

GEORGE BOWERING

Frank O'Hara's Sun

Frank O'Hara's sun
slept. Don't you love those verbs?
Slept, crept, swept, wept?

They are so sincere,
especially late at night
or when the light is
a clipped fingernail in the morning.

Frank O'Hara's sun slept
but he didn't. Hardly
ever. He stepped
over sleeping relatives

till the end of his life
he was stepping over everyone
who wasn't coming to the bar
or just as far.

I said sincere. Frank O'Hara's sun
kept its word, met him
coming round the far side,
the quiet side, the neap tide.