

Morning Knowledge

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University of Notre Dame Press

Notre Dame, Indiana

A TREE

It takes a life to understand a tree.
You start by climbing high, by holding eggs
Like eyes in the curved eyelids of a young hand,
Then take away plump scratchy nests, still warm,

By thinking other things. Branches will wave
As though to seek your help, but then they go
Just like the ants and leaves with brittle veins.
Summer will pass with rich dark smells of earth

And then the sound of wind in branches — yes,
That too will slide into the void you hold
With next door's silky oak that vaguely sighed
One early morning, deep in the pulp of Spring,

Then fell on power lines and through a house.
It takes a life to understand a tree,
But life climbs quickly, climbs with claws, and so
You haven't stood beneath a tree for long

When all that's left is a sparkle up there, high,
A glistening you stretch your eyes to see,
That beckons you toward it, nonetheless,
And somehow tells you that there is no void.

THE MOUSE

The mouse's death fills up the cat for hours.
It lives inside her eyes and starts to dance;
It makes the slightest sound turn slow and fat;
And muscles in each leg are calm and fierce.

The mouse's death fills up the floor for hours.
It runs from chair to shelf and back again;
It steals soft toys from kids who want to play;
And brings another cat to join the game.

The mouse's death fills up the room for hours.
It grows so big its bristles brush the door;
It takes our breath and turns it into wounds;
And walls look down on what will happen here.

The mouse's death fills up the mouse itself.
A mouth will make a life and death the same;
A death will shrink to nothing in an eye;
And muscles in each leg are calm and calm.

A WORD

Some words are dipped in silence for a while,
So when you murmur *forest, wine, or sleep*
The other words to left and right seem loud
Like people on a street outside a church.

Some words come wrapped in a horizon — *far,*
Alone, and *final* bring a desert home,
And if you write one on an empty page
Your earthly years may be quite swallowed up.

And there's a word that has a darker night
Than any dead man knows: it first was said
Before tall shadows fondled vines and trees,
And in rich quiet that word still speaks in you.

YOU

You come to me in thick old roots of night
While trucks are changing gears, although you kiss
Like a slack orchid tongue in Cairns, and I
Can't make you out, and so you call to me

At afternoon in a light rain when dreams
Go whirling in Saigon beneath wet heat
So I can hear your voice, although the wind
Will wrap me in a house made out of grief

Which tells me nothing new, and so you rise
In smells of mint or fine young April light
As though you were a cat with arching back
Who wants attention now, so I must stir

Myself, and listen for you in the blood
That breaks upon my ear, and in odd gaps
Between the jokes my daughters love, for you
Have something big to tell me, people say,

Beneath the sweetest and the lowest note
Of waxwings splashing back from Mexico,
Way down beneath the groaning of night trucks,
And down, way down, beneath the first warm wind.

Morning knowledge by Kevin John Hart. .My gentle father died when day was youngWhen there was very little left to takeGray face a raft of bones a bitter ache. Page.Â Morning knowledge - Poem by Kevin John Hart. My gentle father died when day was young, When there was very little left to take: Gray face, a raft of bones, a bitter ache, A word or two still living on my tongue. There's bread that only dying men can eat, Worn words that only weary men can say. Definition of morning knowledge - The knowledge of the causes or divine archetypal ideas of things, as opposed to "evening knowledge"™, which is of things.Â The knowledge of the causes or divine archetypal ideas of things, as opposed to "evening knowledge"™, which is of things in their actual nature. Origin. Early 17th century; earliest use found in Robert Jenison (?1584"1652), clergyman. Morning Knowledge [Kevin Hart] on Amazon.com. *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Kevin Hart is not only one of Australia's most important poets but a major figure in world poetry.Â Shrouded in hope, Morning Knowledge sees Hart mourning his father's death while carrying on a decades-long project of distilling matters of the spirit and heart into rich and contemplative poetry. . . . Morning Knowledge is Kevin Hart at his peak, alive with deeply lived experience and persistent joy."--Readings Monthly. Read more.