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FROM FROM A WINTER NOTEBOOK

Try to remember, this winter poem is not about winter. It's not even about a poem about winter; nor is it the only poem I want to write but can't. It's not an ideological *objét*, though if it were it would no longer be an object, really, though it's part of a series of objects that aren't really objects as much as ideas. Its life depends on how collectively its readers have a transitory interpretation of it that is always different, fleeting, but never going away completely—a smell that lingers, but no one knows what it is. Also about how useless this poem is at the end of poetry, in that there's not much use in drawing a connection to all poems I have or have not read but exist somewhere. And how I nearly fell off my chair just now—I took that from a foreign poem, but it's here. Then I worry whether poems will exist, like ruins, as plainest things are only tentatively present. I should have held on tighter to the saddle, taken life by the horns, as a life to live, for life to be more present, and I less tentatively in it, but for this wondering from safety of this transitory distance where I write.