

Hart Crane Pantoum No. 1

by Bill Yarrow

O Gorham, I have known moments in eternity.
My satisfactions are far more remote and dangerous than yours.
Life is too scattered for me to savor it any more.
Your figure haunts me like a kind of affectionate caress.

My satisfactions are far more remote and dangerous than yours.
O God that I should have to live within these American restrictions.
Your figure haunts me like a kind of affectionate caress.
Meditation on the sun is all there is.

O God that I should have to live within these American restrictions.
The imagination is the only thing worth a damn.
Meditation on the sun is all there is.
Let us invent an idiom for the proper transposition of jazz into words!

The imagination is the only thing worth a damn.
I pass my goggle-eyed father on the streets.
Let us invent an idiom for the proper transposition of jazz into words!
My writing is hard deciphering.

I pass my goggle-eyed father on the streets.
That funeral was one of the few beautiful things that have happened to me in Cleveland.
My writing is hard deciphering.
O if you knew how much I am learning!

That funeral was one of the few beautiful things that have happened to me in Cleveland.
One must be drenched in words.
O if you knew how much I am learning!

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/bill-yarrow/hart-crane-pantoum-no-1>»*

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Let's write occasionally and be as metropolitan as possible.

One must be drenched in words.

Life is too scattered for me to savor it any more.

Let's write occasionally and be as metropolitan as possible.

O Gorham, I have known moments in eternity.

