

## A Bathroom for Wallace Stevens

On the double-deep folds  
of the emerald towel

on the white-lacquered seat  
of the four-legged stool

at an easy reach  
from the cool enamel

“Phenomenology of Spirit”  
by Hegel

The room seems vacant  
the mirror has been cleaned

Halos (halogens)  
gleam from the ceiling

A bass-toned fan  
hums wisps of steam

above the shower’s  
translucent screening

What on earth  
is this world’s meaning?

Hieratic mutters  
swerve in their word-paths

off track by miles

Caught short by gravity  
the cistern splutters

A leaf of two-ply  
flutters to the tiles

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