

# *Lent*

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## *Attention*

And if repetition could itself be  
a form of attention, folding along the crease  
until the crease finds itself  
hollowing out the groove, as in marriage,  
studying the same face, the same  
permeable body, as in children, their fury, their  
fraught going-forward thinning out your life  
like a membrane that will not break, lives  
that alter in the telling, theirs outstripping yours  
and stripping you of anything they find useful yet  
carrying you always with them, a husk pinned to their inside  
pockets, as the poet who wrote on the back of recipe cards  
attended sternly to the rising bread, attended to each  
blade of grass on her Amherst lawn, then I will  
believe that language first rose up in us  
as praise.

## *Ice Sheet*

The ice  
at our doorstep thinned  
to skin as the sun  
broke over it, it breaks  
under his small damply booted foot.  
Transfixed, he sits.  
Look, he says, not  
looking up, look.  
I am too busy.  
The door shuts gently. When  
in remorse I open it again, there  
he is looking at the ice, which glass  
only imitates. He is  
secretive in his reverent  
curiosity, face bent  
out of my sight.  
The frozen puddle vast  
as the ice over the earth,  
which once, perhaps,  
we all crossed.