

SEA CHANGE
POEMS
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2008

ecco

An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers

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One day: stronger wind than anyone expected. Stronger than
ever before in the recording
of such. Un-
natural says the news. Also the body says it. Which part of the body—I look
down, can
feel it, yes, don't know
where. Also submerging us,
making of the fields, the trees, a cast of characters in an
unnegotiable
drama, ordained, iron-gloom of low light, everything at once undoing
itself. Also *sustained*, as in a hatred of
a thought, or a vanity that comes upon one out of
nowhere & makes
one feel the mischief in faithfulness to an
idea. Everything unpreventable and excited like
mornings in the unknown future. Who shall repair this now. And how the future
takes shape
too quickly. The permanent is ebbing. Is leaving
nothing in the way of
trails, they are blown over, grasses shoot up, life disturbing life, & it
fussing all over us, like a confinement gone
insane, blurring the feeling of
the state of
being. Which did exist just yesterday, calm and
true. Like the right to
privacy—how strange a feeling, here, the *right*—
consider your affliction says the

wind, do not plead ignorance, & farther and farther
 away leaks the
 past, much farther than it used to go, beating against the shutters I
 have now fastened again, the huge mis-
 understanding round me now so
 still in
 the center of this room, listening—oh,
 these are not split decisions, everything
 is in agreement, we set out willingly, & also knew to
 play by rules, & if I say to you now
let's go
somewhere the thought won't outlast
 the minute, here it is now, carrying its North
 Atlantic windfall, hissing Consider
 the body of the ocean which rises every instant into
 me, & its
 ancient e-
 vaporation, & how it delivers itself
 to me, how the world is our law, this indrifting of us
 into us, a chorusing in us of elements, & how the
 intermingling of us lacks in-
 telligence, makes
 reverberation, syllables untranscribable, in-clingings, & how wonder is also what
 pours from us when, in the
 coiling, at the very bottom of
 the food
 chain, sprung
 from undercurrents, warming by 1 degree, the in-
 dispensable
 plankton is forced north now, & yet farther north,
 spawning too late for the cod larvae hatch, such
 that the hatch will not survive, nor the
 species in the end, in the the right-now forever un-

interruptible slowing of the
 gulf
 stream, so that I, speaking in this wind today, out loud in it, to no one, am suddenly
 aware
 of having written my poems, I feel it in
 my useless
 hands, palms in my lap, & in my listening, & also the memory of a season *at its*
full, into which is spattered like a
 silly cry this in-
 cessant leaf-glittering, shadow-mad, all over
 the lightshafts, the walls, the bent back ranks of trees
 all stippled with these slivers of
 light like
 breaking grins—infinities of them—wriggling along the walls, over the
 grasses—mouths
 reaching into
 other mouths—sucking out all the
 air—huge breaths passing to and fro between the unkind blurrings—& quicken
 me further says this new wind, &
 according to thy
 judgment, &
 I am inclining my heart towards the end,
 I cannot fail, this Saturday, early pm, hurling myself,
 wiry furies riding my many backs, against your foundations and your
 best young
 tree, which you have come outside to stake again, & the loose stones in the sill.