

**WHAT HAS BEEN LOST**  
**(1972-1980)**

*Listening to Mark*  
*The Delsarte Method*  
*What Has Been Lost*

**LISTENING TO MARK**

I sit and try to imagine where you have been:  
Bournewood first, and then Met State.  
It doesn't matter. My mind wanders.  
Steam rises from the roof across the street  
as the snow melts.

I try to see you throw food at the attendant.  
You are puffy from downs and too much starch.  
The tray clatters.  
I see them wheel the small green box to the ward.  
They put you in a small square room and strap you down.  
I remember being shot up with pentothal once,  
at the dentist.

You drink a lot.  
You lose your shoes and throw yourself at cops.  
I listen like the trick you picked up at Greyhound,  
who fled when you read him Yeats.  
I imagine on your bare bed even the cold air seemed better.

## THE DELSARTE METHOD

Unfolds  
harmoniously,  
an inflection of limbs,  
rhythmic expression of distance,  
a pushing away  
or embrace,  
*grace*  
*sustained by strength,*  
that is—

1.  
A flurry of hands: he stands  
between barstools

dreaming,  
Botticellian youth  
bound in blond smoke,  
and buoyed up by scheming.  
*Weight over opposite leg* leans  
as if leaving.

Hears  
hook his belt and hold the fake greeting.

2.  
In every gesture is the promised beginning,  
however coy.  
What fear signals alarm?  
The boy masks surprise,  
eyes and mouth open,  
raised brow.  
Now:  
*the hand rounds toward the arm,*

3.  
flashing attraction,  
his hand  
                  opens like a fan  
(the heart of this motion).  
He presents  
his palm to another man,

4.  
developing emotion  
developing emotion.

## WHAT HAS BEEN LOST

At Wiscasset two hulls lie at low tide.  
Old boards crack in the sun.  
Cars cruise the streets beneath elm.  
At one turn a Bullfinch, redesigned,  
slopes its lawn towards a power plant  
built at the mouth of the undredged port.  
A land not heaven or earth, *fallen from both*.

What has been lost?

Resonance:

hawk  
across windshield,  
high up,  
blue heron in lake,

Vivaldi's lute, light's  
gift,  
cormorant

a signature held black against the dusk, luminous.

At Poland Spring we clapped as the sun set  
behind dark hills of fir and oak.  
Winds tossed the trees lining the walk  
that led the well of the deserted resort.  
We thought a voice vibrated root.  
At night we sat on the long porch of the hotel and talked.

David M. Eberly