He stood, a point
on a sheet of green paper
proclaiming himself the centre
with no walls, no borders
anywhere; the sky no height
above him, totally un-
enclosed
and shouted:

Let me out!

He dug the soil in rows,
imposed himself with shovels
He asserted
in to the furrows, I
am not random

The ground
replied with aphorisms:

a tree-sprout, a nameless
weed, words
he couldn't understand.

The house pitched
the plot staked
in the middle of nowhere
At night the mind
inside, in the middle
of nowhere
The idea of an animal
patters across the roof

In the darkness the fields
defend themselves with fences
in vain:
everything
is getting in

By daylight he resisted.
He said, disgusted
with the swamp's clamourings and the
outbursts
of rocks.
This is not order
but the absence
of order.
He was wrong, the unanswering forest implied:

It was an ordered absence

v

For many years he fished for a great vision, dangling the hooks of sown roots under the surface of the shallow earth.

It was like enticing whales with a bent pin. Besides he thought in that country only the worms were biting

vi

If he had known unstructured space is a deluge and stocked his log house-boat with all the animals even the wolves he might have floated.

But obstinate he stated, The land is solid and stamped

watching his foot sink down through stone up to the knee.

vii Things refused to name themselves; refused to let him name them.

The wolves hunted outside.

On his beaches, his clearings, by the surf of under-growth breaking at his feet, he foresaw disintegration and in the end through eyes made ragged by his effort, the tension between subject and object, the green vision, the unnamed whale invaded