GLOSE FOR HART CRANE

JAY HOPLER

Mine is a world foregone though not yet ended,—
An imagined garden grey with sundered boughs
And broken branches, wistful and unmended,
And mist that is more constant than all vows.

Aside from being likewise father-fraught
And likewise fond of booze and likewise not from Mother in any way
defended
And though I have said, as you have said:
Mine is a world foregone though not yet ended,—

And though we those manias, their subsequent depressions, share
And though it's true that I, like you, am given to a certain humid, tropical
carouse
And fetishize O Carib isles lush, I, too, live in
An imagined garden grey with sundered boughs

And am haunted by my history, the path
I've though this blooming world cut—such brooders, we! such splendid
Sufferers! Two trees we are with crooked trunks
And broken branches, wistful and unmended!—

I am nothing like you, Mr. Crane. I will not fail.
I will not like some garbage fall from the ship's slick deck, its bow's
Great wake raking mare's manes from the spume
And mist that is more constant than all vows.

The first quatrain, the *texte* of the glose, comes from Hart Crane's poem "Postscript."

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