

# Turbidity

*by Adam Palumbo*

*"The poem is always married to someone." —René Char*

I've been out of my mind twice in my life.  
Sicilian uncles have no concept of this,  
they are too strong in their weakmindedness.  
The first time it happened I ignored it,  
told myself to relish the brief, queasy  
happiness, to hang on to the last now.  
But happiness comes as a snapshot,  
not in a quantifiable fashion  
not mechanically, but as a vision,  
something rich and strange. It is  
turbid like a skittish hurricane  
off the coast, biting its fingernails.  
They say perfect love drives out fear,  
but where can I find perfect love? I thought  
we found it in that tangy magic realism  
in Maryland. Your meek mien spoke to me  
O so singly and I drove you home  
after we traced the outline of the soul.  
I only wanted one thing—to be happy.  
But wanting that, I have wanted everything.  
The heart is two-toned and like a child  
you would not speak a single word to me.  
And turbidity's gales fell upon gray shores,  
churning happiness and washing it away.

