree — nothing
To make one wonder — Clock time stop.
Stop voice of old 78 teacher recording.
Over and over, memento mori, memento mori.
While he full of intimations of mortality wrote:
And the jaws that used to bite
Are sterile where we lay.
Kinsman of a stiller town, aue atque uale.
The world now comes, now moon-struck
Lunges towards landings, hand or soft.
Is the air
Men walk the air, but no one walks the water,
Or brings back burning tablets proclaiming
Thou shalt love!
Your absence is noted, when a boy wonder-struck
Sees beyond trees and grackles to where his heart orbits