

FREEDOM OF CHOICE



THREE POEMS  
OF  
LOVE AND DEATH



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Freedom of Speech  
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Boy at the Border of His Own Allegory  
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Bodhisattva  
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## Freedom of Speech

*In memoriam Liam Rector*

If my own voice falters, tell them hubris was my way of adoring you.  
The harrow of the hulk of you, so feverish in life, cut open,

Reveals ten thousand rags of music in your thoracic cavity.  
The hands are received bagged and examination reveals no injury.

Winter then, the body is cold to the touch, unplunderable,  
Kept in its drawer of old world harrowing.

Teeth in fair repair. Will you be buried where; nowhere.

Your mouth a globe of gauze and glossolalia.  
And opening, most delft of blue,  
Your heart was a mess—

A mob of hoofprints where the skittish colts first learned to stand,  
Catching on to their agility, a shock of freedom, wild-maned.

The eyes have hazel irides and the conjunctivae are pale,

With hemorrhaging. One lung, smaller, congested with blue smoke.  
The other, filled with a swarm of massive tenderness.

I adore you more. I know  
The wingspan of your voice, whole gorgeous flock of harriers,

Can not be taken down. You would like it now, this snow, this hour.  
Your visitation here tonight not altogether unexpected.

The night-laborers, immigrants all, assemble here, trying  
To speaking, looking for work.

## **Bodhisattva**

I was cowering at the circumference  
Of your heart, howling when you weren't

Looking East at me, religiously.  
I have miniscule Hindu thoughts & wide

Ideas like Muddy Waters many-handed  
In a Chicago pub, north

Of Nirvana, singing out  
His soul's lungs, born like a baby with no

Milkteeth, no Word, no leg left to stand on.  
When the murderer went to his electric

End, at dawn, the citizens lined in that odd  
Blue morning light like birds

Of paradise congregated on a wire, picketing the stay  
Of execution—Have a Seat—they said & he did.

There was this wood-note down  
The Mississippi Valley where I live

In a world of just  
& equal punishments, some blues, an eye

For eyes, you  
Awaken, bodhisattva, come

Back home to me, I gather  
You in all my many arms & run my fingers

Through your silver hair,  
Prehensile as a primate's deepest fear

Of falling from the great grey greave  
Of limb, to the ground, where the gatherers

Gather what berries  
Are left, this time of year.

## Boy at the Border of His Own Allegory

A boy phones from a Frankish-  
Speaking manor in Flanders, in the rain,

To tell me he has a shotgun  
Muzzle to the inside

Of his Romance-speaking  
Mouth. I tell him, take it from that ragged

North Sea lair and put it to  
The milk and honey coffer

Of your chest and hold it silo-  
Still and reddening there.

It isn't speaking that you wanted to be quit

Of, but only just to stop the sadiron

Heavy flooding of the figure

Of your inconstant, northing heart.

Like a madrigal, a pastoral  
In the pocket of my houndstooth vest,

You are the only beauty in this  
Celestial torture I will call my own.