

The Collected Poems of Robert Creeley, 1975–2005

Hello: A Journal, February 29–May 3, 1976

Wellington, New Zealand

“That’s the way
(that’s the way

I like it
(I like it”

.

Clouds coming close.

.

Never forget
clouds dawn’s
pink red acid
gash—!

.

Here comes
one now!

.

Step out into
space. Good
morning.

.

Well, sleep,
man.

.

Not *man*,
mum’s
the word.

.

What do you
think those hills
are going to do now?

.

They got
all the
lights on—
all the people.

.

You know
if you never
you won't

2/29

It's the scale
that's attractive,
and the water
that's around it.

.

Did the young
couple come
only home
from London?

Where's the world
one wants.

.

Singular,
singular,

one
by one.

.

I wish I
could see the stars.

•

Trees *want*
to be still?
Winds
won't let them?

•

Anyhow,
it's night now.

Same clock ticks
in these different places.

3/1

Dunedin

River wandering down
below in the widening green
fields between the hills—
and the sea and the town.

Time settled, or waiting,
or about to be. People,
the old couple, the two babies,
beside me—the so-called

aeroplane. Now
be born,
be born.

•

I'll never
see you,
want you,
have you,
know you—

I'll never.

.

“Somebody's got to pay
for the squeaks in the bed.”

.

Such quiet,
dog's scratch at door—

pay for it all?

.

Walking
and talking.

Thinking
and drinking.

.

Night.
Light's out.

3/3

“Summa wancha

out back”

Australia

.

“Sonny Terry,

“Brownie McGhee”

in Dunedin (in

Dunedin

3/4

10:30 AM: Ralph Hotere’s

Warm.

See sun shine.

Look across valley at houses.

Chickens squawk.

Bright glint off roofs.

Water’s also,

in bay, in distance.

Hills.

3/5

Christchurch

You didn't think you
could do it but you did.

You didn't do it
but you did.

.

Catching Cold

I want to lay down
and die—
someday—but
not now.

.

South, north, east, west,
man—home's best.

.

Nary an exit
in Christchurch.

Only
wee holes.

3/9

Out Window: Taylor's Mistake

Silver,
lifting
light—

mist's
faintness.

.

Friend Says of Job

FOR BARRY SOUTHAM

You get to see all kinds of life
like man chasing wife
in the driveway
with their car.

Mutual property!
They want to sell their house?

.

Elsewise absences,
eyes a grey blue,
tawny Austrian

hair—the voice,
speaking, *there*.

.

Hermione, in the garden,
“weeping at grief?”

Stone-statued single woman—
eyes alive.

.

Milton über Alles

When I consider
how my life is spent
ere half my years
on this vast blast

are o'er . . .

.

Reasoned recognitions—
feelings fine.

.

Welcome
to the world,
it's still
pretty much the same.

That kiwi
on yon roof
is a symbol,
but the ocean

don't change.
It's all *round!*
Don't
let them kid you.

3/11

Palmerston North

Soup

I know what you'd say
if I could ask you—
but I'm tired of it—
no word, nothing again.

Letter from guy says,
“she looks well,
happy, working hard—”
Forget it.

I'm not there.
I'm really here,
sitting,
with my hat on.

It's a great day
in New Zealand
more or less.
I'm not alone in this.

Lady out window hangs clothes,
reds and blues—
basket, small kid,
clothespins in mouth.

Do I want to fuck,
or eat?
No problem.
There's a telephone.

I know what you mean,
now “down under” here,
that each life’s
got its own condition

to find,
to get on with.
I suppose it’s
letting go, finally,

that spooks me.
And of course my arms
are full as usual.
I’m the only one I know.

May I let this be
West Acton, and
myself six? No,
I don’t travel that way

despite memories,
all the dear or awful
passages apparently
I’ve gone through.

Back to the weather,
and dripping nose
I truly wanted to forget here,
but haven’t—

ok, old buddy,
no projections, no regrets.
You’ve been a dear friend
to me in my time.

If it's New Zealand
where it ends,
that makes a weird sense
too. I'd never have guessed it.

Say that all the ways
are one—*consumatum est*—
like some soup
I'd love to eat with you.

3/16

This wide, shallow bowl,
the sun, earth here
moving easy, slow
in the fall, the air
with its lightness, the
underchill now—flat, far out,
to the mountains and the forest.
Come home to its song?

.

Sitting at table—
good talk
with good people.

.

River's glint, wandering
path of it.

Old trees grown tall,
maintain,
look down on it all.

.