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Morning in Paradiso

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sizzling about, a frenzy of birds
could gorge on our energy fields—
the next day I was really there.
the spray of flies
is how we feed on each other
in the driveway, there's this rip
could give on our energy fields—
the larger animals skin against skin
sometimes from a distance of
and the hole in the air where her heart
hundreds thousands of miles.
So forgive me again when I'm
grew blazing through, her essence having
amazed when my love lifts her ice-
cream cone to my mouth and I crunch
There in the ice-cream parlor,
into it, our energy that fur that wraps
the impossible happens:
our hands touching, birds or no birds.
the heat from her cheekbones on the back
She laughs out gusts of flame
doing my hand, the yogurt cups
and the birds in the ditches
I leave at job sites to prove
cough up the beginning
ALAN SOLDOFSKY
of the world.
Morning in Paradiso

Neal crying in his room will stop
because by living our lives we are extinguished.
depending upon whether he wants to suck
Is that what Dante knew,
or not. He knows how to bring his mother
lifting the burden from himself once and for all
to silence the caterwaul of his impulse,
in the immense truth of his music.
to make her rise from bed at the threshold of dawn
She says nothing.
when all but the body's stirring is invisible
She rubs sleep from her eyes
and lift him out of the little dungeon
under the blankets while the garbage men
of his crib to lay him against her breast,
bang the cans in the driveway.
the pillowy temple that men cleave to.
It sounds like they're in the bedroom.
I have a little song that wakes me in the dark.
Though it's feeble, there's enough light
If I should get up, I'll lose it.
through the curtain to mean it's morning,
Faint as chalk, it marks some fold in my brain
and Adam gets up to watch television.
that will be forgotten when the day starts.
The radio turns on by itself to the news,
She will come back to bed, and I'll lie there,
Outside, the neighbor starts his pick-up
my body an argument we haven't concluded.
in the eye of the swimming pool
We don't touch, nor do we care to,
the sky lightens to blue.