

## Sky Miles

Listen. I've passed so far into stillness these days  
I can't do a thing anymore.

I mean I can't do stuff, daily stuff, my job, small  
talk and that kind of thing. Doing is simply irrelevant  
to the core.

I do want my students  
to get pumped. I read them and assign them and sometimes even gift them  
the best poems I can find,  
but they don't always get it, or I am not able  
to bring them along.

Sometimes I balloon  
into somebody utterly whacky  
and embarrassing in class—poetry is play,  
get deranged in this class  
or get your ass flunked!

Sometimes I act like nothing in the world is as serious  
as a poem—sit up straight, suffer, don't talk. Here are the pieces,  
here are the tools.

Sometimes I'm Mary Poppins crossed with Rasputin,  
and that will never do,  
because state institutions, of course, are far, very far  
from sacred or magical  
spaces, and separation  
of powers  
must be respected.

Of course, even keeping powers  
separated  
is doing, which I can no longer do.

The only thing possible  
anymore is plenty  
of Air  
Travel

all over the planet  
to the Show, when I'm on vacation, when I'm utterly and ecstatically engrossed

in somebody else  
doing the doing, which isn't really doing. It's singing.