

Peggy Garrison

OCEAN

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I'm riding the D train to Brooklyn (PC skills in just 2 weeks, pay per view, Claritin-D, Decision VI contra la SIDA) on my way to teach poetry in Brighton Beach. It's about 8:30; I haven't eaten yet.

(I'm on a diet that'll go belly up at 4pm).

Walking to the subway

I was thinking about great writers--

Mahfouz and Tolstoy, Edith Wharton, Balzac--

I was also thinking about the ocean (a chord effect),

thinking that when a writer gets really immersed it's like bathing in

the ocean, a baptism from which she/he returns renewed. I picture

the black book of Rukeyser poems on the barstool next to my bed,

think about her intense phrase flow; sky, sun on brick houses--my

train's going

 elevated now--sometimes

I feel spirits

 buoying me up.