WIND

to Morton Feldman

Who'd have thought

that snow falls

it always circled whirling like a thought

in the glass ball

around me and my bear

Then it seemed beautiful

containment

snow whirled

nothing ever fell

nor my little bear

bad thoughts

imprisoned in crystal

beauty has replaced itself with evil

And the snow whirls only

in fatal winds

briefly

then falls

it always loathed containment

beasts

I love evil

- Frank O' Hara

From *The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara*, edited by Donald Allen, University of California Press (1995), p.269