

## Questions of Travel

There are too many waterfalls here; the crowded streams  
hurry too rapidly down to the sea,  
and the pressure of so many clouds on the mountaintops  
makes them spill over the sides in soft slow-motion,  
turning to waterfalls under our very eyes.

—For if those streaks, those mile-long, shiny, tearstains,  
aren't waterfalls yet,  
in a quick age or so, as ages go here,  
they probably will be.

But if the streams and clouds keep travelling, travelling,  
the mountains look like the hulls of capsized ships,  
slime-hung and barnacled.

Think of the long trip home.

Should we have stayed at home and thought of here?  
Where should we be today?

Is it right to be watching strangers in a play  
in this strangest of theatres?

What childishness is it that while there's a breath of life  
in our bodies, we are determined to rush  
to see the sun the other way around?

The tiniest green hummingbird in the world?

To stare at some inexplicable old stonework,  
inexplicable and impenetrable,

at any view,

instantly seen and always, always delightful?

Oh, must we dream our dreams

and have them, too?

And have we room

for one more folded sunset, still quite warm?

But surely it would have been a pity  
not to have seen the trees along this road,  
really exaggerated in their beauty,  
not to have seen them gesturing

like noble pantomimists, robed in pink.  
—Not to have had to stop for gas and heard  
the sad, two-noted, wooden tune  
of disparate wooden clogs  
carelessly clacking over  
a grease-stained filling-station floor.  
(In another country the clogs would all be tested.  
Each pair there would have identical pitch.)  
—A pity not to have heard  
the other, less primitive music of the fat brown bird  
who sings above the broken gasoline pump  
in a bamboo church of Jesuit baroque:  
three towers, five silver crosses.  
—Yes, a pity not to have pondered,  
blurr'dly and inconclusively,  
on what connection can exist for centuries  
between the crudest wooden footwear  
and, careful and finicky,  
the whittled fantasies of wooden cages.  
—Never to have studied history in  
the weak calligraphy of songbirds' cages.  
—And never to have had to listen to rain  
so much like politicians' speeches:  
two hours of unrelenting oratory  
and then a sudden golden silence  
in which the traveller takes a notebook, writes:

*“Is it lack of imagination that makes us come  
to imagined places, not just stay at home?  
Or could Pascal have been not entirely right  
about just sitting quietly in one's room?”*

*Continent, city, country, society:  
the choice is never wide and never free.  
And here, or there . . . No. Should we have stayed at home,  
wherever that may be?”*