Die Sommernacht hat mir’s angetan (1971–1973)

It was the summer night that came over me, walked through me, in my permeable condition, as if I were a wild surmise, and perhaps thought me windy: “It’s windy,” the summer night said about me.

All over New England tonight people are wild surmises, for the possible is too anxious, the night is too sweet, the parenthesis of skin and air, the parenthesis which we live, is too unstable, and the night takes us. The night takes and reimagines us. It has no estrangement:

Tim, so much is speakable and is not what we fear or have lost, but lies open to us, when we wake to work which also imagines us.