

ICELAND

(for Tina Cane)

I love that Icelandic mood that falls all over me.
It's not snow or the absence of snow.
It's a dream I have of peace.
Not the kind of peace between Russia and America
or between Jose for stealing Javier's Bill
or the Armenians and Turks
who have not said a kind word to one another
in a century.
It's something quieter
that lives in the tonal regions of elephant talk.
That low and un-figured sound.
That place where language meets the sway of treetops and does not falter.
I wake up some mornings and the traffic is a bassoon player
who has forgotten how to play her bassoon.
Some mornings it's my daughters who go at it--
you motherfucker you motherfucker you motherfucker.
I sit at the kitchen table and wonder how Louis CK might deal with it.
He's such a good dad
who jerks off all night long.
Maybe he would call them *motherfuckers* back.
Maybe he would go down to the marina,
stick them on his boat
and sail to Iceland.
They could walk the cliffs in Icelandic sweaters,
let Icelandic sheepdogs warm their feet,
dance around Reykjavick with Ólafur Arnalds and his Icelandic musician friends.
Louis kissing the cello player,
his girls flying from cloud to cloud with the piano man,
then laughing with the bassoonist
who finally remembered
that between her minor scales and her major scales
she could compose a fjord from the burning flesh
of her fingertips
that would be
this quiet.