

## *The Italian Poems With Facing English*

are faithful as mirrors.  
But I cannot concentrate—I pray I were back  
in child-hospital:  
two languages being spoken  
that silent one we spoke with our hands to the birds  
on our windowledge:  
& the crisp one of the nurses, gliding.

Translate me back.  
That would be an act of homage:  
the light would tuck us in, turning blankets back  
as sunset does rooves, in ranged rows.

A truer correspondence:  
as if boys in the choirloft  
let their voices drift down  
answering the heavy golden organ in its light-burden below:  
that were two languages faithfully sung:  
even though the answer  
threw a heaviness about the heart  
anchorage, black chain  
which would outlast the four-chambers beating.