



in those ordinary, shitty leaves...

—One time, I went to see Dad in a motel where he was staying with a woman; but she was gone; you could smell the wine in the air; and he started, real embarrassing, to cry...

He was still a little drunk, and he asked me to forgive him for all he hadn't done—; but, What the shit? Who would have wanted to stay with Mom? with bastards not even his own kids?

I got in the truck, and started to drive, and saw a little girl— who I picked up, hit on the head, and screwed, and screwed, and screwed, and screwed, then buried, in the garden of the motel...

—You see, ever since I was a kid I wanted to *feel* things make sense: I remember

looking out the window of my room back home,— and being almost suffocated by the asphalt; and grass; and trees; and glass; just *there*, just *there*, doing nothing! not saying anything! filling me up— but also being a wall; dead, and stopping me; —how I wanted to see beneath it, cut

beneath it, and make it somehow, come alive...

*The salt of the earth;*

Mom once said, 'Man's spunk is the salt of the earth...'  
—That night, at that Twenty-nine Palms Motel I had passed a million times on the road, everything



and bouncing the kid, happy in his old age  
to play the papa after years of sleeping around,—  
it twisted me up...

To think that what he wouldn't give me,  
he *wanted* to give them...

I could have killed the bastard...

—Naturally, I just got right back in the car,  
and believe me, was determined, determined,  
to head straight for home...

but the more I drove,  
I kept thinking about getting a girl,  
and the more I thought I shouldn't do it,  
the more I had to—

I saw her coming out of the movies,  
saw she was alone, and  
kept circling the blocks as she walked along them,  
saying, 'You're going to leave her alone.'  
'You're going to leave her alone.'

—The woods were scary!  
As the seasons changed, and you saw more and more  
of the skull show through, the nights became clearer,  
and the buds,—erect, like nipples...

—But then, one night,  
nothing *worked*...

Nothing in the sky  
would blur like I wanted it to;  
and I couldn't, *couldn't*,  
get it to seem to me  
that somebody *else* did it...

I tried, and tried, but there was just me there,  
and her, and the sharp trees  
saying, 'That's you standing there.'

You're...  
just you.'

I hope I fry.

—Hell came when I saw  
MYSELF...  
and couldn't stand  
what I see..."

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Source: *In the Western Night: Collected Poems 1965-1990* (Farrar Straus and Giroux, 1990)