

Poems by Donald Revell

True North

Little ease, as good a room
At Candlemas for painting clouds
Onto white paper leaned
Upon a little easel altar-wise
Crowded with allusions as I am
Crowded with new dogs
As any, faces north and the clear light.

Time was, questions were asked.
Time was the body of a woman
Smiled upon the breaking of a man.
Up dogs. Up answers shaped like clouds.
I am trying again, really trying
To lift these words above themselves.
Away to the north they go.

Kingdom Come

Distinct but small

Given the rain given

Our poor conduct even

So even so the egg

Of a firefly to one

Tipsy theologian

Under the Blitz talking

The return of Arthur

And our poor conduct

Given actual mystery

Worthy of the name

Elm or beech or lime tree

Letting the light pass

Unharmed beautiful

BIO:

Donald Revell is American poet, essayist, translator and professor.

He is the author of 12 collections of poetry, most recently of *Tantivy* (2012) and *The Bitter Withy* (2009), both from Alice James Books. His books of translation include works by Apollinaire, Laforgue and Rimbaud. His first collection, *From Abandoned Cities* (1983), was a National Poetry Series winner.

His awards include two Pushcart Prizes, two Shestack Prizes, the Gertrude Stein Award in Innovative American Poetry, two PEN Center USA Awards in poetry, and fellowships from the NEA, the Ingram Merrill Foundation, and the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. Donald Revell received his PhD at SUNY Buffalo and is Professor of English at UNLV.