Orpheus II

What does he look like?

who saw the foot, the fire,

the exhausted women fleeing

as September approached

A semicircular canal, a yellow

chrysanthemum, treepoint swaying

surrounded, lying

by letters of black?

The body, mother of self

What does he look like?

who comes to rest

made, not by vision

[but] by angle of white

Sly things

now halted

Season with season

[he trades] this hill for

tracks, this city

for faces, [these]

Culled women

for the mouth’s ways

The moon comes to rest

Woman and man

witness the unfailing,

miles of rose garden, statue

of an escaping woman

Rachel Kaufman